THE ART *of* *Interpretative* SPEECH

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The Art of *Interpretative* Speech

THE ART *of*
Interpretative SPEECH

PRINCIPLES & PRACTICES OF EFFECTIVE READING

THIRD EDITION

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PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION

CAN interpretation be taught? Is not the interpretation of literature one of those possessions that we just have or have not? Or, again, is there anything more to the problem of adequate rendition of literary passages than clear understanding and delicate appreciation? Is not the whole problem settled in terms of individual capacity; on the theory that either you can do it or you can not? Both affirmative and negative answers can be got to these questions from teachers whose task it is to assist young people toward a vital and sympathetic rendition of the printed page.

Probably no one difference of opinion among teachers of speech has caused more tension than this. Is the process of learning how to interpret merely a matter of studying a technique, or is it a matter of merely enriching the mind and soul? That many teachers believe interpretation can be taught is evidenced by the large number of courses given in schools and colleges intended to improve the reading of the printed word. It is almost universally done in our best academic circles. Moreover, it would seem that students consider study of interpretation worth while, because so many ambitious young people are willing to put in "nights devoid of ease" in the hope of enlightening or charming the public with what they read. Just how much any person willing to pay the price of hard labor draws on a knowledge of technique, and how much he draws upon what might be called his spiritual resources, makes interesting speculation. That interpretation of literature is to be learned by inspiration or by gift of God, is greatly to be doubted; in fact it is quite a discounted theory. Artists are free to confess gladly nowadays that they work and work hard. There may have been a time when performers liked to give the impression that they just "walked on" in everything they did; but now

we understand that artistic skill implies practice, drill, and even grinding toil.

So the person who would write a textbook on the interpretation of literature confronts the inescapable observation that aspiring students work; and he then asks the question, "Work at what?" It is the answer to this question that furnishes the basis of the course of training presented in this text. The object of this book is to furnish a systematic presentation of the activities that the student of interpretation at some time or other finds himself going through. The long hours of labor are spent doing something; what is this something? The attempt to organize such processes according to a simple psychological scheme, furnishes the basis of this book. So the various chapter headings represent the practices in which the student of reading and interpretation at some time or other inevitably finds himself indulging.

Of course not everybody labors through all the steps suggested in this system; no two of us find it necessary to practice the same things with the same diligence. Yet the demands of systematic description make it necessary to present the devices here used in the order given. For class purposes probably it will be advisable to follow this order in the main. But every teacher insists that his students are not only a class but a group of individuals, that the teaching of reading and interpretation of all subjects in the curriculum cries out for individual instruction. Accordingly while the system here offered suggests a certain order of presentation, still the ingenious and sympathetic teacher, in dealing with individual cases, will use his own emphasis to suit the needs of the individual.

The attempt has been made in the matter of selections to adhere to material that has first of all distinct literary worth and then something of an appeal to modern students. A balance has been sought between that which is old and good and that which is new and good. The new has not been selected for its newness and by the same token the old is not to be apologized for because of its oldness; worth and interest have been the tests. The book is so devised that there is an abundance of literary material for

class use, and then plenty left over for public presentation. In a way the book is thus a combined text and compilation of selected readings.

To the authors and publishers who have granted us permission to use selections and passages, we are gratefully indebted. Specific acknowledgments appear with the selections.

PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION

In the present thorough-going revision the fundamental philosophy of the two earlier editions remains substantially unaltered. I believe that it is still sound and practicable. Modifications have been made at many points, however, for the sake of clarity and completeness of treatment. New chapters have been added on Speech Pattern, Choral Interpretation, and Radio Interpretation. Additional literary materials, chosen largely from distinguished contemporary authors, will make the training projects more interesting and attractive to teachers and students. In order to keep the revision within the limits of the usual treatment of the subject, certain prose selections which have proved their interpretative value have been transferred to the body of the text from Part III of the previous edition.

It is a source of satisfaction to me that I have been able to embody in this new book many helpful suggestions which have come to me from those who have used the former volume in their classes.

I hope that teachers of interpretative speech will always remember that each student is a unique personality, to be developed through learning those principles and applying those techniques requisite to artistic achievement in any field.

Severina E. Nelson

Urbana, Illinois
September, 1945

FOREWORD

In 1927, when I first saw a copy of *The Art of Interpretative Speech*, I was impressed at once by the unusual title. Unique as it was, and still is, yet it is fundamentally right in drawing attention to the fact that oral reading is essentially a form of speech. It testifies to the authors' capacity for viewing our synthetic and diversified field as an integral unity of which dramatics, public speaking, reading, etc., are but the facets.

Miss Nelson, for a number of years one of Dr. Woolbert's colleagues at the University of Illinois, has performed the task of revision wholly in the spirit of the original work. She has a clear comprehension and a fine appreciation of what her coauthor himself would probably have done in improving the book had he been spared to co-operate with her.

The dominant note in the pedagogical theory back of this text was expressed by Woolbert when he wrote, "Unless a system provides for ultimate analysis it cannot be properly taught. The only way to get at a pupil whose thinking does not guide him right is to take the thing apart and show him how it works. As a matter of teaching it is the one best way of developing the student's powers of self-criticism and of cultivating good speech habits. No system is complete that does not make its products into keen and accurate analyzers." In my opinion this doctrine is absolutely basic in teaching any academic discipline. I believe that this new edition of *The Art of Interpretative Speech* rests solidly upon and is thoroughly permeated by this philosophy. I am happy to give it my unqualified endorsement and I earnestly bespeak for it the continuance and the growth of the extraordinarily wide and general favor with which it has already been received by teachers of interpretation.

In a very real sense my service as editor of this new book has been a labor of love. For half a generation Charles Henry Woolbert was not only my close professional associate but also my

cherished personal friend. Much of my clearest light and deepest inspiration has flowed from him. As the years come and go, the writing which he did during his prodigiously busy career as a teacher and an administrator is more and more clearly recognized as the invaluable heritage of all teachers of speech. His contributions to the literature of our subject constitute his real and enduring monument. To have even some small share in keeping this memorial in good repair is a source of sincere satisfaction to me.

A. T. Weaver

Madison, Wisconsin

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Part 1 FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF INTERPRETATION

Chapter 1

NATURE OF INTERPRETATION

The Standard of Interpretation. You speak; you read; you interpret. When you are speaking, you are usually expressing your ideas in a spontaneous manner to an audience of one or more people. You may be a speaker who uses the minimum amount of effort and persuasiveness in putting over your meaning; or you may be a speaker who is interested in impressing, in persuading—if so, you will seek to make your points vivid by supporting them by various rhetorical means. When you read aloud, you are trying to get a printed meaning over to someone else. You may be reading only to express the logical meaning, or you may be reading to impress the meaning on your audience. Primarily, you wish to convey a meaning, and most of the time you are not interested in making the meaning vivid. When you *interpret*, however, you are attempting to recreate for your audience the *true* experience as revealed by the author. You are interested in making the meaning impressive and in moving your audience not only to understand but to feel.

In many circles, the interpretation of literature is referred to as "reading." The terms *reading* and *interpretation* have been used so interchangeably that many people consider them synonymous. Although this usage is thoroughly acceptable and in good standing, yet for textbook purposes it is necessary to understand thoroughly the significance of each term. Reading is frequently thought of as no more than the distinct and accurate pronunciation of words and sentences; the utterance of matters of fact so that everyone may hear and comprehend. The dull droning of the minutes by the secretary of the meeting or of the bill by the clerk of the legislature is called reading.

We could mention other situations where men and women are called upon to read intelligently from the page, but instead there is the same banal, lifeless, unimpressive mumbling of words without carrying either sense or feeling. Dull speakers are often dull

readers. But surprisingly, lively speakers are often dull readers. We have all seen the picture: an excellent speaker of fine carriage, with effective voice, with impressive command of ideas and language, in full swing before his audience. Everyone listens intently to what he has to say. In the progress of his discourse, he finds it necessary to read a passage from a pamphlet, a document, or a book. The reading in many cases is unintelligible; after he has mumbled three sentences, no one knows what he is trying to get over, and after a few more sentences, no one cares. Time and time again in a deliberative body, an interesting man who is also an interesting speaker suddenly changes from bright to dull because he reads from a paper like a frightened schoolboy.

In the pulpit, this experience is also common. At every service, the preacher has a chance to deliver two impressive sermons; at least one can be superlatively good, because it is from a superlatively good source—the Scriptures. Any preacher who can read the Scriptures with intelligent and vivacious interpretation can preach a sermon that will probably outlive anything he has to say in his own sermon. The regular Sunday morning reading of a passage from the Bible by some men is a tremendously impressive ceremony. We have heard ministers whose effectiveness in interpreting the Bible furnishes the best part of the service. Yet too many times, when we go to church, we hear a man in the pulpit mouthing and mutilating the beauty of the literature that the prophets and teachers of old have given us.

Very often, too, college professors read rather extensively in the course of their lectures, and not always well! Men who are charming conversationalists and even interesting public speakers are too often painfully adept in putting their classes to sleep when trying to convey meaning from the printed page. They call off words and words only, and they give their students nothing that savors of an interesting interpretation of the thoughts and attitudes which constitute the essential meanings.

The reader should interpret the full meaning of what he reads and should also make his reading satisfactory and pleasurable to his audience. Unfortunately, as we have noted, this is very often not done; consequently, although many of us can remember cer-

tain "readers" whom we have enjoyed immensely, we can also remember others whose reading was far from effective.

Therefore, in order to avoid confusion about the *kind* of reading that is to be expected of the interpreter, it seems wise for us to use the word *interpretation* instead of *reading*. In this way, we can discard all lifeless and unintelligent reading as not belonging to our program, and talk in terms of bringing out the full, rich meaning, which must always be the paramount purpose of the interpreter.

The study of interpretative speech should make the student realize the constant need of communicativeness, balanced with the correct projection of the voice and body. *Projection* should be understood as the amplification, the integration of the voice and bodily movements to meet the expectations of the audience. The interpreter's aim should be to carry over completeness of meaning from the printed page: to charm, to enlighten, and to stimulate the audience by his vital expression of the thought and the emotion. If possible, he should make his impression of the printed page so vivid that the author's intention is recreated for the audience. That is the standard of the interpreter.

Yet some might say, "Do you wish to advocate elaborate and fancy elocution in the mere reading of a report or a scientific paper or an essay on commonplace things?" Lest we get into misconceptions here, let us make clear our terminology and our intentions. Of course, no one is advising that a senator in reading a statement on the importation of rubber from South America in 1925 should imitate Maurice Evans interpreting Shylock's courtroom speech; we can plead for a vital interpretation of what is written without at the same time pleading for something nonsensical. By the term *interpretation* we mean something eminently sensible and workable. To repeat, interpretation should mean carrying over richness of meaning from the printed page to the eyes and ears of the listeners. Manifestly the ideas a writer intended to put on the printed page meant something to him; he thought them important enough to write down. The man interpreting them also thinks them important enough to pass on to others. Then it is sensible to say that the performer must find some way by the use of his voice and his body to show his audi-

tors what the ideas are and to prove that they are as important as he and the writer consider them.

To accomplish these ends does not usually demand great histrionic display, vocal gymnastics, or rare impersonative technique. In the simplest language what we mean is this: that the reader of any matter-of-fact statement should at least give the impression that he is wide awake, interested in what he is reading, and believes that it is worthy of the attention of the audience. He should be at least as active and energetic and urgent as when he is pressing his own ideas upon his hearers. If there are ideas to convey, and if they are worth conveying, they must be carried as vital truth,—they must be interpreted.

Now, by the constant use of the term *interpretation*, we assume an obligation: we must hold ourselves to an artistic standard of effectiveness. He who genuinely interprets must re-present—that is, present *again*—the thought of the author as he supposes the author wished it to be presented. Anything less than *a full charge of meaning, rich and varied*, does not measure up to the standard of effectivness implied in the term *interpretation*.

Technique Involved in Interpretation, Impersonation, Acting. Before launching into the actual study and practice of interpretation, we should differentiate among interpretation, impersonation, and acting. These three sister arts are easily differentiated on the basis of the amount of activity and projection employed in each of them. The interpreter does not seek as much "audience-contact," —or if you will, as much "directness"—as the public speaker; but the interpreter recognizes his audience in a more direct manner than either the impersonator or the actor. Consequently, in interpretation, there is a balance of communicativeness and projection, —an interplay of the two. Impersonation is more indirect and involves a more complete characterization; that is, the impersonator uses more facial expression and bodily gesture and exercises greater liberty in moving about the platform. The impersonator is trying always to imitate a person. We should never speak of the impersonation of a poem. Acting is the least direct of these three arts. Artistic acting calls for "aesthetic distance" between the performer and the audience. Never (except in a few experimental modern plays) does the modern

actor try to establish direct contact with the audience. Acting involves a complete identification with the character; it uses the whole man: voice, arms, body, face—integrated into a meaningful and convincing character. In addition, acting employs a blending of costuming, lighting, stage settings, properties, stage movement, rhythm, and adaptation to other people on the stage to secure a unified mood or picture. It is the most complete form of expression dealing with the interpretation of "lines."

The significant difference that exists between these arts can be understood by working in both directions from impersonation. Your attempt to make the audience believe they see and hear somebody not yourself is impersonation. The impersonator promises to be an old man with a weak back, or a tittering schoolgirl, or a drunken clubman, or a person of foreign or provincial speech—Irishman, Frenchman, Scotchman. If you hope to make your audience think you are a farmer with lumbago who is angry because somebody has cheated him, your impersonation falls flat unless you go through all the actions—posture, gestures, and voice—that such a man would use. If you were acting such a character in a play, you would be dressed appropriately and you would move about the stage to take your part in the stage pictures. If, on the other hand, you are only interpreting such a person, with no intention of making the audience feel that they both hear and see the man, you confine yourself chiefly to imitating his voice, with mere suggestions of bodily twist, gesture, or facial expression.

There are, in fact, no hard and fast lines of demarcation among these three, for the problem of how much projection and amplification of the voice and body are necessary is solved always in terms of the audience and the intention of the performer. In a pulpit on a Sunday morning, you would not set a stage and act on it, and you would be—or should be—hesitant about indulging in impersonation. You would be more disposed to confine your message to the meaning you could carry through the voice, aided by an adequate projection from the rest of the body. In open places and very large auditoriums, however, before thousands of people, you would be strongly tempted to exaggerate your facial expressions and bodily movements or to impersonate in order to

hold the visual attention of the audience. On the other hand, a teacher of English, bringing out the meaning of a poem of Tennyson or a passage from Shakespeare, will use no acting, no impersonation, but will interpret with a maximum of vocal skill with suggestions of emotional motivation through the facial muscles. A vaudeville artist will impersonate and come very close to acting. A chairman of a committee in a conference or deliberative body will confine himself wholly to vocal emphasis and alacrity in making clear and unambiguous the documentary matter he is presenting.

And what of the contestant who competes in reading contests? He should *interpret* unless everyone concerned has agreed that the contestant shall impersonate. He should *not* act. His interpretation should reflect sincerity instead of studied imitation. The exhibitionism of the typical "contest reader" certainly originates with the teacher who has not been trained in purposeful interpretation and consequently does not know what constitutes good taste, not only in interpretation but also in impersonation. The difference between the sincere artistic interpreter and the wildly gesticulating contestant can be likened to the difference between professional acting and cheap vaudeville—or maybe just vaudeville. The vaudeville artist, however, is honest about his efforts; he admits by his broad actions and his byplay that he is not pretending to be an actor: he shares his secret with his audience. The contestant who insists on galloping all over the stage trying to assume the positions of five men and two women certainly should be rewarded for his unusual acrobatic feat, but should not expect a share in the admiration of interpreters who like sincerity and purposeful meaning rather than gymnastics and contortions and slapstick maneuvers. The day is passing, we hope, for the costumed interpreter, the musically minded interpreter who improvises at the piano as he pours out a "reading" of "Trees," or the co-ed who waltzes all over the stage as she gasps out Dorothy Parker's "The Waltz." Most thoughtful audiences are embarrassed by the heroic histrionics of this type of "reader" or contestant. On the other hand, most contestants look askance at the interpreter who reads with meaning and with good taste rather than by means of mimicry and display.

Exercise

Study the following excerpts first as an interpreter, then as an impersonator, and finally, as an actor. How would your technique change?

[1]

SHYLOCK'S THREAT

Shylock. How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *The Merchant of Venice*

[2]

MACBETH'S VISION

Macbeth. Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.

It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*

Problems Involved in Interpretation. If we are to follow the above standard of effectiveness in interpretation, we must not use the "hit-or-miss" or "trial-and-error" method; our method must consist of a sure technique. We must know how to start, what tools to use, and how to use them; we must know the deviations, the turns and twists, the danger signs on the road we are to follow. We must keep in mind always the final test before an audience—whether it is an audience of a few people, of the street, of the business world, of the drawing room, or of the auditorium.

A principle to be remembered is that richness of meaning is synonymous with fullness of understanding or appreciation and fullness of oral expression. To interpret literature to other people, you must first have a complete impression, then you must use the technique of good speech, and finally, you must employ your impression and your technique in such a way as to suit your audience—considering their tastes, their age, and their number. In turn, your own tastes and your own speech technique determine for you your ability to place your own construction upon what you find on the printed page. A person who has cultivated a speech technique will carry over a richer meaning than the novice. That is why the college sophomore cannot get as much out of Shakespeare either for himself or for others as can Lynn Fontanne or Katharine Cornell. The student will grasp the skeleton sense, but he usually misses the deeper, inner meanings which can be derived and expressed only by a carefully developed speech technique. But we must remember that our task is distinctly an attempt by one human being to interest another human being in what he finds on the printed page: to get an impression of the author's ideas, and then to recreate that impression by the correct expression of the body and voice. So the problems of the interpreter are:

1. How can I, the interpreter, find the meaning of the printed page?
2. How can I, the interpreter, give expression to this meaning,

and thereby induce someone else to appreciate my interpretation?

The first problem will be discussed later under the *Technique of Impression;* the second one, under the *Technique of Expression.*

What is the Printed Page to the Interpreter? Before we discuss the technique of interpretation, we must understand the essential nature of the printed page. There is actually nothing on the printed page but black marks. There are not even words; words do not exist on a printed page. They do not even live in the air between one person and another while spoken; only sound waves travel through the air. Words are solely and everlastingly and inevitably within a human being. The marks on the printed page are symbols only.

But these black marks on the printed page are not just ordinary smudges. They are marks that possess a sort of magic. They have power; they do things to us. They fly up and strike us in the face and we are never the same person again. They lift us to heights of joy or depress us to depths of sadness; they relax us in comfort or tense us in anxiety; they make us blush or smile or weep or groan or laugh. As a matter of closer analysis, they really make us *talk to ourselves.* Silent reading, or "reading to ourselves" is nothing else than talking to ourselves, or more technically, *inner speech.*

This description of silent reading follows the psychology of speaking which teaches that "thinking" is the outgrowth or offspring of our overt or open speech. All thinking, and all reading and writing, begin in the child's early attempts to talk. When a baby first has some slight grip on the instrument of speech, it does most of its thinking openly. On learning to talk, and so on discovering the possibilities of thinking, it likes to indulge in thinking, but tends to do all its thinking aloud. But the child probably gets checked by its parents and friends in its delight in too much open talk, and soon learns that it does not pay to think everything so that others can hear. Accordingly, by some hard lessons, the child learns to go through these same motions of talking without letting anybody else hear. This is what is meant by *inner speech;* it is the basis of all those complex processes which we later desig-

nate as thought. While thinking, we can catch ourselves talking to ourselves with practically the same mechanism that we use when we talk to other people. The chief difference is that we do not use the "out-loud" machinery—the sound-making mechanism; and for the same reason that we are not thus projecting sounds to other people, we use mechanisms with less degree of intensity than when we are talking aloud: tongue, lips, and larynx especially. But the mechanisms are the same and are used in much the same way.

Thus the marks on the printed page make us talk to ourselves in silent reading. Words come into existence only when these symbols stir in us a *meaning*, and this meaning we call a *word*. Symbols that mean nothing do not startle us into doing anything meaningful; symbols that represent an unknown tongue or nonsense mean nothing to us because they do not start us talking to ourselves. Try the following combination of black marks, *oiaio*. Now it happens that these marks are a symbol that might be called a word, but not to a user of the English language; they constitute the Hawaiian word for "truth." On the other hand, marks that tell us that a member of our family is in great distress or that announce some good fortune are rich in meaning—rich in the extent of things they do to us: they make us say to ourselves something clear and unmistakable. The only possible way of getting meaning into written symbols is by means of a human being who can look at them and then so react through his inner speech that, as we say, he interprets the symbols. Otherwise they are meaningless. Printed page symbols have no effect on dummies or automatons.

It follows, then, that completeness of interpretation is dependent in turn upon the richness of the life and experience of the interpreter. We read with delight, either to ourselves or to others, only those things for which our experience has fitted us. There is practically no delight in the new experience from a piece of literature which we do not understand, for the meaning of every word, phrase, or thought is conditioned by a blend of our experiences, not only social but also psychological, educational, and physical. If the poem or composition makes us do things to ourselves that cause no particular joy to us or that are altogether too

ever, can find the printed page dull and any attempt at interpretation a bother. Hence there are those who cannot enjoy Shakespeare because their lives have been too dull or because their experience with the Shakespearean language is deficient; at any rate, the black marks said to be Shakespeare do nothing to spark imagination or to kindle their fancy or to add their glory to life. Those who have lived rather simply and have not done much thinking get as many thrills out of Robert Service, Edgar A. Guest, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. But it takes a person skilled in language and experienced in some of the complexities of living and thinking to get much delight out of "In Memoriam" or "Rabbi Ben Ezra." Some black marks on the printed page are for people who enjoy only the most simple life, while other black marks are for those who have gone into some of the byways of life and have moved from the mountains to the valleys and changed from summer to winter.

Exercises

1. The following passage needs an understanding of many of the aspects of life and a knowledge of words and of English grammar. What does it mean to you?

RABBI BEN EZRA

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!

Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without.
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast;
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied
To that which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of his tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

ROBERT BROWNING

II. "The Garden of Proserpine" will have to be read several times before you will be aware of the impressions Swinburne is creating. Even then, the poem will not live for you as an experience until you have read it aloud in a musing, languid, dreamy mood. The meaning of the word "Proserpine" is the first step in understanding the poem.

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

Here, where the world is quiet,
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams;
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep,
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbour,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labour,
Weak ships and spirits steer;
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine,
Pale beds of blowing rushes
Where no leaf blooms or blushes,
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
All night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and mist abated
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
  He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
  Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes;
And well though love reposes,
  In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
  Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
  With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
To men that mix and meet her
  From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
  She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
  The life of fruits and corn;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
  And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
  The old loves with wearier wings;
And all dead years draw thither,
  And all disastrous things;
Dead dreams of days forsaken
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
  Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
  And joy was never sure;
To-day will die to-morrow;
  Time stoops to no man's lure;
And love, grown faint and fretful
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
  Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
  From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
  Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
  Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
  Nor any change of light:
Nor sound of waters shaken,
  Nor any sound or sight:
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
  In an eternal night.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Pleasure in Reading is Egocentric. Primarily all interpretation is *mine.* It belongs to *me;* I claim it for my own and essentially do not care what the world thinks of why and how I like it. The important thing is that I like it, and that is the end of that; or I do not like it and that is the end of that, too. No one has the right to tell me what I must like or what I must dislike. My likes and my dislikes are my own; they have to be. When I like a good poem, the word symbols have done something to me that pleases me; when I do not like a poem, they have done something unpleasant to me. The reading is my own action and its effects are on me. As I read, the meanings that come to me are my meanings, and the rest of the world has nothing to say about it while I am reading to myself. When I try to interpret to others, that is another matter which will be discussed later. But as long as I read to myself, my own interpretation is all engrossing. And I will like any given printed-page composition which makes me do the things I like to do.

Now, of course, a printed page can make me do queer things to myself. A printed page with song notations on it makes a skilled singer do certain things and an unskilled singer quite different things. Each may get equal enjoyment out of what he is

doing because he is doing it his own way and for himself; but when he starts singing for someone else, the unskilled singer will be most unfortunate. In interpreting "Crossing the Bar" to myself, I have to use inner speech in such a way as to please myself with my secret way of reading it. If I interpret it the way in suits me, I like the poem. If I interpret it in a way that does not suit me, I blame the author or the poem itself. But when I try to interpret it aloud to somebody else in the way in which I like to interpret it to myself, I may be doing the very worst thing I could do in trying to delight my listener.

Consequently, the printed-page symbols mean what I make them mean. There is no *absolute* meaning. Take these black marks, "Yes, I like her," and notice some of the potential meanings:

1. Yes, I like her. (She is probably all right, but I am not eager for her friendship. *Or*, I'd better say I like her, but don't believe it.)
2. *Yes*, I like her. (I'm sure of it.)
3. Yes, *I* like her. (Whatever others think, she suits me. *Or* I like her though my friend does not.)
4. Yes, I *like* her. (I like her, but no more than that.)
5. Yes, I like *her*. (I like her but not the other girl, her family, etc.)
6. *Yes*, I *like* her. (Who said I did not?)
7. *Yes*, *I like her*. (I think she is a fine girl.)
8. YES, I LIKE HER. (She's wonderful!)

From this demonstration of what black marks can mean, the only reasonable conclusion about the author's meaning is that within you, the interpreter, a feeling always exists that says, "Ah, I have it; this is what he means!" But is it? May not another interpreter have another meaning? You may be a Macbeth who has just left the murder scene. You may back into the room away from the murder scene. You may be so tortured and yet so fascinated by your murderous act that you may whisper, "This is a sorry sight." Or you may be a Macbeth who staggers into the room with your hands over your eyes; you may feel the blood trickle down, and thrusting your hands out of your sight, you may blurt out, "This is a sorry sight." Or you may be a Macbeth who is so horrified that your eyes may be fixed on your hands, and your speech may be broken and tense, "This—is a—sorry—

sight." Or you may be a Macbeth who has lost all control and is on the verge of hysterics, and increasing your attack, you may say, "This is a *sorry* SIGHT." Why not? One can hear these various interpretations on the stage from actors who have gained the reputation of being true artists. Discuss various possible interpretations:

DUNCAN MURDERED

Lady Macbeth. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.
Enter Macbeth.
—My husband!
Macbeth. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macbeth. When?
Lady M. Now.
Macbeth. As I descended?
Lady M. Ay.
Macbeth. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macbeth. This is a sorry sight.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*

Study the following speech of Marullus to the mob. Be sure that you can defend your interpretation of it. Are you going to say, "*Wherefore* rejoice? What *conquest* brings he home?" Or will you try, "Wherefore *rejoice?* What conquest brings *he* home?" Are you going to shout and build to a climax, or are you going to be gently persuasive and forgiving on the lines,

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey?

Will you soften your tones, will you be sarcastic, or will you be very emphatic on the *now*'s as you say:

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

It is a fascinating game, but you must be able to defend your interpretation. Try it:

MARULLUS TO THE MOB

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must fall on this ingratitude.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Caesar*

So this study is an attempt to face the dull printed page and make it live. It is a task of transforming the black marks on a sheet of paper into living, breathing, vital thought and emotion. It is a task of changing a dull and ineffective maker of mere sounds into a lively and interesting person. For interpretation is essentially an enterprise started by one interesting human being who writes, and continued by another interesting human being who speaks what he thinks the other has written. Interpretation,

then, is the oral presentation of what the interpreter thinks the writer meant by the black marks on the printed page. But unless there is human vigor and vitality in both the writer and the interpreter, there is no such thing as real interpretation. The printed symbols cause no stir in a dull clod.

Exercises

I. Compare your interpretation of the following conversation with the interpretations of other students. Notice how many various meanings you can get from almost every line; for instance, how many possible interpretations there are of the first line, "And where have we to go?" Is the German soldier desperate, or sarcastic, or reminiscent, or hateful, or nonchalant? Or is he a composite of all these moods? You will have to work it out as if it were a puzzle.

WAR'S FATALISM [1]

The German soldier has come upon Lily Shane unexpectedly in a deserted French village.

"And where have we to go? If we sought to escape where have we to go? There is no place. Because the monkeys . . . the fools have civilized all the world, so that they might sell their cheap cotton and tin trays. They have created a monster which is destroying them. There is no longer any peace . . . any solitude. They have even wrenched the peasant from his plow . . . the shepherd from his hillside. They have driven them out upon the plains where the cauldrons have overflowed across all Europe. It is the monsters, Madame, who are at the bottom of all this. Ah, commerce, industry, wealth, power. When this is over, who do you think will have gained? Not the peasant, Madame. Not the shepherd, not the poet. Ah, no! They will be shovelled under the earth . . . whole bodies and pieces of bodies because they are no longer any use. Not the worker, Madame, whom the monster devours. Ah, no. It is the monster who will have gained . . . the monster and the men whose pockets he fills with gold . . . the monster of material, of industry. He will destroy us. He will devour us. What can we do? You see, I know. I have lived in France. I have lived in England. I would prefer to live in England. But, no! I was in England three weeks ago. And suddenly I must go home to

[1] From *The Green Bay Tree* by Louis Bromfield. Copyright, 1924. By permission of Frederick A. Stokes Company, Inc.

join my regiment, to set out on an expedition that has brought me here to this trampled garden. What for? Who can say? Why? Who knows? Not surely because it gives me pleasure. Not surely because I care a fig whether the German empire lives or dies. That is merely an excuse to drag us into battle. You see, this is why I cannot sleep. I have been thinking of these things. They are not the sort to lull a man to sleep. There is blood on my hands. I killed today . . . by shooting and stabbing. I assure you it gave me no pleasure. I should doubtless have loved the men I killed. I am helpless. I cannot fight against it. No, there is only one thing to be done. I must kill as many men as possible. I must destroy all that is possible to because if we destroy enough the monster will have nothing to feed upon. He too, will die . . . and with him this civilization . . . banal, ugly, materialistic, unchristian . . . this greed-ridden world."

The Uhlan fell forward upon the table, burying his face in his arms. At the sight, Lily raised herself gently and watched her strange companion in a wondering silence. At last she said softly, "Why do you tell me this? Is it because you are afraid?"

The man made a chuckling, confused sound and sat up once more. "Ah, no! Madame. You fancy I am hysterical. Well, so I am. I don't deny it. You see it is not easy for me to be a warrior. I am a little mad. No, I talk like this because. . . ." For a moment he hesitated as if groping for some explanation of an emotional crisis which in a soldier was not logical at all. "Because . . . well, there is a time when fear does not matter, when terror does not exist, when one is enveloped by a despair so great that what happened to one's body is of no concern. You understand that. You have answered it yourself a little time before, when you said there came a time when it was useless to be afraid. It does not matter." In the faint light from the lower windows of the chateau it was plain that he was smiling in a bitter, despairing fashion. "No, I shall go on killing until I am killed. It will not be a long affair. It is absurd to hope that I shall live many more days." He whistled softly. "I might even be killed to-night . . . after I have left you. I shall kill as many men as possible. I can only submit. There is nothing I can do. I am not a boy full of playing soldier."

LOUIS BROMFIELD, *The Green Bay Tree*

II. "Invictus" has been interpreted as the belligerent defiance of a disappointed youth and it has been interpreted as the proud confidence of undefeated old age. What do *you* think the author intended?

INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

WILLIAM E. HENLEY

III. Is there wonder or is there poignant sadness in this next poem, "The Way of a Star":

THE WAY OF A STAR [2]

A strange thing in a star to be putting a sorrow on me,
And I sitting quiet with no dark heart at all,
But a wonder on me for the simple things,
Like the way of the day to come and the night to fall,
And the wind that is blind to the eye and a sting to the flesh,
And is leaping over the bog to howl on the sea;
Or just the glad way of the gorse to be smelling sweet . . .
And a little star to be putting a sorrow on me.

CHARLOTTE ARTHUR

IV. Do you find contentment or anguish in Lew Sarett's "Wind in the Pine"? Perhaps it is a prayer:

[2] From *Poetry* (Chicago). By permission.

WIND IN THE PINE [3]

Oh, I can hear you, God, above the cry
  Of the tossing trees—
Rolling your windy tides across the sky,
  And splashing your silver seas
    Over the pine,
    To the water-line
  Of the moon.
Oh, I can hear you, God,
  Above the wail of the lonely loon—
When the pine-tops pitch and nod—
  Chanting your melodies
Of ghostly waterfalls and avalanches,
Swashing your wind among the branches
  To make them pure and white.

Wash over me, God, with your piney breeze,
  And your moon's wet-silver pool;
Wash over me, God, with your wind and night,
  And leave me clean and cool.

LEW SARETT

V. In Louis Untermeyer's "Caliban in the Coal Mines," you may find bitterness, or resignation, or an appealing persuasiveness, or an incredible numbness, or defiance, or wistful hopefulness. If the black marks stir a certain meaning in you, believe in *your* interpretation:

CALIBAN IN THE COAL MINES [4]

God, we don't like to complain—
  We know that the mine is no lark—
But—there's the pools from the rain;
  But—there's the cold and the dark.

God, You don't know what it is—
  You, in Your well-lighted sky—
Watching the meteors whizz;
  Warm, with the sun always by.

[3] From *The Box of God*. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers, and of the author.

[4] From *Challenge* by Louis Untermeyer. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., holders of the copyright.

God, if You had but the moon
  Stuck in Your cap for a lamp,
Even You'd tire of it soon,
  Down in the dark and the damp.

Nothing but blackness above
  And nothing that moves but the cars . . .
God, if You wish for our love,
  Fling us a handful of stars.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

VI. What do these printed symbols stir in you? Probe them for their meaning and justify that meaning to the class:

[1]

LIFE AND DEATH

Life is not sweet. One day it will be sweet
  To shut our eyes and die:
Nor feel the wild flowers blow, nor birds dart by
  With flitting butterfly,
Nor grass grow long above our heads and feet,
Nor hear the happy lark that soars sky high,
Nor sigh that spring is fleet and summer fleet,
  Nor mark the waxing wheat,
Nor know who sits in our accustomed seat.

Life is not good. One day it will be good
  To die, then live again;
To sleep meanwhile: so not to feel the wane
Of shrunk leaves dropping in the wood,
Nor hear the foamy lashing of the main,
Nor mark the blackened bean-fields, nor where stood
  Rich ranks of golden grain;
Only dense refuse stubble clothe the plain:
Asleep from risk, asleep from pain.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

[2]

SONG OF THE SONGLESS

They have no song, the sedges dry,
  And still they sing,
It is within my heart they sing,
  As I pass by.

Within my breast they touch a string
  They wake a sigh.
There is but sound of sedges dry,
  In me they sing.

GEORGE MEREDITH

[3]

YOUNG AND OLD

When all the world is young, lad,
  And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
  And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
  And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
  And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
  And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
  And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
  The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there
  You loved when all was young.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

[4]

SILENCE [5]

God must have loved the silence for He laid
  A stillness on the sunset and the dawn;
  Upon the moment when the bird has gone,
Leaving a note, high-hung, within the glade

[5] By permission of *Contemporary Verse*.

More sweet than when he sang it; noons that pass
Too full of forest changelessness for sound;
Creeping of little frosts along the ground;
Silence of growth among the summer grass.

God must have deeply loved the silences,
For is there one of us who has not heard
Promptings to silence that he speaks not of?—
What of an old remorse; a hope that is
Too deeply hoped; what of a grief outgrown;
And silent, old, unconquerable love?

M. C. BARNETT

[5]

DOORS [6]

Like a young child who to his mother's door
Runs eager for the welcoming embrace,
And finds the door shut, and with troubled face
Calls and through sobbing calls, and o'er and o'er
Calling, storms at the panel—so before
A door that will not open, sick and numb,
I listen for a word that will not come,
And know, at last, I may not enter more.

Silence! And through the silence and the dark
By that closed door, the distant sob of tears
Beats on my spirit, as on fairy shores
The spectral sea; and through the sobbing—hark!
Down the fair-chambered corridor of years,
The quiet shutting, one by one, of doors.

HERMANN HAGEDORN

[6]

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,

[6] Copyright, 1912, by The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.

The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one,
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE

[7]

SONG

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
That does not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Interpretation Involves New Experience. As you interpreted some of the foregoing selections, perhaps the realization that here was an experience you had never had and cared less to have came over you. If you had the desire for correct interpretation, your interest was immediately stimulated; for in the degree that the situation or the language is unusual, compelling, so is your interest aroused in interpreting the meaning. It is true that when we find a bit of prose or poetry that we wish to reveal to others, we discover that the material almost always is new, unique, exciting, even overpowering. All poems, short stories, and dramas deal with sentiments that have been lifted out of everyday experiences and are expressed in language that has been carefully selected for the situation and mood; certainly the language does not have the haphazard carelessness of everyday speech. For this reason, we must not be commonplace when we feel moved to interpret for someone else. Many readers can never be good interpreters because they assume that everything they read aloud should be interpreted as they talk every day. But the interpreter does not really speak with everyday casualness; he creates the illusion of doing so.

Exercise

The following passages are in a language and mood quite different from the language and mood of casual chat. Interpret these in a way to match the words with the spirit behind them:

[1]

LADY MACBETH'S PREPARATIONS

Macbeth has been deliberating about the murder of Duncan; Lady Macbeth enters as he is meditating.

Macbeth. How now! What news?
Lady M. He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the chamber?
Macbeth. Hath he ask'd for me?
Lady M. Know you not he has?
Macbeth. We will proceed no further in this business.
He has honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,

Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Where in you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macbeth. Prithee, peace!
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Macbeth. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenchèd natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macbeth. Bring forth men-children only;

For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males.

. . . . . .

I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what false heart doth know.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*

[2]

THE DREAM [7]

One night Beatrice Veronica fell asleep and dreamed, but not in the usual way. She was standing by a temple she remembered very well in Southern India, the Temple of Govindhar. It stood there under its palms, wonderful as a giant rock of majolica, colored lavishly in the hard fierce sunshine, monstrously sculptured with gods and goddesses and mythical creatures of land and water in all the acts of their supernal life, writhing and tapering upward to the great architectural crown supported by tigers and monkeys—a crown gemmed with worshiping spirits for jewels, a nightmare conception of violence in form and color; the last barbaric touch to the misgotten splendor. The dream was so vivid that it seemed as though she had awaked into it, and she stood among the palms, looking up to the blaze against the blue and wondering.

Suddenly she became aware that a man was standing near the great gate which no unbeliever's foot may pass, looking up also, shading his eyes with his hand from the intolerable sunlight. His face was sensitive and strong, his eyes gray and noticeable. She liked his figure in the light tropical clothing and recognized the air of birth and breeding. But he seemed wearied, as if the climate had been too much for him—a look one knows very well where the sun beats on the head in the lowlands of Southern India, beats all the cruel day like a mighty man of valor.

Then, as dream-people will, he came toward her as if they had known each other all their lives, and said slowly, meditatively, "I have tried and tried. I can't do it."

With a sense that she knew what he meant, though she could not drag it to light, she found herself saying earnestly, "But have you tried hard enough? Really tried?"

[7] By permission of the author.

He put his hand to his forehead with a tired gesture. "I'm always trying. But you could do it."

She said, "Could I?" in great astonishment.

They stood a moment side by side, looking at each other, and then, as if from a blurred distance, she heard his voice again. "It was said in the Vedas that if any two creatures united their psychic forces they could conquer the world, though singly they could do nothing."

Temple and palms dissolved into colored mist; they swam away on another wave of dream and vanished. She floated up to the surface of consciousness, awake, with the pale morning gold streaming in through the east window.

E. Barrington, "*V. Lydiat*"

[3]

LAVENDER [8]

The twilight hangs like smoke in the streets,
Pearly, veiling all the stretches in illusion;
And the new-lit lamps are the glow of hearts
That grope unseeing and unseen.

At the corner a lean young girl offers me lavender,
Offers me youth and romance to hold in my palm, closed—thus.

She gives dreams to the world,
She who knows nought of dreams—
Gives gardens, and waters, and the young shy moon
Hung in the laurels;
Gives the smoke of evening in the willows,
And the complaining stream,
And the lavender's subtle reawakening of old, dead thoughts.

These, all these she gives, this lean girl—
(A shawl is over her head and her eyes look into the darkness)
What does *she* know of dreams?
How more happy is she than I who have dreamed,
And may dream no more!

Archie Austin Coates

[8] From *City Tides* by Archie Austin Coates. Copyright, 1918, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

[4]

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more!

ALFRED TENNYSON, *Maud*

Chapter II

INTERPRETATION AS AN ART

Good interpretation results only from the skillful use of the technique out of which art is made. The type of reading you hear in the fourth grade and from people who have learned little since their early lessons, has little relationship to art or the artistic. The difference is the same as that which one finds between a frightened schoolboy picking individual words from the page with little or no understanding, and the actor thrilling his audience with keenness of insight, the sting of emotion, and the light of human sympathy. For the interpreter, the printed page is the agitator, the stimulator of his thinking and feeling; the interpretation of the page can be only as lively and creative as the interpreter is. So if interpretation is to be considered as an art, it must be studied as an art, which involves certain definite techniques.

What is Art? What do we mean by art? Some of us think of it as something silly and weak, not for persons of bone and sinew. Yet the artist does not have to be what we call "arty." An "arty" person is likely to be dandified, simpering, and self-centered; whereas the real artist may be uncouth, brash, hard, and not at all in love with his own picture. Art is a strenuous taskmaster which toughens its disciples. No struggle—no art, is a safe rule.

For what we mean by art is merely doing something well. As almost anything can be done well or ill, we have art of many and diverse kinds: architecture and cooking, painting and dancing, acting and plumbing, writing and diving, sculpture and fly-casting. There can be art in athletics, in campus politics, and in other student activities. Do anything better than mediocre and you are approaching art. If you are sincere and work with more than average skill, you will experience the feelings and promptings of the artist—even if you are fearful of being "arty." As a matter of fact, if you have not the artistic urge toward doing

something well, however commonplace or simple it may be, you are doomed to a humdrum existence.

But this does not tell us what art is. Will it help us to say that it is being artistic? Probably not much, because that merely says again that art is based upon doing things in an artistic manner. This constitutes a faulty definition. Will it help to test the meaning of art in terms of certain words that sound very much like it? That sounds hopeful. Let's try it.

First, take the word *artful.* If this means "full of art," then what is art? Something clever? A sly trick? Something to put over? Not exactly, and yet that is about what "artful" means. The meaning is not difficult to appreciate if you understand that art is after all some sort of illusion. Obviously the paint on the canvas is not really a landscape or a man's head, and the piece of marble is not a man throwing a discus, and the acting on the stage is not done by people who are angry or in love or perplexed or saintly or villainous,—at least not in just the way they *seem* to be! These are all illusions for the benefit of the observer. But they are, and the artist who made them was—artful.

Next consider the word *artifice.* Again we are dealing with something that is not everything it seems to be. A backdrop is an artifice; so is a steeple on a church, the vertical stripes on a plump woman's dress, the green jacket on a red-headed girl, and the streamline of an automobile body. These are all devices to make something seem to be just a little different from what it actually is. An artifice is always figured out with an intent to gloss over something or to hide what is not to be noticed. An artificer then is one who deals in artfulness; for a true artificer makes bronze into a *Winged Mercury* which is not-bronze, or glass into flowers which are not-glass, or wool into broadcloth which is not-wool. But is an artificer an artist?

This question leads easily to a consideration of the word *artificial.* By definition, the artificial is opposed to the natural, the genuine, the honest-to-goodness reality. What has art to do with the artificial, most especially the art of giving voice to the thoughts of others as found on the printed page? At first glance, the mere suggestion seems scandalous; for interpretation must of all things seem to be sincere and real. It must even be more: it

must seem to be "natural." At least one hears that interpretation and artificiality have nothing to do with one another. But not so fast; there is a certain artificiality in all art if artists are artful and if all art uses artifices. So if interpretation is to be classed as an art, it cannot be altogether "natural."

Art is never natural; it only seems to be. The very core and heart of artistry is the creating of illusion,—making things appear to be different from what they are. This illusion is produced by making a selection of parts to give an impression of reality; that impression is recreated by working out a harmony, a coördination of the principles involved in the technique of that particular kind of art. A *Venus de Milo*—in marble—never occurred in nature and never will. She had to be made in an artificial way by an artificer who purposely used subtle artifices. A *Hamlet* never happened in real life and no one ever spoke Hamlet's language naturally; Hamlet had to be made by a master technician. Not even acting and play production are natural; it is all make-believe, illusion. Everything on the stage and around the stage is arranged for building up a mood, a movement, a climax, an actor. The gun must go off at the right time, the light cues must click at the crucial moment, the make-up must be blended in with the lighting —all to create an illusion of reality. Chairs, lamps, doors, windows are used according to the schemes of an artist or artificer intent on producing an artificial situation that *seems* real. The audience is led to believe that true love is always lasting, that virtue is triumphant, and that life amidst beautiful furniture and fine clothes is all sparkle and joy. The very lines of the manuscript are artificial, for, to make the story *seem* real, they have to be artificially—and artfully—concise, artificially couched in the best—or worst—English, and artificially pronounced according to the best standards of stage diction. Yet the drama is the form of art nearest to that which we call "natural."

Art is always in a measure artificial because in good art everything is consciously planned to produce the right effect. A genuine artist knows ahead of time what effects he wants to produce and he plans accordingly. Not a thing is left to chance if he is really an artist and not a mere blunderer or extemporizer. Imagine building a cathedral solely by inspiration and an unpremedi-

tated outpouring of the soul. It simply cannot be done. Nor is it done in actuality even in so immediate and spontaneous an art as improvising on a piano or an organ; for into such performances goes much of one's past training. Consider the improvizations of a novice; the result may be perfectly "natural"—and quite terrible. So with any art, even the art of talking or speaking in public. Many speakers are by nature awkward and halting, or else glib, rambling, and generally not equal to a public performance. If told to be natural before an audience, they will only exaggerate every fault they have. No man can be natural before an audience, because everything about the situation is strange and unnatural, —unless he has grown up before audiences. The only cure, as in successful interpretation, is the study and practice of the technique of that art. If there is no planning and preparation, no training and struggle, there is in reality no art.

Interpretation Involves Artfulness. Now interpretation is of necessity an artifice. When you, the interpreter, utter the words in the best way you can in order to give the meaning of the author, you are really creating an illusion. You are most successful when you carry the impression that your interpretation comes genuinely from *you* and is a part of *you.* The worst of all interpretation is the kind that shows the audience clearly that you, the interpreter, have not assimilated the meaning yourself and have not made the author's ideas and intention your own. At the best, you are genuine and honest, but still not entirely what you *seem* to be. In so far as you present adequately the ideas and feelings of the author, just so far you are dealing in the precise kind of illusion on which all other arts are and must be built.

Yet it must be said that of all the arts, interpretation calls for the most sincere searching of one's thoughts and feelings, and the most thorough use of one's truest and best, for it is the most face-to-face of all arts, the most intimate, the most direct. In it, shallowness and dishonesty are quickly disclosed. Architecture and painting have a certain intangibility. You stand apart and gaze, and if you feel yourself in touch with the mood of the artist, you are pleased. Music intimately gathers you to its bosom, but it is the intimacy of feelings only, almost never of ideas. Interpreta-

tion, impersonation, and acting are close, immediate, heart-to-heart, mind-to-mind, and soul-to-soul.

Interpretation, then, belongs among the arts for the very reason that it is a form of illusion, the success of which depends upon the artistry and the artful technique of the interpreter. At the moment that it seems most honest and sincere, it is most an illusion, seeming to be something that it is not.

The Best Art Conceals Its Artistry. While the existence of any "art for art's sake" is to be doubted, its twin in the language of artistry, the "art that conceals art," has much to be said in its defense. The highest art always seems so easy that as we observe it we feel sure we could accomplish the artistic with a very small amount of practice, and we wonder why others have not done it before. Sonja Henie seems not to be exerting herself in her skillful skating performances; Lynn Fontanne works so easily and "naturally" that she seems not to be acting; Heifetz never moves a muscle more than is needed. So it *seems*. They make us wonder whether they ever had to practice. Yet what the audience receives is the fine fruit of endeavor of the most exacting and unstinted kind. What they do, they do so well that it seems easy; this is what is meant by the "art that conceals art." In no art is this apparent ease more needed than in the interpretation of the printed page, for this particular art demands that the artist *seem* to be what he is not, and to make thoughts, feelings, and the soul of another live in his own actions.

Before we can go forward with this most human of all arts, we must dispel the mistaken notion that good interpretation is possible only for those who are naturally gifted. In this field as in all others, gifts make a difference but when one decides to capitalize on gifts, one must spend energy and work on the project. Schiller tells us "All art is dedicated to joy." That should mean not merely joy in one's native talents, but also joy in work, joy in the opportunity to slave and to drive and to whip one's self nearer and nearer to the goal of perfection. Schiller, who worked so intensely, would have been a good example of a doctrine paraphrased from his own dictum: "All art is dedicated to hard work." There is no doubt that good interpretation comes more readily to some than to others, but no good work continues to

come from those who rest too early upon their talents or their genius. Probably the worst interpreters on the platform and on the stage are those who thought work unnecessary after reaching a moderate degree of skill. All this means that art never comes by chance or luck or by trusting to a kindly "nature." It is always brooded upon, blocked out, planned, sketched, blueprinted, tried and retried. It takes study, training, patience, and mastery.

The following poem, it so happens, carries one of the most important secrets of art. Can you probe the meaning and find the secret?

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
  Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
  With the dragon-fly on the river?

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
  From the deep cool bed of the river,
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
  Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
  While turbidly flowed the river;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
  To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
  (How tall it stood in the river!),
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
  In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
  (Laughed while he sat by the river),
"The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."

Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh, as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Chapter III

CONTROL IN INTERPRETATION

Art involves control, management, command, mastery. Control of what? Almost entirely, control of self, and thereby control of an audience or situation. Control your arms and you can manage a keyboard or a chisel; control your legs and you can dance or skate; control your voice and you can speak, sing, interpret. Yet after all, most people who can control their hands could, if they worked at it, control their other bodily parts; or if they control their eyes and tongue, they could by concentration and effort control their feet and hands. Usually if a person is good in one thing, he could have been trained when he was young to accomplish other things. Mastery in any field of endeavor, is, after all, mastery of the whole person, of the "all" of you.

Drop the notion that art comes by nature and is "natural"—if and when it comes. It will never just *come;* it has to be *achieved.* True, some people can control the movements of their arms and hands better than others and can readily become painters, pianists, or billiard players. Others are more skillful in close analysis and imagination, and become writers, philosophers, or public speakers. But they work for what they achieve. They pay the price, the price of competence, of mastery. Many a promising musician has been stopped in his career by his triumphs with the mouth organ, many a painter has been lost by too much success in drawing cartoons of the teacher, and many a singer has been satisfied by loud acclaim over her efforts in the Easter cantata. Easy self-confidence, the willingness to be blown up from outside with the divine afflatus, and a sweet content in one's inherent superiority lead directly to mediocrity.

Control in Interpretation. So then if interpretation is an art, it is a matter of planning and foresight by a person who knows what he is doing and a matter of execution by a person who is skilled in speaking and reading. This can have no other meaning than that interpretation is dependent upon the mastery, the control,

which the interpreter holds over himself. No art is a more severe taskmaster than this art of interpretation. Note with what it deals under the technique of impression: the ability to make a successful decision as to what the author meant by his words; an understanding of words and sentences in their finest nuances and intricacies; a command of one's sensibilities and good sense so as to avoid crochets and snap judgments. Furthermore, under the technique of expression, it deals with mastery of one's emotion, which means control of the whole body; mastery of the intricacies of vocal activity, including the problem of vowel making, consonantal accuracy, and interplay of larynx, lips, tongue, palate, and jaw; the ability to keep one's zeal high enough to furnish enthusiasm for those who are cold and inert; and finally, an appreciation of the aesthetic level of the audience to whom the interpretation is given. An art that includes these talents and tasks indeed involves control of self. Now let us talk more about what is included in this control.

First, the successful interpreter must be well-informed. The marks on the page mean something to him only in proportion to his ability to be stirred by them. To the ignorant man, they mean little or nothing. To the one who can barely read, some few black marks will have a little meaning; but to one who is wise in the information that life has to give, black marks can stir up many kinds of meaning. A grade-school boy can try to pronounce all the words on a page of *Macbeth* or *Hamlet;* but he will have little chance to carry full and correct meaning to a listener. You have to understand words and people before you can thoroughly understand Falstaff or Iago or Juliet or Malvolio. Think what a hilarious, roaring, roistering, yet tender, lofty, tolerant, and gentle soul "Will" Shakespeare must have been to understand the people whose characters he created. Think then how much one interpreting these personages needs the same characteristics in order to understand and appreciate them through the medium of print. If you want to be a true interpreter of literature, you must bring to the task completeness of living—which comes from many sources: daily living, conversations, newspapers, books, addresses, concerts, operas, plays, good fortune, disaster, crises of life, etc. Ordinarily

the person who has had many rich experiences of this kind will get the deepest meaning from the printed page.

Yet not all who understand can interpret well; some cannot master themselves. They have made the world bow to their wishes, but they have not learned how to make themselves bow. To charm and to delight other people with the voice in speech, one must have mastered one's own feelings. This is best shown on the stage. Stage parrots and stage monkeys strut about without charm or sense, because as actors they have not conquered their own spirit. If interpretation without feeling is food without taste, interpretation with feeling overdone is food ruined by scorching or by too much spice. The actor who interprets his lines best is the one who best strikes a balance between restraining his feelings and letting them go—which is the next problem for us to consider.

Control of Emotions. Should an interpreter or actor "live his part just as the character would in life"? The old doctrine that to act Macbeth well you must be overpowered with ambition to the point of murder, to act Lear you must be "every inch a king" even in his decline, to act Katherine you must really for the time *be* an uncontrolled shrew, is nonsense. Carry this principle to its logical conclusion, and you would find it would be entirely impossible to find an actor to play Richard III and keep out of jail, Hamlet and stay out of the madhouse, or Caliban and escape the psychopathic hospital. No, the rule is not so simple as that, yet it is very understandable. In brief, it is that the actor must feel his part deeply enough to act it well, but not enough to be lost in it and to lose control of himself.

Let us explain this matter a little further, for it is the key to the problem of controlling the emotions in interpretation. To be successful, an interpreter of lines must be sensitive to the meaning of the lines—must be moved by them as the author intended. If he lacks this sensitivity, he might just as well be angry when trying to portray love or be jealous when trying to imitate ambition; it will not make any difference, for he will miss the meaning anyway. If, however, he is capable of white passion or red anger or black remorse, he stands a chance of interpreting the lines with some success. But because all art requires headwork and planning

and foresight, the interpreter must not allow himself to become so absorbed in his emotion that he loses his judgment and his sense of values. No matter how moved he may be or how moved he may seem to be, he must have sufficient control at all times to know exactly what he is doing—to know whether he has gone far enough or too far. Whenever he has not wit enough to tell how near he has come to hitting the mark, he is no artist; he is just a temperamentalist having a pleasant little orgy all by himself.

The psychology of the situation reaffirms this. In the first place, one cannot go through all the motions and tensions of being angry, or passionate, or frightened, without feeling something of anger, passion, or fright; because, after all, emotion itself is a pattern of tensing and relaxing, due to an integration of the motor mechanism, involving especially the activity of the smooth muscles and the endocrine glands. So the interpreter, who, by his skill and control of his bodily parts, can make his body go through the tensions of anger, will be to that extent, angry. This holds especially true the first few times he tries it. For instance, you have had the experience of being so moved to tears by a certain story that you could not read it aloud because the story gave you the tensions and postures of weeping. But after several readings, you could interpret it with fewer tears, and finally, having been thoroughly conditioned to it, you could read it with complete composure.

Herein lies the secret of successful emotional presentation by an actor or an interpreter. His first sweeping emotion goes all through him and ought to be overpowering; at the end, through practice of and skill in his art, he has learned control. The interpreter's problem is first of all to be caught in the emotion on reading the lines to himself; and then he must get that emotion controlled so that he can study, calculate, and criticize what he is doing and note what effect it has upon other people. This is the answer to the question, "Must an actor or interpreter feel his part?" Yes, he must up to a certain point, but then he must have the control that all artists need so that he can put his part on and off as he would a cloak. Control will save the interpreter and the actor from exhaustion.

Living the Part. True, one is adjured many times to "live the

part," to "become wholly absorbed in what one is interpreting," to "lose oneself," to "sink one's identity in that of the author or character." Each of these principles is a valuable ideal for the young and hopeful interpreter, but all of them must be taken with some allowance and understanding. They are helpful when the interpreter knows what they mean. Complete absorption in one's art is helpful only when one is a skilled technician. All the absorption in the world will not paint a good picture unless the artist knows his colors and how to handle his brush. We have all heard deeply absorbed musicians who have made us shiver and shudder. Sincerity is not a saving grace in itself; the only person whose sincerity helps him to success is the one who knows what he is doing. Art rests in the last analysis upon skill. In actual achievement, skill comes first in importance; purpose, absorption, and sincerity come second. Many of the most sincere artists fail, and every now and then, an insincere one becomes the hero of his little hour.

Art is always a matter of skill, and skill is always the result of sincere study and labor. Sincerity should be the driving power that sends the hopeful artist to finger exercises or to vocal drills. A high purpose to do well plus earnestness in getting oneself ready for the big moment produces the artist; neither prayers nor hopes nor fears nor any heaven-sent inspiration will take the place of drill and exercises and everlastingly patient repetition.

Personality and Magnetism. Yet there is a widespread and abiding faith among men that art is something more than mere skill and control. Agreed; there is always the man behind the pen or the brush or the violin bow. In no art is this more pertinent and crucial than in the art which uses man himself as the instrument with which to work: no marble and chisels, no oils and canvas, no bricks and stones and steel. Probably the greatest of all arts is acting; greatest, because, more than any other, it involves mastery of self as the instrument of the artist; and the crucial test of acting is the actor's ability to know what the lines mean and to carry that meaning to the audience. The greatest thing about an actor always is himself, his personality, his character. His "brains" count, his appearance, and his manners; but back and above and

through all is himself. "What you are speaks so loud, I cannot hear what you say."

Now what is this "self," this personality? One of the vaguest terms now bandied from lip to lip is personality. It is character, of course; it is physical structure; it is manners and habits; it is training, skill, and accomplishment, the result of one's labors and struggles. All these it is surely; whether or not it is more than these, we do not know. One can be sure that what we call personality usually means speech efficiency. Nine times out of ten, when people discourse upon this or that man's personality, they mean his qualities of speech: his bodily control, his emotional balance, his use of words and language, the quality of his voice, his control of the volume of sound, the use of pauses and phrasing, and the modulations of pitch. Take note of people dilating on personalities and see how negligible the factors are after the speech characteristics have been analyzed out of the picture. A screen star has personality; how do we know? By his looks, his actions, his voice. A speaker has personality; how do we detect it? By his voice, his speech manners, his vivacity of thought as shown through his words and sentences. An interpreter has personality—through his voice, his bodily mastery, and his skill in using the organs of speech.

Some people seem magnetic without conscious effort; their bodily structure and co-ordination, aided and abetted by their training and study and travail of practice, have made them attractive to their fellows. Magnetism is merely another way of talking about adaptability in the arts that make up artistic speech or interpretation. It is something you and I read into others when we are caught by their adaptability to a particular situation. There is more of the practice-hour than of the divine afflatus in what we call magnetism. It is largely a problem of finding the kind of work and associations for which one's interests and desires best fit one.

Control of Body. Much of this confusion in popular thought can be resolved if we get the basic concept that whatever we are or do depends upon the physical structure of the body and how we control it. Good interpretation is hardly conceivable in a body that is out of control. No doubt all of us could think of

instances of interesting interpretation from people who are not in the best of health or who are in a state of uncontrolled ecstasy. Some can interpret best when they are inebriated, we will be told. But let us say truthfully, that no one ever interpreted well unless he represented at the moment, a high degree of co-ordination of his bodily parts and activities. He may have been in a delirium, but the effect of the delirium might have been to organize him and integrate him to the very height of his powers. The emotional condition itself can be the body's response to some stimulus that excites ambition, longing, fear, or jealousy; and all of these may help to integrate the body to its best endeavors. Truly some seemingly abnormal conditions of the body can drive us to do our best, because of the intensity of the co-ordination and centralization of our powers. The abnormal part shows in the aftermath, when we feel the penalty for whipping the body into false enthusiasm and efficiency.

Then how far shall one go in driving one's body? If the state of the body and its parts determines one's success or failure, and if it is easy enough to dislocate the body's workings, then how does one know when one has gone far enough? The answer is found in the quality that every artist has to have: the art of "letting go." To be natural, really natural—not the kind of naturalness that is after all just illusion—but to be naïvely natural is to show a certain amount of restraint. Not so art; for art calls for a cutting loose from one's moorings. A "natural" man is full of caution and of craving for quiet and safety. An artist is full of the desire to get out in front where he knows that he may be shot. He has to be a great taker of chances, a volunteer for the hazardous commissions. The man who cannot let go never will be an artist.

The French have the idea for this; it is found in the concept of *abandon*. The Frenchman means by *abandon* "cutting one's cables," "burning one's bridges," "being free from artificial restraints," "letting go." The diver on the springboard demonstrates the idea: if he is to make a good dive, he abandons all hope of hanging on to the board or of keeping anything solid underneath his feet. He must literally cut himself off from his founda-

tions. The worst diving comes from an attempt to hang on to the board while sailing out through the air. It cannot be done.

Thus it is with all art. Every artist is a plunger. The history of the world shows that really great writers and painters and sculptors and architects and actors and orators were people who took the plunge and never openly flinched at the possible consequences. Here is where the principle of projection plays so important a part in speech and in interpretation; you have to be willing to get out of your everyday self and find a self that is willing to dash into the limelight and offer itself as a target for others. The advice "Be yourself" was never intended for interpreters, impersonators, and actors. It is for home-bodies. The artist always gets out of this tame self into one ramping to get somewhere other than here.

Thus success in interpretation calls for freedom of action, an enlarging of the concept of self—a bursting of the bonds of the everyday and the commonplace. Burgess Meredith, writing of his portrayal of Mio in Maxwell Anderson's play *Winterset*, tells how he began with a broad characterization, which he polished and toned down to the final characterization of Mio. One can understand why the rule of practice should be: *Begin with overdoing.* The interpreter should be sure to go far enough at first. Halfway practice and work leaves him in the air, with one foot still reaching for the springboard. He must work hard enough, but also let the thing he practices, the exercises he sets himself, be freely done. Some few may well fear the evils of exaggeration and bombast; but the majority of our American youth will do well, if they wish to delight others with the spoken word, to practice and cherish the virtues of going two miles when only one is demanded.

Control of Voice. We should consider also man's most powerful instrument on the stage, on the platform, on the street, in the classroom, in the home—his voice. The voice is powerful in the sense that it conveys our thoughts and arouses emotional responses in others so that they think, feel, believe as we do; but from the structural standpoint the voice is a delicate instrument. According to the manner in which it is treated much of the time, one would believe the vocal mechanism were made of iron and steel.

We think too seldom in terms of control of the voice. We accept the vocal mechanism too matter-of-factly, and use it to the limit of its endurance, without any consideration of whether or not we are using it correctly or wisely. At a football game, we whoop ourselves into a state of hoarseness and "sore throat"; we tense the delicate vocal muscles; and only when the voice seems to have disappeared and the tissues of the larynx are inflamed and nodules appear, do we begin to evaluate the voice as a possession.

The first step involved in vocal control is to learn to listen to voices, to become conscious of the sound, not only of other voices, but of your own. The startled look on the face of a person who hears his voice for the first time indicates how little attention he has given to the sound of his voice.

The next step in the control of voice is to know how the vocal mechanism operates and how the personality of the interpreter is reflected in the voice. If the quality is nasal or husky, or the pitch is too high or monotonous, or the attack is too strong or too weak, or the rhythm is too slow or too fast, or the sounds are muffled or too articulate, adjustments must be made for the correct production and control of the voice, or for the personality, or perhaps for both.

The last step involves the use and control of the voice so that it may be employed in a variety of ways, depending upon the literature to be interpreted. The interpreter must learn to control the voice for it is his main instrument. The judicious and artful use of the voice in its more delicate manipulations will be discussed in later chapters.

Good Taste in Interpretation. An interpreter may have a good voice, he may have a co-ordinated and animated body, he may understand the meaning, but he may lack good taste and judgment in using his talents. What is meant by taste? One answer is that taste is the expression of a man's aesthetic judgment. Very good, but what is aesthetic judgment? It is an expression of your likes and dislikes, what you appreciate and what you reprobate in the field of art. Tastes differ, always do, always have, always will, because tastes grow out of individual life experiences.

From a wide variety of influences come your likes and your dislikes: from your general bodily sprightliness or slowness, from

an inheritance that is phlegmatic or one that is "fidgety," from a disposition to like people or a disposition to live as a recluse, from an inferiority complex or a feeling that you own the earth. Your tastes are influenced by the kind of people with whom you have lived; sociable or individualistic, loving ease or courting struggle, self-centered or philanthropic, "go-getters" or servants of the common good. Early education counts heavily: teachers who have drawn out your talents or teachers who have held back your ambitions; playmates who were willing to see and express beauty or playmates who sneered at any love of fine things; school buildings with statues, pictures, and libraries or buildings that were bare and depressing; school administrators who believed in music, drama, speech, and the expression of good literature, or administrators who believed in nothing but examinations and grades. Then probably the most potent influence of all is your exposure to things aesthetic, to beautiful things made by man: poems, stories, music, pictures, statues, buildings. Along with these, travel is very important in forming your tastes, for through travel you become exposed to the beautiful things men have made in other times and places. All these and more unite to influence your selection of what you call beautiful.

So good taste is governed by your innate feelings, by your training and background. For the interpreter, there are no absolute criteria that can be listed because much depends on the literature, the audience, the situation, as well as the interpreter. There is no disputing the fact that among the many kinds of people in the world, somebody somewhere will like what you dislike and dislike what you like. It is just a bit dangerous to say that you positively must not do this or positively must do that in interpretation; the very thing you might inveigh against most vigorously might be exactly the thing that others would appreciate most. It is legitimate to defer to the taste of one's audience as far as the selection of literature is concerned, but never to the point where the interpreter has to put on a side-show to demonstrate his powers rather than a well-balanced interpretation. For instance, a group of university students might enjoy James Thurber, Robert Benchley, or Stephen Leacock, but a group of university professors might care for a more profound type of literature. High

comedy might be well received by a woman's club in the city, but probably would not be appreciated by the same kind of club in a small town. The interpreter should know whether his audience wants to be informed, educated, or entertained. It is possible to do all three in a carefully prepared program.

Mastery of Technique for the Audience. Interpretation is the art of all arts in which the artist can have a good time by himself. There is no doubt that there is joy in interpreting good thoughts for oneself. The art of extracting delight and instruction and inspiration just for oneself is one of the sure rewards of the artist in interpretation. Who gets greater delight than the man who knows what good poetry is or the man who can imagine the full panoply and procession of a play, or the man who can get the lilt and rhythm and melody of winged and breathing words? To be such an interpreter is, in a way, to provide your art for your audience of one.

However, the test for good oral interpretation is in its objectivity. It must "listen" well to others. The *technique* that you have acquired is primarily for yourself; the expression that follows mastery of technique is for the other person. Whenever the personality or the idiosyncrasies of the interpreter become dominant over the literature and its meaning, then one can be sure that purposeful communication of the literature is not the chief goal. What the voice and body can do must always be considered as a means to an end—and that means to an end will be most successful and the illusion will be most complete when the techniques are least obvious.

A good interpreter, then, must have a sense of values, he must appreciate, and he must be willing to take the plunge with abandon; but he must also know what he is doing and have control with economy of effort. He is like a good horseman who has learned to ride in rhythm with his horse. It is the inexpert horseman who flaps his arms, bounces, pulls at the bit, and rides wildly. He shows plainly that his technique has not passed the learning stage, has not reached the period when control and mastery begin to show. In like manner, the interpreter must show control of the meaning, of the emotions, of the bodily tensions, of the voice—and thereby, control of the audience.

Part II THE TECHNIQUE OF IMPRESSION

Chapter IV

ON TECHNIQUE

The Need for Technique. Having discussed the nature of interpretation and its relation to art in general, we now investigate what to do about it. We turn from the *What* and the *Why* to the *How;* and the study of the *How* of any art is always a study of technique. So now we study technique as applied to the art of interpretation. Some artists affect to be greatly frightened and disconcerted by the word *technique*, fearing that it necessarily and essentially makes for artificiality. Yet there is no artistry without artifices; and it does not follow at all that artifices and technique necessarily lead to dullness, insincerity, banality, or any other form of ineffectiveness. For the fact is that there can be no art without some indulgence in orderly process, which is nothing less than a matter of method and procedure. That is all we mean by technique: acting in conformity to certain known procedures which may vary to fit the situation, the interpreter, and the audience.

Technique and Mechanical Exercises. The word *technique* used throughout this text may suggest to many people rigid rules and mechanical procedures. It should be remembered, however, that a technique, if correctly employed, is not necessarily mechanical, and that varying techniques are used with different situations in everyday living. The correct blend of lipstick with the color of the blouse or the hat, the contrasting accessories used in both men and women's dress, are more than just good taste—they originate from a technique devised to make ourselves more attractive to others. As soon as the technique becomes too obvious through the lack of taste and judgment, as through using too much make-up or repeating a color to the extent of monotony, the results wished for are not obtained. We can be carried away by the illusion of the stage play until some small unhappy incident not scheduled by the director reveals the technique.

There is no reason why a technique artfully used should be-

come a mechanical procedure. The perfecting of tools in order to co-ordinate and unify all aids to the ultimate projection of meaning and enjoyment for others is not unlike the perfection demanded of a pianist. The unending drills, the co-ordinating exercises of both hands, the interminable practice of crescendos and arpeggios are the prerequisites to the final flawless technique of the master pianist. The concert singer too spends hours in vocal exercises before he feels that he is ready for a public performance. Yet one would not call either of these artists "mechanical" or "exercise-minded."

When does technique in interpretation seem mechanical? Usually when a pattern repeats itself over and over again, and never deviates in form or procedure so that expectancy and spontaneity are not present. Because of this lack of deviation, the pattern becomes monotonous and the meaning is obscured. There *are* those who tell a student of interpretation that unless he finds in a piece of literature the one particular meaning which the teacher has found, he does not understand the selection. Then the student is often told how to get his meaning over by pausing here and emphasizing there. This is only another kind of technique, perhaps more vague and certainly not creative. To be specific: a teacher of interpretation who insists that a certain poem be interpreted in a certain manner, with certain pauses, certain inflections, certain emphasis on certain words by some thirty members of an interpretation class is asking for monotony, is making interpretation a drudgery instead of a joy, and is encouraging automatic, imitative action instead of a living, inspired experience. Furthermore, he is setting himself up as one who knows the absolute meaning of every piece of literature written.

No one—except the author—has the right to insist that his interpretation be accepted as the correct one. A piece of literature cannot have exactly the same meaning for two people, because language is not fixed in its meaning and because two people do not think or feel alike even in similar situations. Just because two people are served the same breakfast of peaches and cream, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee, one cannot infer that they will feel the same way about the breakfast or that they will be able to deliver a poem about the bountiful breakfast in the same manner.

Perhaps one of them is allergic to eggs, perhaps the other is British. Two politicians of different parties can read a journalistic story about another politician and find different meanings in it. Even though lawyers are extremely careful about the wording of legal contracts, there have been many famous lawsuits which have hinged on the position of a word in a sentence, or the meaning of a word or phrase. The author has never existed who can put on the page exactly what he means. He can only direct readers towards a meaning. If he should annotate every phrase he wrote, the interpreter would be closer to the meaning the author intended. But let it be said that any piece of literature so minutely analyzed would never give the enjoyment and pleasure found by the reader in feeling a corresponding mood and "oneness" with the poem or the prose selection.

Neither is it true that what one understands one can communicate effectively. Some can—without effort; some cannot—even with effort. Every interpreter would like to read with the full knowledge and experience of the author, but this is not possible. Some of the most intelligent people are the dullest readers of literature. Understanding meaning and expressing meaning to others involves two different capabilities. A professor of Shakespeare may know the meaning of a passage from Shakespeare, but may be unable to interpret that meaning for his students. Even authors have been known to write literature of great beauty and yet to be unable to recreate it for an audience.

Finally no interpretative study can become absolutely mechanistic, principally because one cannot dissociate speech from personality. Many times speech is improved not by a series of mechanical exercises but by a student's readiness to adjust himself to others and to think in terms of the experiences of others. Any interpretation becomes mechanical if exercises are used as an end instead of as a means to an end, and if we fail to remember that each personality is built up by different parents, schools, communities, and nations.

Not every student will need all the exercise work suggested in the following pages, but every student should be able to observe ways and means of obtaining effects, good and poor ways of getting and revealing meaning. The principles discussed will vary

with each piece of literature and with each student, and are intended to aid the interpreter to hear, to analyze, and to discriminate.

Methods Involved in Interpretation. In turning next to the actual task of interpretation we are confronted with the necessity for finding the methods by which we may work. Before we can do this, we must find the foundation on which the principles rest. Let us be reminded again that there is no one meaning which the page compels us to take. The elasticity of language and the complications of our own thought processes allow for such tremendous leeway in the interpretation of the symbols on the page, that it is rare indeed when any given set of printed letters can mean only one thing. The sentence "I am the man" can have at least ten different meanings, and each of these ten meanings can be expressed in ten moods. We know that whatever meaning the interpreter gets from a poem or story is the outgrowth of his life's experiences, multifarious and inextricably intricate. In other words, his interpretation of the page is always highly personal. In a way, it is merely a guess; at any rate it is a hazard or a venture. The interpreter may think he knows exactly what the page means and he may be solemnly sure, but he may find that no one else agrees with him. Who is to be the arbiter to say whether he is right or wrong? So far as he and his own soul are concerned—nobody; so far as he and someone listening to him are concerned —everybody. The rest of the book discusses this problem: how can the interpreter find the author's meaning and then recreate it for others? The answer is found in a study of the technique of *how* interpretation is accomplished.

This problem is divided into two techniques: (1) finding the author's meaning, and (2) giving expression to this meaning, thereby influencing someone to accept and appreciate the interpretation. The first is a matter of grasping the pertinent facts, and the second is a matter of delivery. These methods, which are separate and distinct, will be referred to as: (1) the technique of impression, and (2) the technique of expression. One is a problem of trying to get the meaning intended by the author; the other is the problem of taking this meaning, this impression that the interpreter has decided upon, and recreating it for an audience. In

so far as these are two distinct problems, the techniques are fundamentally different.

Finding the Pertinent Facts. To interpret well, the performer must understand as much as he can of the author's meaning. All this is a truism, yet it cannot be repeated too often. It has been insisted that there is no sure way of getting the meaning absolutely; the best the interpreter can do is to take a chance that his judgment is sound and his sense good. But this, of course, does not mean that he is adrift on an uncharted sea without a compass. After all, there is no need for guesswork, for there are guides to an author's meaning if the interpreter can find them. These guides are such facts as shed light on the meaning. There is much virtue in knowing the right facts. Probably more interpretation goes wrong from a lack of knowledge of what the material is about than from any other cause. Consider the chances for intelligent interpretation from the student who thinks that Gunga Din is an army mule! But one need not be guilty of gross absurdities to be unprepared for sensible interpretation; much is to be learned about any selection before it can be interpreted intelligently.

There are two main types of facts that must be mastered before successful interpretation can be secured: (1) information about the author, his plans and purposes, his mood and temper; and (2) the meaning of the ideas, words, phrases, and sentences in his composition. These studies can be designated under the general headings: (1) setting; (2) details.

Analyzing the Meaning. With the available facts in hand, the next problem is to ascertain what the selection thus illuminated and annotated means to the interpreter. Again two factors must be considered: (1) the logical meaning of the passage, what it ought to mean to any thoughtful person; and (2) the emotional meaning of the passage, how the author and interpreter feel about the logical meaning. These two types of meaning can be designated as: (1) logical; (2) emotional. By combining these two noun ideas, setting and details, and the two adjective ideas, logical and emotional, we have four main sources of information which constitute the basis for the technique of impression. They are: (1) logical setting; (2) emotional setting; (3) logical details; (4) emotional details.

Chapter V

LOGICAL SETTING

The problem of logical setting includes the following: (1) the author's theme; (2) the author's method of presenting the theme.

1. The Author's Theme

In order to be thoroughly acquainted with the author's theme, one must have an understanding of the logical sequence of ideas that builds towards the main idea. It is valuable for the interpreter to formulate a brief resumé of the whole rather than to have a partial understanding through just a passage or a part of a selection. This practice is important whether the literature is expository or persuasive writing, or a story written in narrative or dramatic form.

(a) Exposition. In expository writing, the interpreter must know what the writer is trying to explain and must study the logical development of that meaning. Through the study of the entire selection, he should be able to state the main idea or theme in one or two sentences.

Exercise

Note the development of the theme of the following selections. What is the main idea of each? State it briefly:

[1]

MAKERS OF THE FLAG[1]

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say, "Good-morning, Mr. Flag-Maker."

[1] From *The American Spirit* by Franklin K. Lane. By permission of Frederick A. Stokes Company, Inc., publishers.

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag-Maker," replied the gay voice. "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficial individuals you happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag-Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:—

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but the mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"

Then came a great shout from The Flag:—

"The work that we do is the making of the Flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute-makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

FRANKLIN K. LANE

1864–1921

[2]

BETWEEN YOU AND ME [2]

Mister Chairman, and ladies and gentlemen of the convention, I rise at this time to appeal to your sense of fairness, and to ask that some consideration be shown an old and valued friend of mine—the letter "r."

What, I ask you, has the letter "r" done; what crime has it committed that it should be practically ignored in the speech of the day? Why should the letter "r" be, to all intents and purposes, an outcast in our language, when such ignoble letters as "s" and "z" are added to the best society?

Is there no justice?

"R" is a fine, sturdy, upstanding old letter, with the bark on. A good old homespun letter, that gives zest to the tongue, and yet everywhere I find it shunted outside, and sometimes completely eliminated in favor of a letter so sissige sounding as the letter "h."

I go to the theatre, and in three solid acts—well, anyway, acts—I never hear a single "r." I hear actors and actresses lallygagging with that puerile letter "h" until my ears are revolted. They say "hēah" and "theāh," and "wheāh," and "dēah," and "fēah," and I claim that all this is clearly unconstitutional and opposed to the best interests of the people.

[2] Reprinted by permission of the New York *American* and the author.

If it keeps on, we will wind up with a nation "h-ing" itself out of breath.

The talkies have recently got the habit. By birth and environment, the good old letter "r" is eminently fitted for use in the talkies, because the normal guttural growl of the dinged machinery is calculated to bring out the "r" in all its hairy-chested manliness.

But, taking their cue from the speaking stage, the talkies are playing the chill for the "r" as completely as—well, let us say, as completely as Mr. Bob Coleman, the clever dramatic critic—which is very completely indeed.

However, in Mr. Coleman's case there are mitigating circumstances. Mr. Coleman comes from south of the Messrs. Mason and Dixon's line, and in those parts an old blue law makes it a misdemeanor to commit "r" in public speech. I believe that down yondah the "r" is the youth of the land, and I am deemed somwhat risqué, if not downright obscene.

It is carefully concealed and I am told that there are persons who were born south of the Messrs. Mason and Dixon's line who did not know there was such a letter as "r" until they were over twenty-one years of age. Mr. Coleman once told me of a bad boy back in his old home town who was arrested for writing the letter "r" on a fence in chalk, having been taught the letter by an evil-minded Yankee who chanced that way.

All right, then, we can excuse persons like Mr. Coleman, who privately admitted to me not so long ago that he has nothing personal against the letter "r" and has occasionally practiced it in secret.

But what about that movie actor I encountered on the screen the other night, who originated in Colorado, and who snubbed the good old "r" and heaved "h's" right in my face?

It is fellows of this ilk that I have a quarrel with. I know this boy was brought up "r," and there hasn't been an "h" in his family for at least two generations, so how does he get that way?

In Colorado, Mr. Chairman, and ladies and gentlemen, and especially in Pueblo, Colorado, the children are given "r's" to chew from birth, and no one in that state ever heard of "h" as a substitute for the staunch, tongue-filling old "r" until Hume Lewis came back from what he called Hahvahd and started in putting on the "h's" in Mr. Jimmy O'Brien's Opera House bar.

He had remarked "ovah theah" twice hand running, and the citizens put it down to the fact that he was muttering into a mug of beer at the time, which might have muffled his speech, but when he spoke of Denvah, and gratuitously rung in the word Bahtendah, the trouble started. Only the intervention of cooler heads prevented serious difficulty.

Afterwards, Mr. Lewis ran for the State Senate, and his political

enemies used the "h's" against him, but Mr. Lewis outwitted them by making a speech every night in which he craftily mentioned Collar-r-radd-der, our true pronunciation, as frequently as possible.

I find it in my heart to forgive the Harvard boys for cutting the "r" in classes, because in nearly every case they revert to normal speech after they return to their homes in Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, Nebraska, and other States where the "r" abounds.

I overlook the Brooklynite's eschewing of the "r" in certain words, such as pearl, which is "poil" to him, because he invents new spots to put in "r's" that no one else ever thought of, as in "erl" for oil, and "ersters" for oysters, and "sawr" for saw. In fact, the "r" is a household letter in Brooklyn, and they wouldn't give you a dime a dozen for "h's" there.

What sense is there to an "h," anyway? It is not handsome. It has no shape. No virility. In my opinion, the English cockneys have the right idea about the "h" in dispensing with it entirely, though the English upper clawsses have picked it up and work it until it aches. I am informed that English actors, hearing the upper clawsses talk, got the "h" idea from them, and brought it to this country.

But I am for Amer-r-iker first, Mister Chairman, and I believe that we should do everything in our power to preserve the purity of our native speech, and it is for that reason that I raise my voice in these halls in an appeal for the good old "r." So, then, I move you, Mister Chairman, that we pass a resolution whereasing and thereforing that any actor hereafter found discriminating against "r" in favor of the "h," be required to write on the blackboard 100,000 times "Round the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran."

DAMON RUNYON

(b) Persuasion. In persuasive speeches or impressive tributes, it is necessary to understand the public issues which have caused the writer to develop his idea. What is at stake? What questions is the author trying to answer? The author knows these issues before he writes; so the interpreter must know them before he can formulate the author's main idea. Cold issues are difficult to warm up.

Exercise

Read the following selections from famous speeches, which are often given in books for practice in interpretation. How much do you know of the logical development of the main idea from these passages? Your interpretation of the main idea will

never be the author's until you have read the complete speech and until you know the issues that motivated the author.

I. What agitated Henry Grady in "The New South" when he said:

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of the soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battleground of the Republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers, who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat—sacred soil to all of us, rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better, silent but staunch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms—speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American states and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

II. Or Patrick Henry in "Liberty or Death," when he so vehemently uttered these words:

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace,—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

III. Or Henry Grattan in his "Reply to Mr. Corry," when he defiantly cried out:

I have returned, not as the right honourable Member has said, to raise another storm; I have returned to discharge an honourable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect the Constitution, of which I was the parent and the founder, from the assassination of such men as the honourable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt; they are seditious; and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of a committee of the lords. Here I stand ready for impeachment or trial; I

dare accusation. I defy the honourable gentleman; I defy the Government; I defy their whole phalanx; let them come forth.

IV. Or Edmund Burke in the "Impeachment of Warren Hastings," when he said:

Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonoured. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose property he has destroyed, and whose country he has laid waste and desolate. I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured and oppressed in both sexes. And I impeach him in the name and by the virtue of those eternal laws of justice, which ought equally to pervade every age, condition, rank, and situation in the world.

(c) Narration. In interpreting a story, whether written in a narrative or dramatic form, the interpreter must know the plot, the setting, and the characters as thoroughly as the author has given them in the complete text. This is especially necessary when a cutting has been made. Many young "readers" show only too well that they do not understand the meaning of the interpreted material. In contests, one has heard the final scene between Queen Elizabeth and Essex (from the play *Elizabeth the Queen*) interpreted as if Elizabeth were a young and charming coed talking to her lover. The scene between De Lawd and Noah in the play *Green Pastures* can never carry the complete meaning unless the relationship of De Lawd to the other characters has been studied and unless the simplicity of the religion of the characters is understood. Very often caricatures are given of "comedy" characters because the context of the whole play has not been studied. Shakespeare too suffers in interpretation classes and English classes, because students are required to memorize one of his famous monologues or soliloquies without any idea of what has preceded or what follows. It is not important to be able to read glibly, "The quality of mercy is not strain'd," but it is important to know why Portia says it and to whom she is talking; possibly it is interesting to know that

some people believe that Portia did not practice what she preached about the quality of mercy.

Exercises

I. To interpret the full significance of the following scene, you should know the time, the place, the significance of the words *Montague* and *Capulet;* you should be able to explain why Romeo speaks so guardedly, and why Juliet should say, "Wherefore art thou Romeo?" If you do not know, you should acquaint yourself with the story of *Romeo and Juliet:*

Romeo. She speaks!
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
Juliet. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
Romeo. (Aside.) Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
Juliet. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

II. Who is Rustum and why should he be so tauntingly sarcastic in this passage? Read Matthew Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum,* if you would have the complete meaning:

Rustum. Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands,
Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Fight, let me hear thy hateful voice no more!
Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance;
But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no play
Of war: I fight it out, and hand to hand.

III. Why, in the next paragraph, does the author talk of "Scrooge's former self"? What of the Ghost? To know the logical setting of Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* will give you the key to the meaning:

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out, in his comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice:—

"Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-'prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work to-night. Christmas eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of the hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson!"

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters—one, two, three—had 'em up in their places—four, five, six—barred 'em and pinned 'em—seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race-horses.

IV. Put the next poem in its logical setting. Does it mean more to you? Find the answer in Robert Browning's *Pippa Passes:*

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

V. What has prompted Macbeth to soliloquize on life thus? Is he tired of living? Find your cue in Shakespeare's *Macbeth:*

Macbeth. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
Their way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

VI. How is the meaning of the following scene changed when you know that Robert has had a wild desire all evening to return to the joys of his youth—especially to be free to tramp the hills. An old chum of his offers to take him for a tramp and a trip in an old schooner:

THE ADVENTURER RETURNS [3]

Robert has just come back from a tramp "Over the Hills," in the rain. He had expected not to come back to his home. He has just removed his wet boots:

Helen. Here! Drink this.
Robert. Eh?
Helen. Drink this. *(He drinks, recovers some of his brains, and looks at her, glass in hand.)*
Robert. Hot whiskey! Slippers! *(Tears in his voice.)* Don't say you expected me.
Helen. (Soothingly.) I thought it possible you might come back. *(Robert drinks some more whiskey, and feels it doing him good. He recovers enough to say judiciously:)*
Robert. I'm not sure whether I like it or whether I don't like it. I'm glad of the whiskey. But to be expected! *(Plumping down the glass.)* How dare you expect me?
Helen. (Evasively.) It's *such* a dreadful night—over the hills.
Robert. (With a fearful cry.) The hills! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Never mention them to me again.
Helen. Tell me about it.
Robert. Horrible! *(Drinks.)* Soaked to the skin in five minutes. Every mile like ten. With a head wind howling past like a fury.

[3] By permission of Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd.

(Drinks.) Now and then I heard noises from Martin. Martin was *singing*. Singing. I had pains in my back, in my legs—all over. At last I stuck—told Martin I wouldn't budge on any farther.

Helen. What did he say?

Robert. He stood in the road, dripping wet; and he *laughed*. I left him. *(Drinks.)* I left him in the awful rain trying to light his pipe. Helen, take me to bed.

JOHN PALMER, *Over the Hills*

2. THE AUTHOR'S METHOD OF PRESENTING THE THEME

Literature is written in various forms, such as expository, descriptive, narrative, argumentative, and dramatic forms. The interpreter should be able to recognize these different styles because his manner of interpretation will depend on the form in which the literary material has been written. An interpreter may decide on one of several attitudes to take: he may wish to inform, to persuade, to connote or suggest, or to dramatize, depending on the author's manner of presenting his ideas. One selection, however, may call for a combination of several or all of these forms. Poor taste in interpretation often arises from the fact that the one performing thinks that there is only one manner to use, the dramatic.

(a) To Inform. An author may wish merely to inform, as in expositions, descriptions, and the expository parts of arguments. Furthermore, a good portion of narration is for the purpose of giving information. When the interpreter's aim is to inform, he must inform—and little else. This technique of informing is one of the most direct forms of delivery in interpretation; all desire to wave the arms and hands, to locate clouds and brooks and the heart must be subordinated to the main purpose of giving information. The person who realizes this early will be spared the necessity of whining or pleading or chanting or haranguing or waxing dramatic; he will also be spared the embarrassment of being laughed at by intelligent audiences. This does not mean that there must be inertia and languor, but it does mean that the interpreter must be sensitive and alert to the mood of his audience and his selection.

Our interest at the present is to know *when* to inform. Whenever there is explanatory or descriptive material at the beginning of a dialogue or story, the problem of knowing just how much stress is to be applied to this particular portion is difficult. Some have a tendency to hasten over it, as unimportant; others go too far the other way, and overdo the emphasis and importance of the expository part. Often too, the mannerisms of the interpreter are revealed more plainly in this form of communication than in any other form. It is a time for good taste, without too much talking down to one's audience, without too much display of personality, and yet with the proper amount of projection to hold the attention of the audience. Simplicity and directness are necessary.

The following passage is merely informative; that is, the author's purpose is to give information. Any tendency to overemphasize or to be intensely dramatic will not serve the author's purpose:

Madame Beaup was awake. Since her head was turned toward the plate-glass window, she probably saw the American young lady moving off alone through the dusk. She sat in a stillness that might have been spun of thought. She might have been pondering deeply—or was she only dreaming deeply? The Englishman with the curl on his forehead wiped his lips, and rose. He gathered in the letters and packages which the two Americans had left on their window sill and handed them up to madame, with a bow.

VALMA CLARK, *A Woman of No Imagination*[4]

(b) To Persuade. Persuasive literature, depending on the kind of persuasion used, may show varying degrees of intensity. It may be simple, quiet, and direct, or it may develop, as in the climax of a speech of an orator or a character, into a passionate plea. John Brown's last words before his execution, as given in Benét's poem, *John Brown's Body*, have a quiet persuasiveness which is in direct contrast to St. Joan's plea before her jurors in Shaw's play *St Joan*. Yet neither one has the particular kind of persuasion found in the following passage:

[4] By permission of the author.

Would you end war?
Create great Peace. . . .
The Peace that demands all of a man,
His love, his life, his veriest self;
Plunge him in the smelting fires of a work that becomes his child,
Coerce him to be himself at all hazards; with the toil and the mating
that belong to him:
Compel him to serve. . . .
Give him a hard Peace: a Peace of discipline and justice. . . .
Kindle him with vision, invite him to joy and adventure:
Set him to work, not to create *things*
But to create *men:*
Yea, himself.

JAMES OPPENHEIM, *1914—and After*[5]

(c) To Connote. Literature is not to be taken too literally, for it often suggests more than it seems to say. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof" is not a statement covering legal possession or economic status. There is a deeper meaning which the interpreter can reproduce only by understanding the connotative power of the words. The direct manner of exposition and narrative must be avoided.

The following poem does more than inform—it connotes; it suggests images and moods. To be matter-of-fact, to be merely informative would be easy, but the author intended more than information. This poem suggests contentment and great peace:

HERE IS THIS NIGHT[6]

What though the day was full of weariness,
With many a jarring sound and fretful sight,
Here is this night.
Whatever went before, here is an hour
Of pure, clear dark, with peace on wood and hill
And every flower folded honey-cool,
And every quiet pool
Brimful of starlight, and the winds all still.
The day went hard, and with tomorrow's light
May come new care; but by the tender grace
Of God's good thought there falls a little space

[5] From *War and Laughter.* Reprinted by permission of The Century Company.

[6] By permission of the author and *Good Housekeeping.*

Of dusk and dew and dreams.
Here is this night.

NANCY BYRD TURNER

(d) To Dramatize. In dialogue or dramatic situations, the author is interested in creating characters in contrasting moods and situations. Each character must be considered in relationship to others presented in the same scene, and also to the general rhythm and mood of the entire selection. Stories, monologues, dramatic poetry, and plays provide material for this kind of interpretation. Not only must the interpreter avoid dramatizing literal statements, but he must avoid using prosy literalness on words that are plainly intended to be dramatic, as in the following passage, wherein Lady Macbeth utters words that are full of anguish:

Lady Macbeth. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One: two: why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*

Exercise

Decide when to inform, when to persuade, when to connote, and when to dramatize in the following passages. Is there an overlapping of methods within the selection?

[1]

THE DECLARATION

But whatever may be our fate, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection

and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment—Independence now, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

DANIEL WEBSTER, *Supposed Speech of John Adams*

[2]

THE OPEN ROAD

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.

WALT WHITMAN, *Song of the Open Road*

[3]

GOD MAKES THE WORLD [7]

Then God reached out and took the light in His hands,
And God rolled the light around in his hands
Until He made the sun;
And He set that sun a-blazing in the heavens.
And the light that was left from making the sun
God gathered it up in a shining ball
And flung it against the darkness,
Spangling the night with the moon and stars.
Then down between
The darkness and the light
He hurled the world;
And God said, "That's good!"

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON, *The Creation*

[7] From *God's Trombones* by James Weldon Johnson. Copyright, 1927, by The Viking Press, Inc., New York.

[4]

THE MOUNTING [8]

It was the mare. She was not a pretty picture. From her Roman nose to her rising haunches, from her arched spine hidden by the stiff machillas of a Mexican saddle, to her thick, straight, bony legs, there was not a line of equine grace. In her half-blind but wholly vicious white eyes, in her protruding under lip, in her monstrous colour, there was nothing but ugliness and vice.

"Now then," said Staples, "stand cl'ar of her heels, boys, and up with you. Don't miss your first holt of her mane, and mind ye get your off stirrup quick. Ready!"

There was a leap, a scrambling struggle, a bound, a wild retreat of the crowd, a circle of flying hoofs, two springless leaps that jarred the earth, a rapid play and jingle of spurs, a plunge, and then the voice of Dick somewhere in the darkness, "All right!"

"Don't take the lower road back onless you're hard pushed for time! Don't hold her in down hill! We'll be at the ford at five. G'lang! Hoopla! Mula! Go!"

A splash, a spark struck from the ledge in the road, a clatter in the rocky cut beyond, and Dick was gone.

BRET HARTE, *How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar*

[5]

A THRUSH IN THE MOONLIGHT [9]

In came the moon and covered me with wonder,
Touched me and was near me, and made me very still.
In came a rush of song, raining as from thunder,
Pouring importunate on my window-sill.
I lowered my head, I hid my head, I would not see nor hear—
The bird-song had stricken me, had brought the moon too near.
But when I dared to lift my head, night began to fill
With singing in the darkness. And then the thrush grew still.
And the moon came in, and silence, on my window-sill.

WITTER BYNNER

[8] By permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

[9] With the permission of and by special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

[6]

THE COLONEL SPEAKS [10]

We waited for the Colonel. From under our feet suddenly arose a round of scuffling and smothered imprecations. A minute later, Mike, the herculean son of the Justice, appeared in the doorway, bearing a very small man hugged to his breast as a baby hugs a doll.

"Let me down, seh!" shouted the Colonel. Mike set him down, and he marched proudly into the room, and seated himself with dignity and firmness on the extreme edge of a chair.

The Colonel was very small indeed for a man of so much dignity. He could not have been more than five foot one or two; he was slender—but his figure was shapely and supple. He was unquestionably a handsome man, with fine, thin features and an aquiline profile —like a miniature Henry Clay. His hair was snow-white—and though he was small, his carriage was large, and military. There was something military, too, about his attire. He wore a high collar, a long blue frock coat, and tight, light-gray trousers with straps. That is, the coat had once been blue, the trousers once light-gray, but they were now of many tints and tones, and, at that exact moment, they had here and there certain peculiar high lights of whitewash.

The Colonel did not wait to be arraigned. Sweeping his black, piercing eye over our little group, he arraigned us.

"Well, *gentlemen*, I reckon you think you've done a right smart thing, getting the Southern gentleman in a hole? A pro-*dee*-gious fine thing, I reckon, since it's kept you away from chu'ch. Nice Sunday mo'ning to worry a Southern gentleman! Gentleman who's owned a plantation that you could stick this hyeh picayune town into one co'neh of! Owned mo' niggehs than you eveh saw. Robbed of his land and his niggehs by you Yankee gentlemen. Drinks a little wine to make him fo'get what he's suffehed. Gets ovehtaken. Tries to avenge an insult to his honah. Put him in a felon's cell and whitewash his gyarments. And now you come hyeh—you come hyeh—" here his eye fell with deep disapproval upon Winthrop's white flannels—"you come hyeh in youh underclothes, and you want to have him held fo' Special Sessions."

H. C. Bunner, *Colonel Brereton's Aunty*

[10] Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

[7]

THEY SLEEP SO QUIETLY [11]

They sleep so quietly, those English dead,
In Breton churchyard, when the cold wind sighs
Through the stripped branches, weaving overhead
Fantastic webs against the wintry skies.
They do not heed the hurrying snow that covers
Their unremembered names,—Margaret, and Joan,
Philip and Lucy, long forgotten lovers,—
Where the white silence of the drifts is blown.
But when the hawthorn spills her petals down,
And ranks of jonquils break in shining blooms
As April lingers in the little town,
They will lie dreaming in the ancient tombs
Of Cornwall's cliffs beneath the soft spring rains,
Or foxgloves nodding in the Devon lanes.

VIRGINIA L. TUNSTALL

[11] By permission of *The Lyric*.

Chapter VI

EMOTIONAL SETTING

A KNOWLEDGE of the emotional setting of a selection is very valuable to the interpreter, who is looking for the most meaningful interpretation. Emotional setting calls for a study of the following data: (1) the author's character and philosophy of life; (2) the author's mood; (3) the author's motivation.

1. The Author's Character and Philosophy of Life

Into every author's works creep the emotional tendencies of his life; the incidents of his childhood and of his youth have much to do with the molding of his attitude. Here, then, is one interpretation of Buffon's statement, "Style is of the man himself"; for these basic attitudes are reflected everywhere in a man's style. The words of the author and the way in which he writes those words give more meaning to the interpreter if he understands the character and the emotional attitudes of the author. So we have another way of finding a key to the meaning or part of the meaning of what we are to interpret.

A man cannot write honestly and leave out his philosophy of life; and another man cannot interpret appreciatively without understanding the author's emotional make-up. Knowing something about the author, how he lived and felt, when he lived and with whom he associated, will often, but certainly not always, give clues about his manner of writing. The Cavalier poets wrote as they lived—lightly, gaily, nonchalantly, as if they were flicking a thread from the shoulder. Shakespeare, who is often treated with too much solemnity and reverence by teachers, was a writer of rollicking farces as well as of tragedies. It is a great mistake not to remember that Shakespeare was writing for his audience and for popularity. He wrote as he and his friends lived and thought: his humor is often coarse and bawdy, his plays are packed with murders, ghosts, revenge, mystery, and sword play

—or as we would call it today, "gun play"—because his audience was entertained by that type of thing.

We should be intellectually curious enough to want to know how an author gets on with his own soul; for as interpreters, we are going to try to understand that spirit and give a truthful and meaningful impression. Hence, it should help our grasp of the meaning to know that Browning was an optimist; that Tennyson was everlastingly pining for "what is not"; that Milton was uplifted by visions of grandeur and a sense of a great mission; that Pope was a refiner of words and conceits; that Kipling was keen for adventure; that Vachel Lindsay was a fervid democrat; that James Whitcomb Riley was a friend of everyone; that Henry Van Dyke was always a preacher of the gospel; that Carl Sandburg is almost an anarchist in his abiding hatred of injustices from "constituted authority"; that Edgar Lee Masters fights the shams and veneers of society; that Walter de la Mare is a mystical dreamer. Further study of these authors would help us to understand why these attitudes have been formed and how the writers show their philosophy of life in the literature they write.

Exercise

Discover something about the lives or the philosophies of the authors of the following selections that will help in the interpretation of the lines:

[1]

Read Poe's essay, "The Philosophy of Composition." It furnishes the keynote to "The Raven."

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,—

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore-
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such a name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore!'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath
sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undauntd, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstart-
ing—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my
door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

EDGAR ALLAN POE
1809 - 1849

[2]

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to

dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate —we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[3]

CHILDE HAROLD

113

I have not loved the World, nor the World me;
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed
To its idolatries a patient knee,
Nor coined my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo: in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such—I stood
Among them, but not of them—in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,
Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.

114

I have not loved the World, nor the World me.—
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there may be
Words which are things,—hopes which will not deceive,
And Virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snares for the failing: I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve—
That two, or one, are almost what they seem,—
That Goodness is no name—and Happiness no dream.

LORD BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*

[4]

SELF-DEPENDENCE

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up, have calmed me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
"Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself; and know, that he
Who finds himself loses his misery!"

MATTHEW ARNOLD

[5]

LIFE

Give me faces and streets—give me these phantoms incessant and endless along the trottoirs!
Give me interminable eyes—give me women—give me comrades and lovers by the thousand!
Let me see new ones every day—let me hold new ones by the hand every day!
Give me such shows—give me the streets of Manhattan!

. . . . . .

Give me the shores and wharves heavy-fringed with black ships!
Oh, such for me! Oh, an intense life, full to repletion and varied!
The life of the theatre, barroom, huge hotel, for me!
The saloon of the steamer! the crowded excursion for me! the torch-light procession!
The dense brigade bound for the war, with high-piled military wagons following;
People, endless, streaming, with strong voices, passions, pageants,
Manhattan streets with their powerful throbs, with beating drums as now,
The endless and noisy chorus, the rustle and clank of muskets,
Manhattan crowds, with their turbulent musical chorus!
Manhattan faces and eyes forever for me.

WALT WHITMAN, *Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun*

2. THE AUTHOR'S MOOD

Much of the pleasure gained from the reading of literature is due to the understanding created between the author's writing and the interpreter. To understand thoughts and moods reproduced by a master hand and to be able to recreate those thoughts will heighten one's emotional satisfaction and give great pleasure.

The interpreter, however, must always consider himself as subordinate to the author's mood or aim. Any technique or particular personality asset of the interpreter should be blended in and be identified with the author, and should not in any way exist separately from the author's mood. The purpose of every reader should be to apply his experiences to the meaning and mood of the literature, and thus to integrate the spirit of the selection with the interpreter's experiences and his desire to com-

municate that meaning. Through this blending of emotions and understanding, there should be unity of expression.

Consequently, an analysis of the author's mood as reflected in the literature is among the first problems of the interpreter. To misunderstand the mood which the author intended is indeed to miss a vital clue to the meaning. To interpret everything in the same mood is decidedly wrong and indicates lack of understanding and appreciation.

Exercises

I. Consider the moods of these passages. Be sure you can justify your interpretation of the mood by an analysis of the author's text.

[1]

Is the lover portrayed by Suckling pining away for his sweetheart, is he shrugging his shoulders, is he whimsical, or is he chuckling over his constancy?

OUT UPON IT!

Out upon it, I have loved
  Three whole days together!
And am like to love three more,
  If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
  Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
  Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
  Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
  Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
  And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
  A dozen dozen in her place.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

[2]

Is there despair, longing, or hopelessness expressed in the following poem?

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON

[3]

Is Polonius' advice to Laertes senile bombast or good sound sense from father to son?

POLONIUS TO LAERTES

Yet here, Laertes! Aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There, my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,

Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*

[4]

Is Mark Antony's speech to the Roman mob naïve and spontaneous, or shrewd and calculating?

ANTONY'S ORATION

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;
Ambitions should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Caesar*

II. Study the mood of the following passages. If the author is fanciful, do him the honor of entering into his mood; if he is humorous, do not make him serious; if he is solemn, spare him the ignominy of seeming funny. Do you find the author in a mood of reverence, gaiety, admiration, fear, hatred, bitterness, contempt, ridicule—or what? Analyze.

[1]

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

LORD BYRON

[2]

DESERTED [1]

The old house leans upon a tree
Like some old man upon a staff;
The night wind in its ancient porch
Sounds like a hollow laugh.

The heaven is wrapped in flying clouds
As grandeur cloaks itself in gray:
The starlight, flitting in and out,
Glints like a lanthorn ray.

The dark is full of whispers. Now
A fox-hound howls; and through the night,
Like some old ghost from out its grave,
The moon comes, misty white.

MADISON CAWEIN

[3]

DEEP WET MOSS [2]

Deep wet moss and cool blue shadows
Beneath a bending fir,
And the purple solitude of mountain,
When only the dark owls stir—
Oh, there will come a day, a twilight,
When I shall sink to rest
In deep wet moss and cool blue shadows
Upon a mountain's breast,

[1] By permission. From *The Vale of Tempe* by Madison Cawein. Copyright by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.
[2] From *Slow Smoke*. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers, and of the author.

And yield a body torn with passions,
  And bruised with earthly scars,
To the cool oblivion of evening,
  Of solitude and stars.

LEW SARETT

[4]

UNDER THE HARVEST MOON [3]

Under the harvest moon,
When the soft silver
Drips shimmering
Over the garden nights,
Death, the gray mocker,
Comes and whispers to you
As a beautiful friend
Who remembers.

Under the summer roses
When the flagrant crimson
Lurks in the dusk
Of the wild red leaves,
Love, with little hands,
Comes and touches you
With a thousand memories,
And asks you
Beautiful, unanswerable questions.

CARL SANDBURG

[5]

GO LIGHTLY, WIND [4]

Go lightly here, for in your going,
  O Wind! you tread on holy ground.
Go swiftly like clean waters flowing
  And make no sound where is no sound.

Beyond your reach, and beyond the thunder,
  Where never again mine eyes may see,
Lies in this earth and deep, deep under,
  All that was dear and fair to me!

[3] From *Chicago Poems* by Carl Sandburg. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.
[4] From *R. H. L. Linebook, 1926*. By permission of Richard Henry Little.

Lips that have known my lips' caressing,
And fingers that once my fingers thrilled,
Eyes that have given me love's blessing,
Lie here, lie here, forever stilled.

Never her laughter, never her singing
Shall beat its way to my heart again,
April shall come, but April bringing
Never her whisper in the rain. . . .

April shall come, and sunlight streaming
Over a field of daffodils,
But here is an end to all my dreaming,
And here is the sun behind the hills.

Here I stand, and the twilight stealing,
And who shall say how long I've stood,
Save this lone goshawk dipping and wheeling
Over that clump of cottonwood.

GEORGE CARROLL

[6]

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE
(By a Miserable Wretch)

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of Space
Roll on!
What though I'm a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look blue—
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!

(It rolls on.)

W. S. GILBERT

[7]

OUT IN THE FIELDS

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the seas,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen,—
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born
Out in the fields with God.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

[8]

THE LAST INVOCATION

At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful, fortressed house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks—from the keep of the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper
Set ope the doors, O soul!

Tenderly! be not impatient!
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh!
Strong is your hold, O love!)

WALT WHITMAN

[9]

ECHO

Come to me in the silence of the night;
  Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
  As sunlight on a stream;
    Come back in tears,
O memory, hope and love of finished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter-sweet,
  Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brim-full of love abide and meet;
  Where thirsting longing eyes
    Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
  My very life again though cold in death;
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
  Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
    Speak low, lean low.
As long ago, my love, how long ago.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

[10]

MEMORIA IN ÆTERNA[5]

You knew the long, long march that led to death
  In sad Argonne beside the silver Meuse;
You knew the hopeless, choking fight for breath
  And peace at last beneath those alien dews.

We know the long, long years that stretch ahead
  For weary hearts holding a shattered dream,
Remembrance eternal for you—Beloved Dead,
  And sunlit silences where crosses gleam.

JAYHAWKER

[5]From *R. H. L. Linebook, 1924.* By permission of Richard Henry Little.

[11]

SEA MOODS[6]

Why, I had thought love
Like a storm
At sea—
Glorious, defiant, merciless,
Tossing moods like spray
Upon the hot sands of desire,
Anointing aching barrenness
With a surging satisfaction,
And, waning, leaving
Memories . . . bitter salt . . .

Triumphant, compelling,
Not to be resisted,
Yet to be feared,
In its cruel crush of passion.

But now, my dear, my dear,
I know
Love's just a slow song singing in my heart,
And quiet happiness throughout the day,
And peace
In your glad arms
At dusk . . .

SYLVIA

[12]

MEETING AT NIGHT

The gray sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

ROBERT BROWNING

[6] From *R. H. L. Linebook, 1924.* By permission of Richard Henry Little.

[13]

HAPPINESS [7]

This is Happiness—to lie
In a field, where pointed grasses
Scrape the sky,
And no one passes;
Where there is a little sound
Of things stirring; and around—
Nothing but the warm, sweet air
And blue silence everywhere!

This is Happiness—to feel
Tender, new born perfumes steal
Past my face;
And to touch the hot, white sand
With my hand.
It is Happiness to hear
Little ripples very near,
Pressing with their gentle lips
Coolly, where the bare world dips
To the sea.
It is Happiness to be
Only me!

MARY D. THAYER

[14]

ROMEO'S FAREWELL

Juliet. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate-tree;
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Romeo. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
Juliet. Yond light is not day-light, I know it, I;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,

[7] By permission of *Contemporary Verse.*

And light thee on thy way to Mantua;
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.
Romeo. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? Let's talk; it is not day.
Juliet. It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us.
Some say the lark and loathèd toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.
Romeo. More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*

[15]

IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea.
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine.
God being with thee when we know it not.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

[16]

SCRATCHES [8]

I found a scar across my wrist to-day.
I got it gathering apple-blooms for you
One breathless afternoon when Spring was new,
And all the trees were wearing white, for May.

I had forgotten any scar was there—
I had forgotten, too, the trifling pain
Quite paid for with a kiss . . . and then, the rain
Scattering transient diamonds in your hair. . . .

You thought you loved me then, do you remember?
And I, for my part, poured out, I am sure,
Brave words like "grow," and "strengthen," and "endure." . . .
But that, of course, was May—this is November.

Time will be-dim that night . . . the blooms . . . your face . . .
Even the scar will heal to a faint trace . . . .

JOHN V. A. WEAVER

[17]

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,

[8] From *Finders* by John V. A. Weaver. Reprinted by permission of and special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

And he shakes his feeble head
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead,
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

3. THE AUTHOR'S MOTIVATION

The artistic urge is commonly regarded as its own excuse for being: it needs no explanation or defense. Accordingly most

poems, stories, and dramatic episodes justify their right to exist solely by their intrinsic worth, as bits of art interesting enough to be known for their own merits. The poet is supposed to break forth as a lark into song. Story writers presumably write because they cannot help it.

But now and then a certain work needs a footnote. St. Paul's Cathedral is the monument of Sir Christopher Wren who built it; the Rheims Cathedral acquires interest as the place where Jeanne d'Arc brought the Dauphin to be crowned; Whistler's "Study in Black and White" is a portrait of his mother. William Ellery Leonard writes of his first wife in his poem, *Two Lives.* Siegfried Sassoon writes vividly of his experiences in the First World War. Read his poem, "The Rear Guard."

Exercises

The interpreter's appreciation and understanding of the following selections will increase with a knowledge of the author's motivation.

I. January 25, 1943, the magazine *Time* published a letter written by a soldier. The explanation of how the letter (reprinted here by permission of *Time*) originated and how it became a part of the guerrilla folklore, and the final information concerning the fate of the mother and child deepen the meaning because of the emotional significance attached to these incidents.

SUCH IS YOUR HERITAGE

In a small town in Yugoslavia there lived a man named Peter. He read many books, dabbled in politics and married a girl named Maria.

When Maria was heavy with child, the Germans occupied Peter's village and took over his home and his business. Peter left to fight in the woods with the Yugoslav Partisans. He was shot several weeks later but before he died he took out a stub of pencil and wrote a letter to his unborn son.

Partisans found Peter's body and the letter. While they waited for a chance to deliver it, the letter was passed from hand to hand and became in time a part of guerrilla folklore. By now it may have been sharpened by the literacy of other men and given added eloquence by the nobility of other men's minds. But what it said was as true when it was scrawled on a scrap of paper in a great whispering forest as it was when it reached London and the outside world:

My child, sleeping now in the dark and gathering strength for the struggle of birth, I wish you well. At present you have no proper shape, and you do not breathe, and you are blind. Yet, when your time comes, your time and the time of your mother, whom I deeply love, there will be something in you that will give you power to fight for air and light. Such is your heritage, such is your destiny as a child born of woman—to fight for light and hold on without knowing why.

May the flame that tempers the bright steel of your youth never die, but burn always; so that when your work is done and your long day ended, you may still be like a watchman's fire at the end of a lonely road—loved and cherished for your gracious glow by all good wayfarers who need light in their darkness and warmth for their comfort.

The spirit of wonder and adventure, the token of immortality, will be given to you as a child. May you keep it forever, with that in your heart which always seeks the gold beyond the rainbow, the pastures beyond the desert, the dawn beyond the sea, the light beyond the dark.

May you seek always and strive always in good faith and high courage, in this world where men grow so tired.

Keep your capacity for faith and belief, but let your judgment watch what you believe.

Keep your power to receive everything; only learn to select what your instinct tells you is right.

Keep your love of life, but throw away your fear of death. Life must be loved or it is lost; but it should never be loved too well.

Keep your delight in friendship; only learn to know your friends.

Keep your intolerance—only save it for what your heart tells you is bad.

Keep your wonder at great and noble things like sunlight and thunder, the rain and the stars, the wind and the sea, the growth of trees and the return of harvests, and the greatness of heroes.

Keep your heart hungry for new knowledge; keep your hatred of a lie; and keep your power of indignation.

Now I know I must die, and you must be born to stand upon the rubbish heap of my errors. Forgive me for this. I am ashamed to leave you an untidy, uncomfortable world. But so it must be.

In thought, as a last benediction, I kiss your forehead. Good night to you—and good morning and a clear dawn.

The day that the avenging Partisans swept back into Peter's village they found that his widow had been murdered a few days before her child would have been born. The letter that his comrades could not deliver has become instead a letter to all unborn children.

II. Tennyson's "In Memoriam," a collection of poems, was

motivated by the death of his very dear friend, Arthur Henry Hallam. In many of the poems, as in the following, Tennyson expresses his grief; in later poems, he expresses his religious doubts and finally, his return to his belief and faith:

Dark house, by which once more I stand
  Here in the long unlovely street,
  Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasped no more—
  Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
  And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here; but far away
  The noise of life begins again,
  And ghastly through the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

ALFRED TENNYSON

III. "Crossing the Bar," the last poem written by Tennyson, reveals his religious faith. The interpreter must be careful not to read it as if Tennyson felt no hope, for it is written with a hope that he will see his "pilot" face to face:

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
  And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
  When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
  Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
  Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
  And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
  When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON

IV. Christina Rossetti wrote the following sonnet to her lover whom she had renounced for a religious life:

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned.
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

V. The well-known sonnet of Milton on his blindness is a masterpiece of restraint. One must know the story of his life to appreciate how much has been left untold in his acceptance of his blindness:

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN MILTON

VI. Notice how the mood depends on the motivation of this passage:

THE SICKBED OF CULTURE [9]

The newspaper made breakfast rosy. Oats were steady. The coffee market had rallied. Linen was moving better. Lard and ribs were easier. But in the late afternoon I bought the *Atlantic Monthly* and thereupon came to behold the seamy side of this, our mortal adventure. A reactionary tendency, it appears, has developed in the realm of the spirit. There is a sag in culture. Culture is slowly but hideously being extirpated from our midst. The Extirpation of Culture is the very legend of the composition that details our shame. As if it were a weed, a heresy, an abnormal growth, culture is being rooted out and destroyed. Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Come, sweaty varlets, scriveners, senators, vestrymen, chirurgeons, chymists, draymen, ironmongers and suchlike! Awake to the crisis. Attend to the disgrace and peril of our state.

It is a woman who appears with bitten visage from the sickbed of culture. Ordinarily she refrains from speaking of these things to the gross multitude. She "habitually says nothing to the professional optimists in the public square." But there is a time when the worst must be faced. And it is in this mood of chilled yet passionate reproach that our lady Agoraphobia fetches us to the shaded chamber of the culture we are doing to death. Culture, poor dear, "contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world," has had a time in the vulgar jostle of modernity. As an image of this refinement (not as an image of this refinement's defender), imagine a fragrant New-Englander, a reticule in one mitten, perhaps the odes of Sappho in the other, conscious that she is the "disciplined and finished creature," conscious that she is "intellectually exclusive," conscious also that "culture is inherently snobbish," being asked to fight her passage into a metropolitan subway. "Step lively!" The imperative jars the lady. She gingerly boards the train. On the platform there is contact, but it is not precisely "contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world." Do you wonder, seeing her chaste bonnet somewhat tipsy, her lips compressed, an alarming color tinging her marmoreal cheeks, that Barrett Wendell emits a tiny squeal of pain, that Edith Wharton rolls an eye to heaven, that the shades of Pater and Matthew Arnold flutter unhappily? New England culture is laid between sheets with nothing but the *Atlantic* for hot-water bottle.

FRANCIS HACKETT

[9] From *Horizons* by Francis Hackett. Copyright by B. W. Huebsch 1918. Quoted by permission of The Viking Press, Inc.

VII. The motivation for Ingersoll's *Oration at His Brother's Grave* is evident from the title. Ingersoll has been called an atheist. What do you think? Read the last two paragraphs carefully:

Friends, I am going to do that which the dead often promised me he would do for me.

The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touched noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the West.

He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but, being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and using his burden for a pillow, fell into the dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the rushing billows roar against a sunken ship. For, whether in mid sea or amongst the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy will at its close become a tragedy as sad and deep as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day.

He loved the beautiful and was with color, form, and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, the poor, the wronged, and lovingly gave alms. With loyal heart, and with purest hands, he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

He was a worshiper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words: "For justice all place a temple, and all season, summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and were every one to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead, there comes no word; but in the night of death, hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death

for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath: "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, these dear words are true of all the countless dead. And now to you who have been chosen from among the many men he loved, to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

VIII. Robert Browning wrote *Prospice* upon the death of his wife. Browning's love for Elizabeth Barrett has been told in the delightful story of *Flush* by Virginia Woolf, and has been dramatized in the play *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* by Rudolf Besier.

PROSPICE

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay life's glad arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

ROBERT BROWNING

IX. Victor Hugo delivered the following speech in an attempt to free his son:

Gentlemen of the Jury, if there is a culprit here, it is not my son,—it is myself,—it is I!—I, who for these twenty-five years have opposed capital punishment,—have contended for the inviolability of human life,—have committed this crime for which my son is now arraigned. Here I denounce myself, Mr. Advocate General! I have committed it under all aggravated circumstances; deliberately, repeatedly, tenaciously. Yes, this old and absurd *lex talionis*—this law of blood for blood—I have combated all my life—all my life, Gentlemen of the Jury! And, while I have breath, I will continue to combat it, by all my efforts as a writer, by all my words and all my votes as a legislator! I declare it before the crucifix; before that victim of the penalty of death, who sees and hears us; before that gibbet, to which, two thousand years ago, for the eternal instruction of the generations, the human law nailed the Divine!

In all that my son has written on the subject of capital punishment and for writing and publishing which he is now on trial,—in all that he has written, he has merely proclaimed the sentiments with which, from his infancy, I have inspired him. Gentlemen Jurors, the right to criticise a law, and to criticise it severely—especially a penal law—is placed beside the duty of amelioration, like the torch beside the work under the artisan's hand. The right of the journalist is as sacred, as necessary, as imprescriptible, as the right of the legislator.

What are the circumstances? A man, a convict, a sentenced wretch, is dragged, on a certain morning, to one of our public squares. There he finds the scaffold! He shudders, he struggles, he refuses to die. He is young yet—only twenty-nine. Ah! I know what you will say,—"He is a murderer!" But hear me. Two officers seize him. His hands, his feet, are tied. He throws off the two officers. A frightful struggle ensues. His feet, bound as they are, become entangled in the ladder. He uses the scaffold against the scaffold! The struggle is prolonged. Horror seizes on the crowd. The officers,—sweat and shame on their brows,—pale, panting, terrified, despairing,—despairing with I know not what horrible despair,—shrinking under that public reprobation which ought to have visited the penalty, and spared the passive instrument, the executioner,—the officers strive savagely. The victim clings to the scaffold, and shrieks for pardon. His clothes are torn,—his shoulders bloody,—still he resists. At length, after three-quarters of an hour of this monstrous effort, of this spectacle without a name, of this agony,—agony for all, be it understood,—agony for the assembled spectators as well as for the condemned man—after this age of anguish, Gentlemen of the Jury, they take back the poor wretch to his prison.

The People breathe again. The People, naturally merciful, hope

that the man will be spared. But no,—the guillotine, though vanquished, remains standing. There it frowns all day, in the midst of a sickened population. And at night, the officers, reinforced, drag forth the wretch again, so bound that he is but an inert weight,—they drag him forth, haggard, bloody, weeping, pleading, howling for life —calling upon God, calling upon his father and mother,—for like a very child had this man become in the prospect of death—they drag him forth to execution. He is hoisted on the scaffold, and his head falls!—And then through every conscience runs a shudder. Never had legal murder appeared with an aspect so indecent, so abominable. All feel jointly implicated in the deed. It is at this very moment that from a young man's breast escapes a cry, wrung from his very heart,—a cry of pity and of anguish,—a cry of horror,—a cry of humanity. And this cry you would punish! And in the face of the appalling facts which I have narrated, you would say to the guillotine, "Thou art right!" and to Pity, saintly Pity, "Thou art wrong!" Gentlemen of the Jury, it cannot be! Gentlemen, I have finished.

VICTOR HUGO, *The Death Penalty*

X. John McCarthy wrote the following poem after the death of Walt Whitman. Notice how the rhythm is reminiscent of Whitman's style:

COME DOWN, WALT WHITMAN [10]

Walt! Walt!
You burly old lover of men and women,
Boisterous shouter of catalogues from the housetops,
Earth's prophet, through whom the Almighty changed His works—
Walt! Walt! Up there! Do you hear us hallooing to you?

Out of stinking alleys,
Out of gutters and dead fields,
Out of the eternal monotony of the factories,
From all abominable glades and places,
Swarms an egregious horde;
Speaking all tongues they come,
Singing new songs, and loving and praying,
And mauling and being mauled;
And pushed down under the slime and bursting out to the heavens.

We do not know them,
We futile men in white collars do not know them.

[10] By permission of James T. White & Co.

Walt! Walt!—
You burly old lover of men and women—
Can't you get a furlough?
Stop shouting above the noise of the harps,
Loose your arm from Abe Lincoln's and come down.

Eat with this horde, Walt,
And laugh with them
And weep with them!

Then come forth chanting,
You prophet and diviner,
You lover and seer of men:
Find for us the perfume of their stench,
Shout forth the beauty of their dreams,
Translate their hundred tongues.
Come, Walt! Come!

JOHN R. MCCARTHY

XI. Alan Seeger, who served in the First World War, kept his rendezvous with death in July, 1917.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH [11]

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,

[11] Copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission.

Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

ALAN SEEGER

XII. Mrs. Hacker wrote to the editor of *The Saturday Evening Post:* "He was only nineteen, and was waist gunner on the Flying Fortress Hellzapoppin. All of the crew but one were killed by an enemy bombardment on one of our airfields—recently captured. The Purple Heart and Citation of Honor certificate have been sent to me since his death."

A WHITE CROSS NEAR ALGIERS [12]

(To my son, Sgt. Larry B. Hagan
Killed in action in Northwest Africa)

White cross, white sand, white silence.
"Somewhere very close to Algiers. . . .
Regret no details can be given."
Mother of God, stay my tears!

Our eyes shall see the glory—
Freedom's glory through the years.
White peace, white sand, white moonlight,
White crosses near Algiers.

VERA B. HACKER

[12] Reprinted from *The Saturday Evening Post* (November 20, 1943) by permission of the author and *The Saturday Evening Post.*

Chapter VII

LOGICAL DETAILS

The study of logical details of a passage includes the study of how a sentence is put together: what the words mean and how they are related and formed into phrases and sentences to give the author's meaning. The considerations which are most likely to be pertinent in attempting to determine the logical details of a selection are these: (1) meaning of words; (2) meaning of phrases; (3) word relations in sentences.

1. Meaning of Words

(*a*) *Unusual Words.* It is a platitude that the interpreter should use the dictionary for all words unknown to him. Yet strange to say, too many students will bowl merrily and blithely over word after word, the meaning of which they do not even suspect. More interpretation is incorrectly presented because of the lack of understanding the meaning of words than because of any other factor. The interpreter should treat a new word as a discovery, as something that will add to his experiences and to the meaning he is trying to get from the printed symbols. Moreover, the listener can usually tell whether the words have stirred up the right meaning in the interpreter.

Exercises

I. Sheridan once wrote a play called *The Rivals*, which is famous for the voluble character Mrs. Malaprop. You will never know Mrs. Malaprop nor be able to interpret her lines with the proper comedy touch unless you know which words she has misused; and you will never know which words she has misused unless you know the meanings of the words. The first word you should look up in the dictionary is *malaprop*, for then you will know why Sheridan named her as he did. Read the following

passage without checking the unknown words; then read it again after you know the meanings:

Mrs. Malaprop. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments.—But Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell, and mis-pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise, that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Now rewrite the passage, using the words that Mrs. Malaprop was trying to use.

II. Lewis Carroll's poem, "Jabberwocky," is, as the author might say, a "frabjous" piece of art. You will be unable to find the meaning of the words in a dictionary because Carroll manufactured them for his purpose. The author explains that two meanings have been packed into one word. "Take the two words 'fuming' and 'furious.' Make up your mind that you will say both words but leave it unsettled which you will say first. Now open your mouth and speak. If your thoughts incline ever so little towards 'fuming,' you will say 'fuming-furious'; if they turn, by even a hair's breadth towards 'furious,' you will say 'furious-fuming'; but if you have that rarest of gifts, a perfectly balanced mind, you will say 'frumious.' "

Try to translate the poem according to Carroll's instructions:

JABBERWOCKY

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
  Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
  And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
  The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
  The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
  Long time the manxome foe he sought.
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
  And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
  The Jabberwock with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
  And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through, and through
  The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
  He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
  Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
Oh, frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
  He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves
  And the mome raths outgrabe.

LEWIS CARROLL

III. In the following selections look up the words you do not know:

[1]

WHALIN'[1]

Keeney. And d'you s'pose any of 'em would believe that—any o' them skippers I've beaten voyage after voyage? Can't you hear 'em laughin' and sneerin'—Tibbots 'n' Harris 'n' Simms and the rest —and all o' Homeport makin' fun o' me? "Dave Keeney what boasts he's the best whalin' skipper out o' Homeport comin' back with a measly four hundred barrel of ile?" Hell! I got to git the ile, I tell you.

EUGENE O'NEILL, *Ile*

[2]

THE DANCE

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR, *The Owl and the Pussy-Cat*

[3]

BLOW, WINDS

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage! Blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*

[1] Reprinted by permission of Horace Liveright, Inc.

[4]

HASTE THEE, NYMPH

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to dwell in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe.

JOHN MILTON, *L'Allegro*

[5]

CATILINE'S DEFIANCE

"Traitor!" I go; but, I return! This—trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrow; this hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my Lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus; all shames and crimes;
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

BEN JONSON, *Catiline*

[6]

A BIRTHDAY

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a water'd shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;

My heart is gladder than all these,
  Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
  Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
  And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
  In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
  Is come, my love is come to me.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

[7]

MOONRISE

And now, as the night was senescent
  And star-dials pointed to morn—
  As the star-dials hinted of morn—
At the end of our path a liquescent
  And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
  Arose with a duplicate horn—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
  Distinct with its duplicate horn.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, *Ulalume*

[8]

A FORSAKEN GARDEN

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
  At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
  The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
  The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
    Now lie dead.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

[9]

OUR LIFE

Our life is a false nature, 'tis not in
The harmony of things—this hard decree,
This uneradicable taint of sin,
This boundless upas, this all-blasting tree
Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches be
The skies which rain their plagues on men like dew—
Disease, death, bondage—all the woes we see—
And worse, the woes we see not—which throb through
The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever new.

LORD BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*

[10]

AT OPHELIA'S GRAVE

Hamlet. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I;
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*

[11]

MOONLIGHT

Lorenzo. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears. Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *The Merchant of Venice*

[12]

THE BLACK VULTURE [2]

Aloof upon the day's immeasured dome,
He holds unshared the silence of the sky.
Far down his bleak, relentless eyes descry
The eagle's empire and the falcon's home—
Far down, the galleons of sunset roam;
His hazards on the sea of morning lie;
Serene, he hears the broken tempest sigh
Where cold sierras gleam like scattered foam.

And least of all he holds the human swarm—
Unwitting now that envious men prepare
To make their dream and its fulfillment one,
When, poised above the caldrons of the storm,
Their hearts, contemptuous of death, shall dare
His roads between the thunder and the sun.

GEORGE STERLING

[13]

RANTING

Hamlet. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I could have such a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing Termagant, It out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*

[14]

PERHAPS [3]

Perhaps in the Lethal dawn of some far-distant day
I shall breathe the dewy air of forgetfulness
And shall then be able to look with unabated breath
Upon a wild plum-tree, waving its blossomy branches of snow
Over the new-made grave of winter—

[2] From *Poems* by George Sterling. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.
[3] By permission of the *Lyric West.*

Or behold, unmoved, a moonlit glen brimmed with silver mist,—
Or walk unheeding through a field of purple asphodels wet with the spring-soft rain.
Perhaps the fragrance of wild thyme will no longer bring a chill of heart
When it rises from evening meadows like memorial incense,—
Perhaps in that day my soul will not be swathed in robes of memory
Nor haunted by the chime of silver bells in your voice,—
Perhaps I shall even forget the subtle song of your white flesh
And the mystic fires under your dewy lashes,—
Perhaps. . . .

C. H. Marsh

[15]

CAPULET

Capulet. And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer, "I'll not wed; I cannot love."

William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*

[16]

THE CRACKLING

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument.

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called —the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat, and lean, (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Charles Lamb, *A Dissertation upon Roast Pig*

[17]

VENICE

And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, "their bluest veins to kiss"—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth.

JOHN RUSKIN, *The Stones of Venice*

[18]

FALMOUTH

O, there's a wind a-blowing, a-blowing from the west,
And that of all the winds is the one I like the best,
For it blows at our backs, and it shakes our pennon free,
And it soon will blow us home to the old countrie.
For it's home, dearie, home—it's home I want to be.
Our topsails are hoisted, and we'll away to sea.
O, the oak and the ash and the bonnie birken tree
They're all growing green in the old countrie.

WILLIAM E. HENLEY

[19]

THE SCHOONER [4]

Just mark that schooner westward far at sea—
'Tis but an hour ago
When she was lying boggish at the quay,
And men ran to and fro,
And tugged and stamped, and shoved, and pushed, and swore,
And ever and anon, with crapulous glee,
Grinned homage to viragoes on the shore.

[4] From *Collected Poems*. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company.

So to the jetty gradual she was hauled:
  Then one the tiller took,
And chewed, and spat upon his hand, and bawled;
  And one the canvas shook
Forth like a moldy bat; and one, with nods
And smiles, lay on the bowsprit-end, and called
And cursed the Harbor-master by his gods.

And, rotten from the gunwhale to the keel,
  Rat-riddled, bilge-bestank,
Slime-slobbered, horrible, I saw her reel,
  And drag her oozy flank,
And sprawl among the deft young waves, that laughed,
And leapt, and turned in many a sportive wheel,
As she thumped onward with her lumbering draught.

And now, behold! a shadow of repose
  Upon the line of gray,
She sleeps, that transverse cuts the evening rose—
  She sleeps, and dreams away,
Soft-blended in a unity of rest
All jars, and strifes obscene, and turbulent throes
'Neath the broad benediction of the West—

Sleeps; and methinks she changes as she sleeps,
  And dies, and is a spirit pure.
Lo! on her deck an angel pilot keeps
  His lonely watch secure;
And at the entrance of Heaven's dockyard waits,
Till from Night's leash the fine-breath'd morning leaps,
And that strong hand within unbars the gates.

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

[20]

THE QUESTION

Hamlet. To be, or not to be: that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die; to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die; to sleep;—
To sleep? Perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffl'd off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*

IV. Bring a passage to class that contains words that are new to you.

(*b*) *Names of People and Places.* The average person is often quite unconcerned about the significance of names of people and places. Sometimes the interpreter skips contentedly over a proper name with the assurance that if the author knew exactly what it meant, the meaning must be satisfactory and somehow must be revealed when the passage is interpreted. Yet when the interpreter becomes careless about meanings of names and places, it is apparent that all he is doing is pronouncing words. He may also be embarrassed by having someone in his audience ask him the meaning of the reference.

To interpret fully, for instance, you must know the background of names like John Brown, Sherman, Brutus, Ingersoll,

Harper's Ferry. How much meaning would be lost to you in contemporary literature and journalism if you did not know the significance of names like Eisenhower, MacArthur, Patton, Dunkirk, Verdun, Bataan, Corregidor, Normandy? Do you think these names will mean as much fifty years after the completion of World War II? Probably not—to that generation.

Exercises

I. Make a list of names that have meaning to you now but which at one time were merely names without significance. State incidents that have changed the meaning to you.

II. Test your knowledge of the proper names in these passages:

[1]

Though Caesar and Charlemagne, and Hildebrand and Luther, and William the Conqueror and Oliver Cromwell, and all the epoch-makers prepared Europe for the event, and contributed to the result, the lights which illumine our firmament today are Columbus the discoverer, Washington the founder, and Lincoln the savior.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, *Columbian Oration*

[2]

Give us their devotion—give us that of the young enthusiast of Paris, who, listening to Mirabeau in one of his surpassing vindications of human rights, and seeing him fall from his stand, dying, as a physician proclaimed, for the want of blood, rushed to the spot, and as he bent over the expiring man, bared his arm for the lancet, and cried again and again with impassioned voice: "Here take it—oh! take it from me! let me die, so that Mirabeau and the liberties of my country may not perish!"

JAMES MCDOWELL, *Dangerous Legislation*

[3]

Men now are precisely what they were when they thrust Jeremiah into a hole and took off the head of John the Baptist.

CHARLES HENRY PARKHURST, *Piety and Civic Virtue*

[4]

I like rather to think of America in her august and severe beauty, inspired by a sentiment even towards her enemies not of hate, but of love, perhaps a little pale in the cheek and with a dangerous light in her eye, but with a smile on her lips, as sure, determined, unerring, invincible as was the Archangel Michael when he struck down and trampled upon the Demon of Darkness.

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR, *The True War Spirit*

[5]

What was Lincoln's mysterious power, and whence? . . . Inspired, he was truly, as Shakespeare was inspired; as Mozart was inspired; as Burns was inspired; each, like him, sprung directly from the people.

HENRY WATTERSON, *The Secret of Lincoln's Power*

[6]

So I appeal from the men in silken hose who danced to music made by slaves—and called it freedom—from the men in bell-crowned hats, who led Hester Prynne to her shame—and called it religion—to that Americanism which reaches forth its arms to smite wrong with reason and truth, secure in the power of both.

HENRY WATTERSON, *The New Americanism*

[7]

But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocian for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Toussaint L'Ouverture*

[8]

Charles Sumner insult the soldiers who had spilled their blood in a war for human rights! Charles Sumner degrade victories and depreciate laurels won for the cause of universal freedom!

CARL SCHURZ, *Eulogy on Charles Sumner*

[9]

Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps,—even there the spirit of liberty survived; and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumpters and her Marions proved by her conduct that, though her soil might be over-run, the spirit of her people was invincible.

ROBERT Y. HAYNE, *South Carolina*

[10]

Gracious God, we see a Perry reascending from the tomb, and raising his awful voice to warn us against the surrender of our freedom.

LORD PLUNKETT, *The Irish Parliament*

[11]

Force compelled the signature of unwilling royalty to the great Magna Charta; force put life into the Declaration of Independence and made effective the Emancipation Proclamation; force beat with naked hands upon the iron gateway of the Bastille and made reprisal in one awful hour for centuries of kingly crime; force waved the flag of revolution over Bunker Hill and marked the snows of Valley Forge with blood-stained feet.

JOHN M. THURSTON, *A Plea for Cuba*

[12]

And yet, in the El Dorado of which I have told you, but fifteen per cent of lands are cultivated.

HENRY GRADY, *The Race Problem in the South*

[13]

Weakness wars with thousands; might battles a Goliath.

EDGAR A. BANCROFT, *The Loneliness of Genius*

[14]

There is something higher than stocks and bonds, higher than the glitter of an external civilization, and that is the Law of Love. For this, Savonarola died, for this Saul of Tarsus witnessed in the deserts of Arabia and in the dungeons of Nero.

. . . . . .

There are Benedict Arnolds among men; there are Benedict Arnolds among nations.

. . . . . .

Is this republic whose banner has been the star of hope and promise to the oppressed, now to forsake justice, forget its mission, and go down in darkness and shame—a Lucifer among states?

CLARENCE MCCARTNEY, *National Apostasy*

[15]

His death made all men either friends or foes of slavery. Between the North and South stood John Brown's gibbet. Henceforth it was slavery or union. Compromise was no longer possible. Had he succeeded, he must have failed. His failure was his success.

JOHN H. FINLEY, *John Brown*

[16]

I am one among the thousands who loved Henry Grady, and I stand among the millions who lament his death. I loved him in the promise of his glowing youth, when across my boyish vision he walked with winning grace from easy effort to success. I loved him in the flush of his splendid manhood, when a nation hung upon his words.

JOHN T. GRAVES, *Henry Grady*

[17]

When Charles I attempted to seize illegally the bodies of five members of Parliament it precipitated a civil war and the foolish king lost his head. When Bourbon despots got the reprehensible habit of handing billet-doux to some convenient pimp or pander and forthwith some hapless soul found himself in a dungeon wondering why he was there and how he was to get out, "the wind one day took fire, the

tattered rag became a banner," and all Paris moving against the royal prison razed it to the ground and chopped off the head of the sceptered fool who had peopled it with misery and despair.

AUGUSTUS A. STANLEY, *The Perils of Paternalism*

[18]

SPRING

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon*

(*c*) *Allusions.* Usually the word or phrase that carries some allusion or the phrase that is quoted from some literary source will give significant meaning to a passage. Sentences and references like "They shall not pass," "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition," "G.I.," "Save face," "New Deal," allude to contemporary experiences, but may in the future be generalized to carry meaning to other experiences similar to those from which the phrase originated.

Exercises

I. Make a list of contemporary words and phrases that may provide richer meaning to literature some day; for instance, "It was another Dunkirk."

II. Do the allusions in this after-dinner speech[5] add to the speaker's meaning? How?

The present trip-hammer functioning of my heart, together with other immediate physiological disturbances—quite as annoying but less mentionable—accuse me of temerity, if not audacity, in rising to address so scintillating a galaxy of talent as is here assembled. (For that sentence I am gratefully and humbly indebted to the composite

[5] Given by a newly elected faculty member of Phi Kappa Phi.

effort of the English Department.) As each item on the program has concluded and the moment of my response relentlessly approached, the victuals hereabout more and more reminded me of Hamlet's "funeral baked meats which coldly furnished forth the marriage tables."

It is a source of ever increasing wonder to me, that the Inquisition did not hit upon the technique of formal post-prandial dissertation as one of the more formidable punishments for heresy. Perhaps they did recognize the merits of the exquisite torture such procedure offered the speakers, but perhaps also they remembered that some one would have to listen to the speeches; and, come to think of it, I have never heard that the inquisitors were especially noted for violent masochism.

But as students seem never tired of pointing out, our present academic system is irrevocably committed to a multiplicity of tortures, and the after-dinner speech is not least among them. So here, tonight, some of us speak and you listen. But it is all a very civilized performance—marked by great deception and fraud—indubitable evidences of a high degree of civilization. *We* almost succeed in assuming calm exteriors and you succeed surprisingly well in disguising your ghoulish glee at our discomfiture, with polite boredom punctuated with applause which after all, helps keep you awake.

When I go to bed I shall probably toss about tonight in the throes of indigestion—I know Dr. Daines [Dean of the Medical School] would advise us to eschew food during periods of emotional stress —but to have refrained from eating this evening would have been at once an impoliteness and an economic blunder—so I shall suffer from indigestion (and probably remorse) and you will go to bed wondering why on earth— But let's not verbalize it. Even a Phi Kappa Phi who is an especial votary at truth's shrine might cringe at such bald expression.

The program formidably calls for an address. Dr. Fellows in his eminently humanitarian way has softened the formal printed demand by his gracious introductions. Certainly, I shall not be delivered of an address. I should like merely to pass on to you one thought. It comes from Professor Scott Nearing in a recent letter to a friend. He said, "Life is too interesting, too thrilling to worry about things!" That's wholesome philosophy. Few groups should receive it more heartily than this one. Human passion for the acquisition of *things* has landed us in the present [pause during which a member shouted "depression"]—sir, materialistic morass. The real tragedy of it all is that everybody, excluding, I hope, members of Phi Kappa Phi, is crying for a return to prosperity. Think of it! Can you imagine so profound a lack of intelligence as wants to return to the old material prosperity? A prosperity which must inevitably culminate in disaster. There is no returning in any event. "The moving finger writes and

having writ moves on!" That we shall go on to a new prosperity—a richer prosperity—based on human achievement and spiritual growth —seems to me to be the particular and glorious responsibility of such groups as this. Wasn't it Lowell who, in extolling our literature, said, "That nation is a mere horde supplying figures to the census which does not acknowledge a truer prosperity and a richer contentment in the things of the mind?" That's profound wisdom.

And so when I reconsign my present finery to its mothballs against next year's Phi Kappa Phi dinner, and I open my closet door and see my countenance reflected in the lustre of the trouser's seat of my other suit, and bethink me of my second salary cut which precludes a more extensive wardrobe, shall I worry? Not a whit! I shall don the trusty garment and hie me cheerily to the library and commune with Emerson on life's compensations.

When next I start for town by enforced perambulation and am impelled by the instinct for self-preservation to unusual alacrity to avoid the onrush of some capitalist's 16-cylinder Whosis, shall I turn livid with envy? By no means. I shall direct my walk to safer paths and look out over our peerless valley and say with Wordsworth, "Earth hath not anything to show more fair. Dull would he be of soul who could pass by a sight so touching in its majesty."

When next I am tempted "to show a more swelling port than my faint means will grant continuance," I shall remember Lowell's "Truer prosperity in the things of the mind." I may even consider the lilies of the field, how they toil not, neither do they spin.

Or when some pompous and likely porcine butter-and-egg man scans my meager figure and scoffs at a professor's salary, meanwhile pointing to Rudy Vallee earning thousands the while he croons "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries," I shall sit down at my piano and in my faulty fingering heal the wound with a sonata by Mozart, who so much enriched the world for you and me and who yet was buried in a potter's field.

This is the burden of my humble message. And so at last, when unmistakably we can count the waning minutes left us of this life, altogether unencumbered with *things* and out of a richer contentment in the things of the mind, I hope we can say with Donne:

> Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
> Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
> For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
> Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
> From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
> Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow;
> And soonest our best men with thee do go—
> Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!

Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make up sleep as well
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death thou shalt die!

JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH [6]

III. To know the allusions in the following is to make possible a richer meaning:

[1]

Nothing daunted, the prophets of evil declared that we should surely meet our Waterloo when we attempted to pass a currency bill.

EDWARD KEATING, *The Courage of Woodrow Wilson*

[2]

Whom could we better emulate than the man of Galilee, the only perfect specimen of a perfectly developed manhood; the Nazarene, the only man who has fulfilled Democracy's ideal, who lived that through Him others might have life and have it more abundantly.

GRIER PATTERSON, *The Greater Man*

[3]

Your life work is ended. You are at rest. You have drunk of the waters of Lethe.

ELBERT HUBBARD, *The Sinking of the Titanic*

[4]

America is heir to all the world. Do not cut off any part of what is rightfully yours. Do not fear lest this Pantheon of many national ideals turn into a Pandemonium—for the American spirit is large enough to harmonize them all.

ALBERT LÉON GUÉRARD, *The Land Where Hatred Expires*

[6] Reprinted from *Fundamentals of Speech*, by Charles H. Woolbert and Joseph F. Smith, by permission of Harper & Brothers, publishers.

[5]

A peasant girl, a shepherdess, dreaming on the hills of France, feels her simple heart burn with the story of her country's wrongs. Its army beaten, shattered and dispersed; it fields laid waste; its homes pillaged and burned; it people outraged and murdered; its prince fleeing for life before a triumphant and remorseless foe.

JOHN M. THURSTON, *Lincoln: a Man Called of God*

[6]

They hold together a united people and a great nation; for, realizing the truth at last—with no wounds to be healed and no stings of defeat to remember—the South says to the North, as simply and as truly as was said three thousand years ago in the far-away meadow upon the shores of the mystic sea: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God, my God."

HENRY WATTERSON, *Let Us Have Peace*

[7]

TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me
  Like those Nicaean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
  The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
  To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
  Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home
  To the glory that was Greece
  And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
  How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
  Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
  Are Holy-Land!

EDGAR ALLAN POE

[8]

HIS FATHER

Hamlet. See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*

[9]

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

[10]

ON CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer rul'd as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS

[11]

LORENZO AND JESSICA

Lorenzo. The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jessica. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
Lorenzo. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jessica. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lorenzo. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.
Jessica. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.
Lorenzo. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jessica. I would out-night you, did nobody come;
But, hark! I hear the footing of a man.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *The Merchant of Venice*

[12]

THE NIGHT OF GODS[7]

Their mouths have drunken the eternal wine—
The draught that Baal in oblivion sips.
Unseen about their courts the adder slips,
Unheard the sucklings of the leopard whine;
The toad has found a resting-place divine,
And bloats in stupor between Ammon's lips.
O Carthage and the unreturning ships,
The fallen pinnacle, the shifting Sign!

Lo! when I hear from voiceless court and fane
Time's adoration of eternity,—
The cry of kingdoms past and gods undone,—
I stand as one whose feet at noontide gain
A lonely shore; who feels his soul set free,
And hears the blind sea chanting to the sun.

GEORGE STERLING

2. Meaning of Phrases

(*a*) *Grouping.* The plain sense of a sentence often hinges upon the relation of phrase to phrase. Punctuation marks help the eye to get the inter-phrase relationship, but are by no means a certain help to the interpreter. Too many times the commas and semicolons allow the interpreter to utter a phrase either with the phrase before it or with the phrase just following, thus giving him a Janus choice. Again a phrase may need to stand out in the reading, yet visual punctuation marks do not so indicate. This matter of getting phrases rightly related, pointing backward, forward, or standing by themselves, is known as *grouping* or *phrasing.* It is frequently the crux of the issue between clearness and complete haziness of meaning.

(*b*) *Grouping and Punctuation.* Sometimes punctuation will help the interpreter to point up meaning by indicating the correct phrasing. It is well, however, to remember that oft-quoted statement, "Punctuation is intended for the eye and not for the ear." Certainly you are not going to pause every time you see a

[7] From *A Wine of Wizardry.* By permission of A. M. Robertson and Company.

comma, but you may know more of the meaning by seeing the comma on the page. A period indicates that the author has completed a thought, but the period does not necessarily give a note of finality to the meaning. Often the voice is deliberately raised at the end of a sentence even though the author has placed a period there. Go back to the exercise on "Yes, I like her" (page 16) and note that the period did not help you to get the particular meaning. It told you the sentence was ended, that the idea was complete, but that is all. It did not give you a clue to the emotional meaning as an exclamation point would. There are, then, times when punctuation will not help the interpreter as far as emotional meaning is concerned; but there are instances when certain marks of punctuation used by the author will definitely indicate the logical meaning.

Exercises

I. Show the difference in meaning produced because of the change in punctuation:

[1]

Who? Why, absurd!
Who? Why absurd?

[2]

Now, what do you want?
Now what do you want?

[3]

What were the results of this conduct?—beggary, dishonor, utter ruin, and a broken leg.

What were the results of this conduct?—beggary! dishonor! utter ruin! and a broken leg!

[4]

For a dime you can buy two pieces of pie or cake, and ice cream.

For a dime you can buy two pieces of pie, or cake and ice cream.

[5]

I shall go when I get ready.
I shall go—when I get ready.

[6]

Away, away! There's blood upon the brim!
Will it then never—never sink in the earth?

Away! away! there's blood upon the brim!
Will it then never, never sink in the earth?

[7]

No, no, no, no,—I would not say that!
No! no! no! no!! I would not say that!

[8]

Lay on, Macduff.
Lay on Macduff!

[9]

Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O sacred forms, how proud you look!

Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home.
Again, O sacred forms, how proud you look!

[10]

Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour;
Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;

[11]

The world is too much with us late and soon;
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:

[12]

Out on ye, owls; nothing but sons of death?
Out on ye owls; nothing but sons of death!

[13]

Honest, my lord?
Honest? My lord?

[14]

Yet his means are in supposition; he hath an argosy bound to Tripoli; another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad.

Yet his means are in supposition; he hath an argosy bound to Tripoli; another to the Indies. I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad.

[15]

I want no further information; but if you will remain with us, and discover the reason for the error, you are welcome.

I want no further information; but, if you will, remain with us and discover the reason for the error; you are welcome.

II. What does the colon do in the following passage:

Echoes we: listen!
We cannot stay:

As dew-stars glisten
Then fade away—
Child of Ocean!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, *Prometheus Unbound*

III. Notice how the dash is used in various ways—for suspense, for shifts in meaning, for emphasis, for isolation of parenthetical thoughts:

[1]

Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash—and all was black.

LORD BYRON, *Darkness*

[2]

There is a flower I wish to wear,
But not until first worn by you—
Heart's ease—of all earth's flowers most rare;
Bring it; and bring enough for two.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

[3]

All the woods hushed—save for a dripping rose,
All the woods dim—save where a glow-worm glows.

JOHN MASEFIELD, *The Watch in the Wood*

[4]

A stir, a murmur on the great staircase, a silence spreading up from the hall beneath and invading the drawing rooms—there was a thrill, a movement as when a singer ascends the platform and looks about her in silence before the first crystal note drops into the hush of the waiting audience.

E. BARRINGTON, *Glorious Apollo* [8]

[8] By permission of Dodd, Mead & Company.

[5]

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, *The Daffodils*

IV. Analyze the use and value of punctuation in relation to meaning and mood in these passages:

[1]

REMORSE

Othello. Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity. O cursèd, cursèd slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemon! dead, Desdemon! dead!
Oh! Oh!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*

[2]

EVENING [9]

Far through the dampening air
The frogs' clear serenade trills in the dark.
The distant headlands fade; the woods recede;
The nearer copses cower in the dusk;
The fences stretch away into mere dimness;
And last, the western forest slowly blends
To darkness. Daunted, all the stars terrene
Turn out their feeble lamps; the frogs all hush,
As if to listen to the stillness, and,
Listening, forget to sing, and fall asleep.
. . . . . Then night.

EARL HUDELSON, *Evening near the Campus*

[9] By permission of The Stratford Company, Boston.

[3]

PETS [10]

You take a dog, oncet you get it to love you.
You lose your home, your dough, your grub and all,
The old dog sticks. . . . A cat's a different critter,
More like a slot-machine: put in a meal
You get a purr right back; no meal, no purr—
Claws, prob'ly; then, "So long.". . .
I'll take a cur.

JOHN V. A. WEAVER

[4]

I BENDED UNTO ME [11]

I bended unto me a bough of May,
That I might see and smell:
It bore it in a sort of way,
It bore it very well.
But when I let it backward sway,
Then it were hard to tell
With what a toss, with what a swing,
The dainty thing
Resumed its proper level,
And sent me to the devil.
I know it did—you doubt it?
I turned, and saw them whispering about it.

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

[5]

TOUCHSTONE DISPOSES OF A RIVAL

Touchstone. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.
Audrey. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.
Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

[10] From *In American* by John V. A. Weaver. Reprinted by permission of and special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

[11] From *Collected Poems.* Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

William. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. "Thank God!"—a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. "So so" is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me; to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he; now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon—which is in the vulgar leave—the society—which in the boorish is company—of this female—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel. I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.
Will. God rest you merry, sir.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*

(*c*) *Grouping and Breathing Patterns.* Phrasing depends not only on meaning and punctuation, but on how well the interpreter can control and subordinate his breathing patterns to the necessary phrasing pattern. Many times you will have to work out a particular breathing pattern because the meaning calls for a certain grouping of phrases. The following illustration will show the relationship between controlled breathing and the grouping and meaning of the sentence:

Go to Hayti and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the Negro's sword.

Shall we read without pause clear through to the comma after "had," and then on to the end in one more breath? Hardly; that is too long for one breath. Then where do we make the pauses that set off phrases? By our answer do we settle our interpretation. Let us try various combinations and see which makes the best sense when read aloud:

Go to Hayti and stand / on those fifty thousand graves . . . .

This will not do, because the idea is not just to get somebody to go to Hayti and stand.

Go to Hayti and stand on those fifty thousand graves / of the best soldiers France ever had, / . . . .

This is better sense, but it makes the reader either race or gasp for breath. How to get this same idea and at the same time make easy breathing more likely? This ought to do it:

Go to Hayti / and stand on those fifty thousand graves / of the best soldiers France ever had, / . . . .

What of the last part, ". . . and ask them what they think of the Negro's sword"? Is it one phrase or two? If one, it is rather long and invites rushing and jumbling. Two is better:

. . . and ask them / what they think of the Negro's sword.

Exercise

Try to phrase the following selections in such a way as to get the best meaning:

[1]

ADAM ELHAR [12]

The Actress and the Poet are discussing Adam Elhar, an English financier, who renounced his country and his home because he was a Jew.

The Actress. He saw in me the embodiment of his childhood dreams; he saw in me the playmates of his childhood, Germany, the eternal Gretchen.

The Poet. And what did you see in him?

The Actress. A wounded and divided soul, full of generosity, of sadness—a lonely *grand seigneur* and a frightened and confused small boy.

The Poet. Did you never feel that protective mother feeling toward me?

The Actress. Not so strongly. You have so much—

The Poet. Compared to him?

The Actress. Yes. He has millions. And with his millions he can't buy what you have unbought and from the beginning: earth, home, speech, inner oneness, inner security.

The Poet. You must have loved him very much.

The Actress. Why?

The Poet. Because love begets insight. Did he ever ask you to marry him?

The Actress. We discussed that a hundred times. But so much separated us. I couldn't so easily give up my country in its humiliation, and my art, such as it is, and my friends. And to what end? In England I would always have been a stranger. Even he is in the deeper sense a stranger there. We talked about it until we were both—how shall I put it?

The Poet. A little weary?

The Actress. Yes, a little weary of the conflicts and abnormalities. We had no way, we two, of building up a life for or with each other—none, none.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN, *Adam*

[12] By permission of the author.

[2]

WHAT'S TOMORROW? [13]

The girl has decided to give up love for wealth and luxury. And then she has this encounter in the park:

At three o'clock in the afternoon few people are in Bryant Park. The shadow of the great library marks velvet lines across the grass. Little, ragged, black-eyed boys with shine kits tumble by the benches, call out to men who pass. Blue-purple pigeons strut along the ground, flutter awkwardly in each other's way, peck at scraps of paper. New York, dense with people, buildings, traffic mobs, piercing little cries of police whistles—a black-steel mesh of elevated tracks—New York moves by.

A man, neither old nor young, expressionless eyes, blue, gray, mauve perhaps, found a bench and sat down.

A girl came down the walk from the library—a slim, little thing, cream-colored broadcloth, gentle perfume, a touch of scarlet on her lips, a lace handkerchief. She was beautiful! Somehow there came into the man's mind, old-fashioned flowers that had grown in his grandmother's garden—forget-me-nots, a spray of white alyssum.

She didn't see him watching her. She was looking past him across the park. She sat down on the other end of the bench. Against one wrist was a narrow black band, the circle of a gold watch. She held it to her ear—looked at the face of it—then glanced up at the quiet man.

"It's stopped," she said—a young unconsciousness of convention in her face. "Can you tell me if it's three o'clock?"

He told her it was forty-five minutes after two.

She stared down at the pigeons parading along the walk—the sun in bronze copper feathers. The man bought peanuts at a cart, broke the shells, and threw them all around her feet.

All his life this man had been quiet, inside himself, alone, but suddenly now he wanted to put her between himself and a guillotine coming down—between himself and the fact that things had finished.

He took a letter out of his pocket, stamped and addressed to a bank.

"Would you be good enough to mail this for me—to-night or to-morrow?"

She looked up at him quickly. Then, because he was neither old nor young, hair colorless, face expressionless, she answered him.

"I won't be in New York to-night or to-morrow. I'm going away."

"Oh. So am I." He smiled. "Life is too big for me. It's too little for me. I'm going to give it up."

"You mean—give up—*life?*"

[13] By permission of the author and *Good Housekeeping*.

"Yes, I haven't anything to keep me."

"Why there must be something. You must hope for something."

"Hope is only bubbles in carbon water. Hope isn't the answer to anything. Ambition—no answer. Striving, waiting, reaching—no answer. Who is there room in the world for? Can any one answer? God made only one answer to every question—only one—that's Love. Love is the house at the end of a long road. It's an open door. It's light in the window—but the ones who know are the ones who haven't got it!"

The girl wanted suddenly to reach for his empty hands, to put something into them—courage, if she could, or pity even! He had forgotten her. She had forgotten herself.

"I've worked for years on an idea that's worth a lot. They don't want it. The struggle isn't worth the chance. I give up."

"But you mustn't!" she told him, with a helpless little gesture. "I'll tell someone, and they'll save you!"

He leaned toward her a little. "Have you ever had the love of somebody?"

"Yes."

"It gave you courage when you didn't have any, didn't it? No matter what you would lose or suffer, you would have love waiting for you—wouldn't you?"

"Yes, oh, yes!"

"If you didn't have it, you'd be going from one thing to another like a blind man, wouldn't you? Questions—questions—eternally questions—what's to-morrow—what's the next day—win or lose—swim or sink—and no answer to any of it! For what should any one save you?"

She shut her fingers over the edge of the bench. "Don't you *want* me to tell someone?" Her voice was an odd, queer, little whisper. "Aren't you—afraid?"

He smiled. "No, I'm not afraid. Next to love comes music—and I shall have music. I know a place where a band is playing. I'll hear music to the very last miinute. I won't know I'm dying. I'll only be listening to music. If you told somebody to save me, it would just save me an hour or two longer, and that wouldn't be kind of you, because after an hour or two—the band won't be playing, and—"

He suddenly let go of the words, turned back to his own side of the bench as though he had finished a book and closed the cover.

"It's after three."

Tamara stood up quickly, her lace handkerchief crushed like broken cobweb in her fingers. "Oh, I must go."

She looked through the low trees to Fortieth Street. "Yes, I have to go."

She hesitated a minute. The man was watching the pigeons on the

sidewalk. He brought some more peanuts out of his pocket and cracked the shells.

"Good-bye." She didn't know just what to say or do. "Good-bye."

He lifted his hat, his face a mask no one could have guessed behind.

"Good-bye."

He watched her going into the crowd of Fortieth Street. He wondered where she was going.

DIXIE WILLSON, *Here Y'Are, Brother*

Phrasing is peculiarly troublesome in verse and poetry from the fact that study is required in order to know when to pause at the end of the line and when to run over to the next line. Many times the pause at the end of a line will be very slight—in fact, almost imperceptible—in order that the rhythm of the selection may be sustained. The pause is usually not determined by the punctuation but by the meaning, the rhythm, and the interpreter's ability to control his breathing pattern.

Exercises

I. Decide how you would phrase these lines of poetry:

[1]

EARTH [14]

If this little world tonight
  Suddenly should fall through space
In a hissing, headlong flight,
  Shrivelling from off its face,
As it falls into the sun,
  In an instant every trace
Of the little crawling things—
  Ants, philosophers, and lice,
Cattle, cockroaches, and kings,
  Beggars, millionaires, and mice,
Men and maggots all as one
As it falls into the sun. . . .
Who can say but at the same
  Instant from some planet far

[14] Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

A child may watch us and exclaim:
"See the pretty shooting star!"

OLIVER HERFORD

[2]

A PICTURE

Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, *The City in the Sea*

[3]

MY SOUL IS LIKE A GARDEN-CLOSE [15]

My soul is like a garden-close
Where marjoram and lilac grow,
Where soft the scent of long ago
Over the border lightly blows.

Where sometimes homing winds at play
Bear the faint fragrance of the rose—
My soul is like a garden-close
Because you chanced to pass my way.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

[4]

EVIDENCE [16]

To-day a rainbow came with me
Running, upon the hills;
A rainbow came to town with me
Along the April hills.

[15] From *The Voice of Spring* published by Thomas Bird Mosher. By permission of the author.
[16] By permission of James T. White & Company.

Now, when a rainbow comes to town
And spends his splendors there,
There must be something fine in town
I never knew was there.

JOHN R. MCCARTHY

[5]

ROLL ON!

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean,—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

LORD BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*

[6]

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow

For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

[7]

IF IT WERE DONE

Macbeth. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'ld jump the life to come.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*

II. Notice in the following verses from the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* how much the meaning depends on the phrasing you use; for instance, at the end of the second line of verse 12, are you going to pause after *Thou* and also after *me* in the third line, or are you going to put *Thou beside me* in one phrase? Be careful of the pause after "so red" in stanza 19. Be sure you know the parts of speech of *This and That* and *endeavour and dispute* in stanza 54, because your phrasing and meaning will depend on your decision. In stanza 74, find the subject and predicate before you try to phrase the first two lines:

RUBÁIYÁT

12

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

19

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

24

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

32

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I could not see:
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was—and then no more of THEE and ME.

42

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in— Yes;
Think then you are TO-DAY what YESTERDAY
You were— TO-MORROW you shall not be less.

54

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

71

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor shall your Tears wash out a Word of it.

74

YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did prepare;
TO-MORROW's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám
(translated by Edward FitzGerald)

(*d*) *Parenthetical Expressions.* There is a particular kind of phrase or group of words that causes unusual trouble—the expression used parenthetically. Sometimes it is given too much importance, and sometimes it is rushed over as if it were a nuisance for which to apologize. The problem is to show either that it is subordinate to the main meaning but still worth consideration, or that it is so important in explaining the meaning that it must not be omitted. The parenthetical utterance may be a little less significant than the rest, but still interesting to listen to, or it may be so important as to demand distinct emphasis. When the phrase is less significant than the rest of the meaning, the voice will naturally drop, as in this statement made by Hayne:

If there be one state in the Union, Mr. President,—and I say it not in a boastful spirit,—that may challenge comparison with any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent, uncalculating devotion to the Union, that state is South Carolina.

Often, however, when the phrase is distinctive, the voice may strike a higher pitch or a slower rate and thus may show more emphasis than the rest of the sentence, as in the following sentence:

Poland, Italy, Greece, Spain, Ireland, the South American republics —every country where man is struggling to recover his birthright— have lost a benefactor, a patron in Lafayette.

EDWARD EVERETT, *Eulogy on Lafayette*

Exercise

Study the parenthetical expressions in the following:

[1]

But the deacon swore (as deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *The Deacon's Masterpiece*

[2]

Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work set out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who would dance and no notion of walking. But if there had been twice as many—ah! four times—old Fezziwig would have been enough for them all, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig.

CHARLES DICKENS, *A Christmas Carol*

[3]

And his leading error—that error which renders him unpopular—a point, to be sure, of no particular importance—that very error, we say, is founded in truth—in a keen perception of the elements of poetic beauty.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, *William Ellery Channing*

[4]

The shepherd girl that had delivered France—she, from her dungeon, she, from her baiting at the stake, she, from her duel with fire, as she entered her last dream—saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had vanished.

. . . . . .

The Easter festival, which man had denied to her languishing heart —that resurrection of springtime, which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from her, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests— were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers.

THOMAS DEQUINCEY, *The Martyrdom of Joan of Arc*

[5]

And into the life of the tropical city you enter as in dreams one enters into the life of a dead century. In all the quaint streets—over whose luminous yellow facades the beautiful burning violet of the sky appears as if but a few feet away—you see youth good to look upon as ripe fruit; and the speech of the people is soft as a coo; and eyes of brown girls caress you with a passing look. . . .

LAFCADIO HEARN, "*Do Not Think Like That*" [17]

[6]

Oberon. But we are spirits of another sort.
I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessèd beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

[7]

My people, your brothers in the South,—brothers in blood, in destiny, in all that is best in our past and future,—are so beset with this problem that their very existence depends upon its right solution.

HENRY GRADY, *The Race Problem in the South*

[8]

That noble heart,—to which, if any object on earth was dear, that object was the country of his early choice, of his adoption and his more than regal triumph,—that noble heart will beat no more for your welfare.

EDWARD EVERETT, *Eulogy on Lafayette*

[9]

Beelzebub. If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers—heard so oft

[17] By permission of Harper & Brothers, publishers.

In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle, when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal—they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed.

JOHN MILTON, *Paradise Lost*

[10]

The soft outer covering of his flesh, personality, and voice, and the hard strata beneath it, turning all the surrounding material world to gold, as a snail gathers her surrounding world of dust and sand to form her shell, gave one an uncanny and terrifying feeling, as of the presence of some unknown, slug-like creature infinitely perverted by the inversion of its material being.

. . . . . .

She was frozen into an animal-like silence; and all the evening—a warm listless spring night, with a low-hung sky black and material as a woolen stocking—she sat with the album of photographs and "views" that formed, together with a prayer-book, the library of the farm-house.

EDITH SITWELL, *Undergrowth* [18]

[11]

Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro,—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons,—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right: and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Toussaint L'Ouverture*

[18] From *Best British Short Stories, 1923-1924.*

[12]

CONSOLATION [19]

If I believed that I were only I—
This swift-decaying flesh and crumbling bone,
Less-lasting than a weathered mountain stone,
Less lovely than a cloud in evening's sky,
Set purposeless to work, and doomed to die
In battle waged in darkness and alone
Against unfeeling forces, never shown,
Yet driven eternally to wonder Why,—

Then would succeeding seasons rolling o'er
My head and this dull earth that slips away
Beneath my feet, with awful certainty,
Crush me between them; life would be no more
Than dust of ashes ground in joyless play
And blown unheeded through eternity.

PAUL LANDIS

[13]

THE WINDS [20]

Those hewers of the clouds, the Winds,—that lair
At the four compass-points—are out to-night;
I hear their sandals trample on the height,
I hear their voices trumpet through the air:
Builders of storm, God's workmen, now they bear
Up the steep stair of sky, on backs of might,
Huge tempest bulks, while—sweat that blinds their sight—
The rain is shaken from tumultuous hair:
Now, sweepers of the firmament, they broom
Like gathered dust, the rolling mists along
Heaven's floors of sapphire; all the beautiful blue
Of skyey corridor and celestial room—
Preparing with large laughter and loud song,
For the white moon and stars to wander through.

MADISON CAWEIN

[19] By permission of the author.

[20] By permission. From *The Vale of Tempe* by Madison Cawein. Copyright by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

[14]

They met again in the doorway, and went in together. The same table was waiting for them, and the same little Englishman of the curl sat in his corner. Madame, whose brooding tranquillity seemed continuous with her brooding tranquillity of the day before . . . so that you could see them swabbing off marble-topped tables and floors, running home for their nights, and dashing back to their bakings and scurryings, with madame still squatting there, undisturbed, like a left-over puff . . . madame smiled upon them benignly.

VALMA CLARK, *A Woman of No Imagination*[21]

3. WORD RELATIONS IN SENTENCES

(a) The Relation between Parts of Speech. The essence of knowing what a sentence means is knowing the relation between subject and predicate, modifier and modified, principal and subordinate, phrases and clauses, noun and verb, noun and adjective, verb and adverb, adverb and adjective, and all the other relations which are the elements of sentence structure. If the interpreter misunderstands any of these relations, the meaning of the sentence will be wrong. These relations are studied in grade-school reading, yet sometimes men and women have not been taught well, or they are careless; and now and then a sentence does not reveal its internal relations at first glance.

Exercise

The meaning of the following sentences is dependent upon your knowledge of the relationship between the words:

1. If that which might have been isn't, why worry about it?
2. He who knows how little he knows, knows himself.
3. The Lords of large estates proved in their deaths equality.
4. The more you know, the more you know you ought to know.
5. Those who have known grief seldom seem sad.
6. Every man alone is sincere.
7. All our knowledge is ourselves to know.
8. Better with honor die than live with shame.
9. Mean men admire wealth—great men, glory.

[21] By permission of the author.

10. More wise even than wisdom is the folly of the fool.
11. He sins as much who holds the bag as he who puts into it.
12. The more acquaintances the more danger.
13. Who faints not achieves.
14. Handsome is not what is handsome but what pleases.
15. He that would know what shall be must consider what hath been.
16. They need much whom nothing will content.
17. Better say nothing than nothing to the purpose.
18. He who knows, and knows he knows,—
    He is wise—follow him.
    He who knows, and knows not he knows,—
    He is asleep—awake him.
    He who knows not, and knows not he knows not,—
    He is a fool—shun him.
    He who knows not, and knows he knows not,—
    He is a child—teach him.

An Arabian Proverb

(b) Involutions. A type of sentence peculiarly hard to interpret is the sentence with words and phrases inverted or with a complex and compound arrangement so different from everyday talk that it calls for study. Much of Browning and Shelley will mean little to one who cannot unravel the involutions of a twisted sentence; without this knack one is forever shut out from the real Shakespeare.

Exercise

The following sentences are worth studying for their meaning in spite of the inversions and unusual order of words and phrases. Arrange in normal sentence structure with the subject, predicate, and modifying phrases and clauses in proper order. Unless you can do this, you have not found the real meaning:

[1]

So thick bestrown,
Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.

John Milton, *Paradise Lost*

[2]

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

THOMAS GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*

[3]

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot;
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song
The Lady of Shalott.

ALFRED TENNYSON, *The Lady of Shalott*

[4]

Cassius. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Caesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Caesar*

[5]

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French;—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

ROBERT BROWNING, *Hervé Riel*

[6]

In the world unknown
  Sleeps a voice unspoken;
By thy step alone
  Can its rest be broken;
    Child of Ocean!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, *Prometheus Unbound*

[7]

What thou art we know not;
  What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
  Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, *To a Skylark*

[8]

Belial. I should be much for open war, O peers,
  As not behind in hate; if what was urged
  Main reason to persuade immediate war,
  Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
  Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
  When he who most excels in fact of arms,
  In what he counsels, and in what excels,
  Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
  And utter dissolution, as the scope
  Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.

JOHN MILTON, *Paradise Lost*

[9]

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

WILLIAM SHAKEPEARE, *Julius Caesar*

[10]

The path through which that lovely twain
  Have passed, by cedar, pine, and yew,
  And each dark tree that ever grew,
  Is curtained out from Heaven's wide blue;
Nor sun, nor moon, nor wind, nor rain,
    Can pierce its interwoven bowers,
  Nor aught, save where some cloud of dew,
Drifted along the earth-creeping breeze,
Between the trunks of the hoar trees,
    Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers
  Of the green laurel, blown anew;
And bends, and then fades silently,
One frail and fair anemone:
Or when some star of many a one
That climbs and wanders through steep night,
Has found the cleft through which alone
Beams fall from high those depths upon
Ere it is borne away, away,
By the swift Heavens that cannot stay,
It scatters drops of golden light,
Like lines of rain that ne'er unite:
And the gloom divine is all around.
And underneath is the mossy ground.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, *Prometheus Unbound*

[11]

  Like bright waves that fall
  With a lifelike motion
On the lifeless margin of the sparkling Ocean;—
A wild rose climbing up a mould'ring wall—
A gush of sunbeams through a ruin'd hall—
Strains of glad music at a funeral:—
  So sad, and with so wild a start
  To this long sober'd heart,
  So anxiously and painfully,
  So drearily and doubtfully,
And, oh, with such intolerable change
  Of thought, such contrast strange,
O unforgotten voice, thy whispers come,
Like wanderers from the world's extremity,
  Unto their ancient home.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Voice*

[12]

Through the general hum following the stage pause, with the change of positions, came the muffled sound of a pistol shot, which not one-hundredth part of the audience heard at the time—and yet a moment's hush—somehow, surely a vague, startled thrill—and then, through the ornamented, draperied, starr'd and striped space-way of the President's box, a sudden figure, a man raises himself with hands and feet, and stands a moment on the railing, leaps below to the stage (a distance of perhaps fourteen or fifteen feet), falls out of position, catching his boot-heel in the copious drapery (the American flag), falls on one knee, quickly recovers himself as if nothing had happen'd (he really sprains his ankle, but unfelt then),—and so the figure, Booth, the murderer, dressed in plain black broadcloth, bare-headed, with a full head of glossy raven hair, and his eyes like some male animal's flashing with light and resolution, yet with a certain strange calmness, holds aloft in one hand a large knife—walks along, not much back from the footlights—turns fully toward the audience, his face of statuesque beauty, lit by those basilisk eyes, flashing with desperation, perhaps insanity—launches out in a firm and steady voice the words, *Sic semper tyrannis*—and then walks with neither slow nor very rapid pace diagonally across to the back of the stage and disappears.

WALT WHITMAN, *Death of Abraham Lincoln*[22]

(c) Logical Emphasis. The test of your mastery of sentence sense is *emphasis*. Without proper emphasis, there is little chance to get the true meaning over to an audience.

Emphasis consists solely in making one word or group of words more noticeable or prominent than the others. It is a matter of centering attention on the words which must stand out if the sentence is to have the right meaning. Any word or any phrase can be emphasized, but each varying emphasis brings a different meaning.

Nouns and verbs invite emphasis more often than other parts of speech; next are adjectives and adverbs. The following is typical of the emphasis given to nouns and verbs:

The man who *waits* for things to *turn up* has his *eyes fixed* on his *toes*.

[22] Reprinted from Whitman's *Prose Works*, by permission of the David McKay Company, publishers.

The next sentences show how adjectives share emphasis with nouns, and adverbs with verbs; also how an adjective or an adverb gets emphasis from its position:

Mr. Tennyson is *quaint only;* he is *never,* as some have *supposed* him, *obscure*—except, indeed, to the *uneducated,* whom he does *not address.* Mr. *Carlyle,* on the other hand, is *obscure* only; he is *seldom,* as *some* have *imagined* him, *quaint.*

Often too, nouns, adjectives, verbs, and adverbs are contrasted, depending on the meaning. It is quite necessary in interpreting a sentence of this type to secure the correct emphasis; for instance, the sentence "An author departs; he does not die" needs emphasis not on "author" or "he," but on "departs" and "die."

Exercises

I. Try to get the emphasis on the right words in these sentences:

1. The elevator to success is seldom running; try the stairs.
2. If others had not been foolish, we should be so.
3. One thought fills immensity.
4. The most sublime act is to set another before you.
5. Always be ready to speak your mind and a base man will avoid you.
6. He who has suffered you to impose on him knows you.
7. To create a little flower is the work of ages.
8. An upright judge has more regard to justice than to men.
9. Grief is a stone that bears one man down, but two bear it lightly.
10. The man who is happy in all things is more rare than the phoenix.
11. It is a poor heart that never rejoices.
12. The man who pays more for shop rent than for advertising does not know his business.
13. A song will outlive all the sermons in the memory.
14. Advertising is not the road to success, but success itself.
15. A good cook has great power to assuage grief by his art.
16. Life without sport is not life.
17. Spurn not the poor man, for tomorrow he may be rich.
18. Sacrifices are only sweet when needed.
19. If children could choose their parents, many would spend a lifetime in the choosing.
20. If you would know and not be known, live in a city.

21. You can't keep trouble from coming, but you needn't give it a chair to sit on.

22. The farmers are founders of civilization.

23. Pastime to a wise man is wisdom relaxing her brow.

24. If all disputants knew what they were talking about there would be no disputes.

25. If people insist on being fooled, someone must do the fooling.

26. The last laugh may be valuable but the man who wins out can afford to be self-denying.

27. What follies are perpetrated in the name of wisdom!

28. No rose without a thorn. Yes, but many a thorn without a rose.

29. The man who is not brave enough to make an enemy will not be brave enough to make a friend—and is poor stuff anyway.

30. Fame is an undertaker that pays little attention to the living, but bedizens the dead, furnishes out their funerals, and follows them to the grave.

31. Wretched are they that hunger and thirst after nothing good for they shall also be filled.

32. It is easier to assist a man who is up than to assist a man who is down because we all loathe low places.

33. A man may go to heaven for half the pains it takes to purchase hell.

34. The depraved murderer gets more bouquets than the enlightened philosopher.

35. It is human nature to do whatever human nature does.

36. A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.

37. You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough.

38. If you are an incorrigible lover of holidays, so that the arrival of a working day makes you sick; if every task thrust into your hands grows intolerable, if every calling, as soon as you have touched its drudgery, grows hateful—that is to have the soul of a tramp.

39.

> That we would do
> We should do when we would: for this "would" changes,
> And hath abatements and delays as many
> As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
> And then this "should" is like a spendthrift sigh,
> That hurts by easing.

II. The italicized words are so marked by Poe in this passage. Why has he italicized? Would you change the emphasis to other words?

It seems that having deduced, from Tennyson and Carlyle, an opinion of the sublimity of everything odd, and of the profundity of

everything meaningless, Mr. Channing has conceived the idea of setting up for himself as a poet of *unusual* depth, and *very* remarkable powers of mind. His airs and graces, in consequence, have a highly picturesque effect, and the Boston critics, who have a notion that poets are porpoises, (for they are always talking about their running in "schools") cannot make up their minds as to what particular school he must belong. *We* say the Bobby Button school, by all means. He clearly belongs to that. And should nobody ever have heard of the Bobby Button school, that is a point of no material importance. We will answer for it, as it is one of our own. Bobby Button is a gentleman with whom, for a long time, we have had the honor of an intimate acquaintance. His personal appearance is striking. He has quite a big head. His eyes protrude and have all the air of saucers. His chin retreats. His mouth is depressed at the corners. He wears a perpetual frown of contemplation. His words are slow, emphatic, few, and oracular. His "Thes," and "ands," and "buts," have more meaning than other men's polysyllables. His nods would have put Burleigh's to the blush. His whole aspect, indeed, conveys the idea of a gentleman modest to a fault, and painfully overburdened with intellect. We insist, however, upon calling Mr. Channing's school of poetry the Bobby Button school, rather because Mr. Channing's poetry is strongly suggestive of Bobby Button than because Mr. Button himself ever dallied, to any very great extent, with the Muses. With the exception, indeed, of a *very* fine "Sonnet to a Pig"—or rather the fragment of a sonnet, for he proceeded no farther than the words "O piggy wiggy," with the O italicized for emphasis—with the exception of this, we say, we are not aware of his having produced anything worthy of that stupendous genius which is certainly *in* him, and only wants, like the starling of Sterne, "to get out."

EDGAR ALLAN POE, *William Ellery Channing*

III. Read the following sentences in which words and phrases are contrasted for emphasis:

1. To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.
2. Girls we love for what they are; young men for what they promise to be.
3. Positive anything is better than negative nothing.
4. Grief is the agony of an instant, its indulgence the blunder of a lifetime.
5. The press—right or wrong; when right to be kept right; when wrong to be set right.
6. An acre of performance is worth a whole world of promises.
7. More men wear away than wear out.
8. Success depends on backbone, not wishbone.

9. What is now proved was once only imagined.

10. Men have sight, women insight.

11. A religion without its mysteries is a temple without a God.

12. A pennyweight of love is worth a pound of law.

13. Towers are measured by their shadows and great men by their calumniators.

14. The heart of a fool is in his mouth but the mouth of a wise man is in his heart.

15. Whatever is built on the soil belongs to the soil.

16. A comedy is like a cigar; if good, everyone wants a box; if bad, no amount of puffing will make it draw.

17. Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American Empire.

18. It is better to play than to do nothing.

19. Human action can be modified, but human nature cannot be changed.

20. 'Tis rather conceit than conscience that makes cowards of us.

21. Virtue is comparative, not positive.

22. Some people are eccentric by inclination; others by imitation.

23. The Democratic candidate for president was nominated by acclamation; and also by desperation, aggravation, and perspiration.

24. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend, than his echo.

25. The only reward of virtue, is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one.

26. Philanthropy is the mark of a remorseful, not a moral age.

27. Better deserve honor and not have it, than have it and not deserve it.

28. To the cynic religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only a want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceticism.

29. A graduate is one who is proud of his alma mater. An alumnus is one who is ashamed of her when she begins to lose football games.

30. Success is getting what you want; happiness is wanting what you get.

31. U.S. rationing point values show: brains, 4 points; tongue, 8 points.

32. I wish to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life.

33. Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers.

34. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in.

35. "Praise the Lord, and pass the ammunition," he shouted; but I prayed, "Praise the Lord, the ammunition has passed me."

36. To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respect-

able; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, babes, and sages with open hearts; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.

37. Another summer day, on the banks of the Somme in front of Amiens; again the fearful clash of two armies—one the weapon of Imperial Germany in her bid for world supremacy, the other the shield and symbol of outraged civilization in defense of her liberty.

38. The foolish man seeks happiness in the distance:
The wise grows it under his feet.

39. And the greatest of these?
Understanding—not faith.
Will—not hope.
Service—not charity.

40. No rose but fades: no glory but must pass:
No hue but dims; no precious silk but frets.

41. *Brutus.* Not that I lov'd Caesar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all freemen? As Caesar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Caesar*

42. *Beatrice.* I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick. Nobody marks you.

Benedick. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Bea. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed on as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Ben. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly, I love none.

Bea. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that. I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Ben. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! So some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratch'd face.

Bea. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Ben. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.
Bea. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.
Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.
Bea. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*

(d) Repeated versus New Ideas. As against an idea that has been presented, a new idea gets the emphasis. This principle carries to passages in which the exact words are not repeated though the idea is again presented:

Washington, the *immortal* Washington . . .

"This is the *way,*" laughed the great god Pan,
"The *only* way . . ."

The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the *reed* which grows never more again
As a reed *with* the reeds in the river.

Every man is *valued* in this world as he shows by his conduct he *wishes* to be valued.

Exercise

How are you going to distribute the emphasis between repeated ideas and new ideas in the following:

1. Who killed Kildare? Who dared Kildare to kill?
Death killed Kildare—who dare kill whom he will.

JONATHAN SWIFT

2. He have arbitrary power! My Lords, the East India Company have not arbitrary power to give him; the King has no arbitrary power to give him; your Lordships have not; nor the Commons; nor the whole Legislature. We have no arbitrary power to give, because arbitrary power is a thing which neither any man can hold nor any man can give.

EDMUND BURKE, *The Impeachment of Warren Hastings*

3. There was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour.

B. H. HILL

4. This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of the soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battleground of the republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory—and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat—sacred soil to all of us, rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better.

HENRY GRADY, *The New South*

5. Has the gentleman done? Has he completely done?

HENRY GRATTAN, *Reply to Mr. Corry*

6. I love and honor the English troops. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, I venture to say it, you cannot conquer America. Your armies in the last war effected everything that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general, now a noble Lord in this House, a long and laborious campaign to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America: My Lords, you cannot conquer America.

WILLIAM PITT, *War with America*

7. The proposition is peace. Not peace through the medium of war; not peace to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations; not peace to arise out of universal discord, fomented from principles, in all parts of the empire; not peace to depend on the juridical determination of perplexing problems. It is the simple peace, sought in its natural course and its ordinary haunts. It is peace sought in the spirit of peace, and laid in principles purely pacific.

EDMUND BURKE, *Conciliation with America*

8. And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice.

I Kings

9. I say that he who holds himself grimly for life to a useful commonplace work which he hates, is heroic. It is easy to be heroic on horseback. To be heroic on foot in the dust, lost in the crowd, with

no applause—that is the heroism which has borne up and carried forth most of the work of civilization.

WILLIAM LOWE BRYAN, *Education through Occupations*

10. It was this fascination that had got hold upon the faculties of the man whom the world was afterward to know, not as a prince among merchants—for the world forgets merchants, princes—but as a prince among benefactors; for beneficence breeds gratitude, gratitude admiration, admiration fame, and the world remembers its benefactors.

WOODROW WILSON, *When a Man Comes to Himself*

11. Who is this that cometh from Domremy? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counselor—that had none for herself, whom I choose, Bishop, for yours. She is it, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, Bishop, that would plead for you; yes, Bishop, She—when heaven and earth are silent.

THOMAS DEQUINCEY, *The Martyrdom of Joan of Arc*

12. Woodrow Wilson! A dreamer of dreams—yes, but great dreams—wonderful dreams! And some day they may all come true.

13. *Macbeth.* If we should fail?
Lady Macbeth. We fail.
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*

14. *Touchstone.* How old are you, friend?
William. Five and twenty, sir.
Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?
Will. William, sir.
Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?
Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.
Touch. "Thank God!"—a good answer. Art rich?
Will. Faith, sir, so so.
Touch. "So so" is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*

15. *Bassanio.* Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,

And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but that ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*

16. *Cassius.* Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that "Caesar"?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Caesar."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Caesar*

17. *Iago.* O grace! O Heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? Have you a soul or sense?
God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched fool,
That livest to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.
I thank you for this profit; and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offense.
Othello. Nay, stay. Thou shouldst be honest.
Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool
And loses that it works for.
Othello. By the world,
I think my wife be honest and think she is not;
I think that thou art just and think thou art not.
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!
Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?
Othello. Would! nay, I will.
Iago. And may; but, how? How satisfied, my lord?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*

18. I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American; and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this with absolute disregard of personal consequences. What is the individual man, with all the good or evil that may betide him, in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country in the midst of great

transactions which concern that country's fate? Let the consequences be what they will, I am careless. No man can suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffer or if he fall in the defense of the liberties and constitution of his country.

DANIEL WEBSTER, *I Was Born an American*

19. Laughter!
Laughter of streams running red.
Laughter of evil things in the night;
Vultures carousing in the night;
Laughter of ghouls.
Chuckling of idiots, cursed with sight.
Laughter of dark and horrible pools.
Scream of the bullets' rattling mirth,
Sweeping the earth.
Laugh of the cannon's poisonous breath . .
And over the shouts and the wreckage and crumbling
The raucous and rumbling
Laughter of death.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER, *The Laughers* [23]

[23] From *These Times*. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.

Chapter VIII

EMOTIONAL DETAILS

Any interesting piece of literature is rich in color and in emotional tone. Individual words and sentences, according to the interpreter's experiences, can stir up a wealth of memories, associations, personal emotion, and general appeal. The closer the identity of the interpreter's tastes and experiences with those of the author, the more meaningful is the interpretation.

A study of these emotional details will include: (1) relation of word meanings to imagery; (2) the appeal of the image; (3) kinds of images.

1. Relation of Word Meanings to Imagery

A word, like literature itself, has two kinds of meaning: logical and emotional. The logical meaning can be found in the dictionary—that is the denotative meaning; the emotional meaning is found in your memories, your imagination, your heart—that is the connotative meaning. *Home* is a place of residence, but it is also a particular spot charged with memories and feelings. A *dog* is a certain type of canine vertebrate; but to you, it is more likely to be a playmate of the woods, fields, or streams. An *automobile* is a kind of locomotive machine—and also your cherished companion on many adventures. A plane, especially in wartime, is not merely a mechanical automaton to the pilot and his crew, but a "ship" that has life and is identified and personalized with the experiences of the crew operating it. Hence, the word "plane" becomes charged with connotative meaning.

These added meanings can be stimulated by experiences but cannot be indicated by the printed symbol. The sentence, "Mary is good girl," may be a statement of fact, but who can prove exactly what was meant except the person who wrote it? "Good" can stir up various connotations, according to the emphasis and inflection used by the one interpreting. It is this unexpressed

meaning that causes differences in interpretation. It is only the stubborn person who will not admit these variances.

Exercises

I. Try out the list of words mentioned in the selection by Duffus among the class members. Do you find that what he writes concerning these words is true among your classmates?

WORDS! [1]

What, if you pardon my asking, does the word "Bolshevik" mean to you? Or "Nordic"? Or "Jew"? Or "Catholic"? Or "German"? Or "Mexican"? Or "tariff"? Or "pacifist"? Or "militarist"? Or "Prohibition"? Or "automobile"? Or "motion picture"? Or "chewing-gum"? Or any one of a thousand other words?

One answer you may safely make. They do not mean the same to you that they do to me, or to your uncle, your wife, your next-door neighbor, Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Ford, Mr. Wayne Wheeler, Mr. Wrigley, Douglas Fairbanks, or the milk man. We assume that there is such a thing as the English language—and perhaps there is. But each of us speaks a different dialect. All we say is like an imperfectly heard conversation over the telephone. The connection is always poor. We are always getting the wrong number. This is because every important word has to carry around, in addition to its dictionary definition, the meaning that each one of us has attached to it as the result of his life's experiences. "Automobile" signifies one thing to a man who is in the hospital recovering from an argument with one, and quite another to a man who has just made a successful speculation in General Motors.

ROBERT DUFFUS, *Where Do We Get Our Prejudices?*

II. Notice the difference in the connotations suggested by *home* in the following selections. Do any of them connote *home* to you?

[1]

Yank. It must be great to stay on dry land all your life and have a farm with a house of your own with cows and pigs and chickens, 'way in the middle of the land where yuh'd never smell the sea

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or see a ship. It must be great to have a wife and kids to play with at night after supper when your work is done. It must be great to have a home of your own, Drisc.

EUGENE O'NEILL, *Bound East for Cardiff* [2]

[2]

Willie John had been home for a month and he had made no move toward returning—not that it was ever out of his mind for an instant, but it pleased him to stay there and savor the ripe mellowness of everything as he might savor a fruit. Summer was fairly in and the yellow blossoms had fallen from the gorse, but roses were blooming in every garden, great creamy ones and others with the vivid red of an autumn sunset.

The horse-chestnuts were heavy with balloons of white flowers, and every evening the bees returned drowsy from the heather of the purple mountains. There was something in it all that he had missed for years and that he was greedy for.

BRIAN DONN-BYRNE, *The Barnacle Goose* [3]

[3]

Home! The old barn with its sheet ivy rippled by the breeze, and the ivy creeping over the screens of her windows in loving little pink tendrils . . . generous lawns sloping, unfenced, to the street . . . pigeons, flowers in the back yard which had a struggle for life and didn't do so well. Bess saw against these memories tropical flowers bursting forth in a riot behind the plaster walls topped with wicked bits of sharp glass against trespassers: that was France for you. Home! The beauty of the slate roof in its warm, mousy colorings on a rainy day, and the peace of the shade on a sunny day. . . . Elm trees, great old ones, whose trunks came blackly alive at you in a wet season, and whose green leaves wavered and flowed over you in a sunshiny one. So much shade at home that they had sometimes talked of thinning out the elm trees. While here! Bess closed her eyes against the blinding white sun of her days here.

VALMA CLARK, *A Woman of No Imagination* [4]

[2] Reprinted by permission of Horace Liveright, Inc.
[3] Reprinted by permission of O. K. Liveright, author's representative.
[4] Reprinted by permission of the author.

[4]

The Actress. I should dearly love to go with you to the village of our childhood and see the meadows that slope down to the stream—
The Poet. And make chains and weaths of flowers?
The Actress. Yes, chains and wreaths and stand with you once more, Kurt, under the linden trees of a German spring.
The Poet. When will you go with me?
The Actress. Tomorrow, Kurt. My heart is tired.
The Poet. You will find rest there, Gretel; you shall lie down in the grass and I shall cover you with flowers—
The Actress. And there will be yellow butterflies—
The Poet. And the breezes of our homeland.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN, *Adam* [5]

[5]

Mrs. Keeney. My memory is leaving me—up here in the ice. It was so long ago. . . . It's June now. The lilacs will be all in bloom in the front yard at home—and the climbing roses on the trellis to the side of the house—they're budding.

EUGENE O'NEILL, *Ile* [6]

[6]

"Home is the place where, when you have to go there,
They have to take you in."
"I should have called it
Something you somehow haven't to deserve."

ROBERT FROST, *The Death of the Hired Man* [7]

III. In the following selections pick out the words that connote most to you. Compare your association with those of other students:

[1]

THE COLONEL'S ELOQUENCE

He was a positive, a marvellous, an incredible success, and he won every suit. Nothing like his eloquence had ever before been heard in the country. He argued, he cajoled, he threatened, he thundered,

[5] Reprinted by permission of the author.
[6] Reprinted by permission of Horace Liveright, Inc.
[7] From the *Collected Poems* of Robert Frost. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.

he exploded, he confused, he blazed, he fairly dazzled—for silence stunned you when the Colonel ceased to speak as the lightning blinds your eyes after it has vanished.

H. C. Bunner, *Colonel Brereton's Aunty* [8]

[2]

DAWN [9]

A faint wine border tints the sky
Above the mist-enshrouded hills,
And some wild bird's stark, instant cry
Awakes a thousand notes and trills.

With flare of color, bursts of song
The pageant of the dawn begins;
Light routs the ghostly shadow-throng
Then onward whirls and twirls and spins.

Amid this gleam of flame and gold,
And vibrant sounds that echo far,
Day's trumpets shrill out high and bold
And shatter every laggard star.

G. L. Andrews

[3]

THE HILLS [10]

Through the twilight faint winds will ever waken
Ghostly trees adream in the frosty silence,
And the last red streaks of the winter sunset
Fade into ashes.

White above the lake and the leafless willows,
Cold and silver starglow, the full moon risen;
White the air will grow with a fleece of snowflakes
Silently falling.

This pale dream of lonely and haunted beauty
Evermore will come in the dusk of winter
From the hills of youth, as a ghost unbidden
Out of the twilight.

Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

[8] Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.
[9] From the *Southern Literary Magazine*.
[10] From *The Rose-Jar*, published by Thomas Bird Mosher. By permission of the author.

[4]

THE UNVEILED WOMAN [11]

Sitting in the pavilion, looking down into the moon-mirroring water, was a woman in the ancient dress of Persia, golden and jeweled. She flung up her head magnificently, and looked at them, the moon full in her eyes. The garden was peopled now, not only with roses, but with large white blossoms sending out fierce hot shafts of perfume. They struck Beatrice Veronica like something tangible and half dazed her as she stared at the startling beauty of the unveiled woman, revealed like a flaming jewel in the black and white glory of the night.

E. BARRINGTON, "*V. Lydiat*"

2. THE APPEAL OF THE IMAGE

In the foregoing exercise, you have been summoning up images, recalling impressions and sensations that you have experienced. Good literature is built around images, which are vital and significant to the interpreter's experience. To make the reader keenly aware of his images—to stimulate by stirring up past experiences—is the author's aim. When a writer uses a simile, a metaphor, a personification or any vivid figure, the interpreter must translate the image through his own experiences; otherwise he has little opportunity to carry meaning. In order to portray, the interpreter must have a clear stamp of the picture. Failing in this, his interpretation will be wooden, bare, and dull.

What is an image? For a moment, imagine you are witnessing a sunset from some high mountain top. You are standing enthralled, moved by the ever-changing harmony of light and color: the red and orange melting to green and mauve—and the deep purple blending gradually into the dusky blue of the evening sky. You are experiencing direct impressions of sight, of warmth of color—these are your sensations. You have also recognized the object of your attention as the sunset—that is your perception, the act of taking in, of perceiving an object or shape. The scene shifts. Now sitting alone in your room, you close your eyes and think of that particular sunset; you will find that you are able to reproduce it—not in its fullest details, perhaps, but certainly in its

[11] Reprinted by permission of the author.

myriad of colors; that reproduction is called an image. It is a substitute for the direct sensation and perception. Some psychologists call it a memory image. Of course, a word or series of words can act as a stimulus in arousing images.

The greatest difficulty in securing the meaning comes from the diversity of images which are roused in us according to our variety of experience. As we have said before, the image exists for us only as it recalls or vitalizes some experience, some association. It follows, then, that for each person, the image may be different; the image that is stimulated in you may or may not be the one that is intended by the author or the one that is experienced by another interpreter. Of course, it should be the interpreter's aim to reproduce as nearly as possible the author's intention—to recapture his impressions. But images are vitalized according to the vividness of past experiences. An image may appear quite distorted to one person—possibly because of some prejudice; to another, the image may stir up pleasant sensations. For instance, if a cat is mentioned, one person may think only of the soft purr of cats, another may be reminded only of claws and an arched back. Some may shrink from a snake because of its coil and hiss, while others may observe the snake from a scientific point of view. A person is so constituted that he will or will not catch an image according to the neuro-muscular patterns which he has or has not developed.

3. Kinds of Images

Experiment has shown that some people are more visual-minded than others; some are more sensitive to tactile images; others are more alive to kinesthetic images. Certainly an athlete or a dancer will be more moved by images that stir a kinesthetic response; while a person who has spent his life in quiet study will probably find more enjoyment in visual imagery.

Psychologists have been busy for a long time sorting out and differentiating images. The most common classification includes the following: visual, or images of sight; motor, or images of movement; auditory, or images of sounds; tactile, or images of touch; olfactory, or images of smell; gustatory, or images of taste; thermic, or images of temperature. Images of pain, hunger, thirst,

and equilibrium are sometimes considered as separate from the former classification, but it is quite possible to classify the images of pain under motor and tactile images; images of hunger and thirst and equilibrium under motor or even gustatory images.

Louise Dudley has compiled from certain psychologists a table of the most important images. For your purposes as an interpreter, it might be interesting to know the many varieties of images that are possible:

I. Visual images.
  A. Color.
    1. Hue—yellow, blue, or red.
    2. Value—light or dark.
    3. Intensity—vivid or dull.
  B. Brightness, or light and shade—the amount and disposition of shade.
  C. Line.

II. Auditory images.
  A. Variations of all sounds.
    1. Quality.
      a. Pitch—high or low tone.
      b. Timbre—the characteristic tone quality of different instruments and voices, as of violin or piano.
    2. Loudness—loud or soft.
    3. Direction—sound in front, behind, at the sides, at a distance.
    4. Duration.
  B. Classification of sounds.
    1. Musical tones.
      a. Rhythm—regular recurrence of beat or accent.
      b. Melody—tune.
      c. Harmony—the agreement of musical sounds.
    2. Noises—rap, tap, flick, thud, rattle, patter, buzz, whirr, whining, scratch, snap, puff, pop, crack, etc.

III. Motor images.
  A. Movement—walking, riding, eating, writing, singing, sewing.
  B. Resistance—grasping, pinching, plucking, biting, treading, handshaking, weight of all kinds.
  C. Position—sitting, standing, all forms of posture.

IV. Tactile images.
  A. Contact—slight pressure from wood, metal, air, gas, fluids,

wrinkling of skin, touching hair, any slight contact with surface of skin.
B. Intensity and extent of pressure—roughness, smoothness.
C. Pressure and movement—hardness and softness, stickiness.
D. Pressure and pain—sharpness, bluntness.
E. Pressure and temperature—clamminess, wetness.

V. Images of taste.
A. Pure sensations of taste.
1. Sweet.
2. Bitter.
3. Sour.
4. Salt.
B. Most of the tastes usually designated as such are combinations of various sensations.

VI. Images of smells.
A. Fruit odors—fruits, wine, ethers, beeswax.
B. Aromatic odors—spices, camphor, cloves, ginger, anise.
C. Flower odors—flowers, vanilla.
D. Musk odors—amber, musk.
E. Leek odors—chlorine, iodine, hydrogen carbide, asafoetida.
F. Burned odors—roast coffee, tobacco smoke, creosote.
G. Hircine odors—caproic acid, cheese, sweat.
H. Foul odors—opium, laudanum, bugs.
I. Nauseous odors—carrion flowers, feces.[12]

It must be remembered that for some of us the visual image will predominate; for others, the auditory will be the most important; perhaps for some, the tactile will have the most appeal. Let us get acquainted with some kinds of images.

Exercises

I. The following passage is from Rupert Brooke's poem, "The Great Lover." [13] Examine the lines carefully and see whether you agree with the classification of images:

[12] This classification was compiled from Seashore, *Introduction to Psychology*, and Titchener, *An Outline of Psychology*. The list of odors is found in Watson, *Psychology from the Standpoint of a Behaviorist*. Reprinted from Louise Dudley, *The Study of Literature*, pp. 33-34, by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

[13] Reprinted by permission of Dodd, Mead & Company.

These have I loved:
White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
(visual)
Ringed with blue line; and feathery, faery dust;
(visual) *(tactile)*
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust
(tactile) *(visual)* *(tactile)*
Of friendly bread; and many tasting food;
(gustatory)
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
(visual) *(visual)* *(olfactory)*
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
(visual) *(motor)* *(thermic)* *(visual)*
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,
(visual) *(motor)* *(thermic)*
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;
(visual) *(motor)* *(visual)*
Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon
(thermic) *(tactile)*
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss
(motor) *(tactile)*
Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is
(tactile)
Shining and free; blue massing clouds; the keen
(visual) *(visual)*
Unimpassioned beauty of a great machine;
(visual)
The benison of hot water; furs to touch;
(tactile) *(thermic)* *(tactile)*
The good smell of old clothes; and other such—
(olfactory)
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
(olfactory)
Hair's fragrance, and the musky reek that lingers
(olfactory) *(olfactory)*
About dead leaves and last year's ferns. . . .

Dear names,

And thousand others throng to me! Royal flames;
(motor) *(visual)*
Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap to spring;
(visual) *(auditory)*
Holes in the ground; and voices that do sing;
(visual) *(auditory)*

Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain,
(auditory) *(tactile)*
Soon turned to peace; and the deep-panting train;
(motor) *(auditory)*
Firm sands; the little dulling edge of foam
(tactile) *(tactile)*
That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home.
(visual)

II. Analyze these passages and decide what kind of images are recalled for you; notice how you will transfer them into your own experiences:

[1]

Coleridge, in discussing the purpose of the poem, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, states that he wished to write a poem in which the "incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions, as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real." Having read or heard of the incidents experienced by soldiers stranded in rubber boats for days, do you think that Coleridge succeeded in his purpose in these following stanzas:

THIRST

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!

Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

. . . . . .

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

. . . . . .

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

[2]

THE DIVER

The rotten coral burst and sank under footing. Clogging weeds enwreathed and held him back with evil embrace. A tridacna spread its jaws before his steps so that he nearly plunged into the deadly spring-trap of the deep. But he kept on up the slope; his keen spirit rallied and bore him through, and he came surging from the waves at last on a point of rocks outside the bay where he could cling and open the emergency cock in the helmet. The suit deflated and he breathed new life. But here he suffered his second immediate mishap, for as he scrambled to his feet a dizziness took him and he slipped

and pitched forward heavily, and with a great clang of armour the god fell fainting at the very threshold of his world.

J. Russell, *The Lost God*

[3]

THE CRATCHIT PUDDING

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage.

Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*

[4]

THE PORTRAIT [14]

Like a dear old lady
Dressed in soft brown cashmere,
Sitting with quiet, folded hands, content and peaceful
And smiling a mysterious promise,
My winter garden waits.

Caroline Giltinan

[5]

THE TAVERN [15]

The walls of the tavern were covered with pictures painted in violent hues; blues and reds and greens jarring against one another and lighting up the gloom of the place. The stone benches were always crowded, the sunlight came in through the door in a long bright gleam, casting a dancing shadow of vine leaves on the further wall. . . . The room was cool and dark and cavernous, but the scent

[14] Reprinted by permission of *The Lyric.*
[15] Reprinted by permission of the author.

and heat of the summer gushed in through the open door. There was ever a full sound, with noise and vehemence, there, and the rolling music of the Latin tongue never ceased. . . .

A strange feature was the constant and fluttering motion of hands and arms. Gesture made a constant commentary on speech; white fingers, whiter arms, and sleeves of all colors, hovered restlessly, appeared and disappeared with an effect of threads crossing and recrossing on the loom. And the odour of the place was both curious and memorable; something of the damp cold breath of the cave meeting the hot blast of summer, the strangely mingled aromas of rare wines as they fell plashing and ringing into the cups, the drugged vapour of the East that the priests of Mithras and Isis bore from their steaming temples; these were always strong and dominant.

ARTHUR MACHEN, *The Hill of Dreams*

[6]

SCROOGE

Oh, but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from whom no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret and self contained and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait, made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice.

CHARLES DICKENS, *A Christmas Carol*

[7]

THE SKY-LINE [16]

From the sea-coast, from the bleak ravines of the hills that lift their bare escarpments towards the sky that pours down pitiless threads of sunlight, whirls over chill clinging tentacles of rain, smashes hard buffets of huge wind, sifts fine quivering drifts of snow, thrashes with thunder and with hail, uncurls its great sodden flapping curtains before the gale—from the marshlands, from the banks of slow rivers, from the still brown plateaus, from the mist of steaming valleys, from the wide bays ringed with peaks—a thousand cities reek into the sky.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER, *America*

[16] From *Breakers and Granite* by John Gould Fletcher. Copyright 1921, by The Macmillan Company, publishers. Reprinted by permission.

[8]

THE KING

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four-feet-six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

JOHN RUSKIN, *The King of the Golden River*

[9]

ICHABOD CRANE

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descended upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

WASHINGTON IRVING, *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*

[10]

CHICAGO [17]

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders:
They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.
And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen the gunman kill and go free to kill again.
And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of women and children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.
And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my city, and I give them back the sneer and say to them:
Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.
Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;
Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pitted against the wilderness,
Bareheaded,
Shoveling,
Wrecking,
Planning,
Building, breaking, rebuilding,
Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,
Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,
Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,
Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs the heart of the people,
Laughing!
Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked, sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation.

CARL SANDBURG

III. Bring to class a piece of literature which recalls through its imagery an experience you have had. Test the class for its response.

[17] From *Chicago Poems* by Carl Sandburg. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.

Part III THE TECHNIQUE OF EXPRESSION

Chapter IX

VISIBLE ACTION

You know now that it is of first importance that the interpreter aspire to a rich meaning of the printed page; it is important that he get as complete an understanding as he can from the symbols. He must summon all his own experiences and those of others with whom he has had contact and infuse those experiences with all their connotative meanings into the printed page. Then, and only then, the meaning will become vital to him. Having accomplished that purpose of "squeezing the lines" for all hidden meanings, his next problem is a task in carrying that meaning, as complete as possible, to the audience. How can the interpreter make the audience understand and feel as he wants it to understand and feel?

Empathy. Inasmuch as we always see before we hear—that is, the eye is quicker than the ear—we can easily recognize the fact that what the interpreter's body is doing is most important in stirring up meaning for the audience. Even as we face our audience, before we say anything, we are carrying meaning of some sort. It may be the wrong meaning, it may not be what we think it is, but it is meaning. We may be frowning, or smiling, or appearing bored, or merely appearing to be something we are not, or we may be experiencing a bad case of stage-fright. Watch an artist as he appears before you. Notice how meaning is carried through his muscular tensions—through his smile, his posture, and his movement. Because that first moment is of so much importance, it is necessary that the interpreter have the proper control immediately, for his attitude will suggest an attitude to the audience. Unconsciously, the audience will tend to adopt the muscular tensions of the artist. If all this can be accomplished without words, and it can be, think of the power we may have if we employ the right distribution of energy and play of muscles plus the careful control of the voice!

Meaning Carried by Empathy. How can we, then, best adapt

ourselves to an audience-interpreter situation—a situation which demands that the interpreter arouse or stimulate an emotional response similar to the one portrayed by the interpreter? Here is a problem of empathic response, of a kinesthetic impulse, of what the muscles of the performer can do to the muscles of the people observing him. Empathic reaction is a difficult thing to study introspectively because it comes often when we least expect it—in a spontaneous fashion. Empathy is not subject to our will, but it is rather a natural impulse, more like an instinctive or an imitative reaction. It is most successful when the audience is not conscious of what is happening to it. Most people realize usually that they have caught the emotion; but how and where it came from, they do not know.

Analyze your own set of muscular reactions. How do you react to your friend who has a sparkle in his eye, or a frown on his face, or a set expression around his mouth? What do you do when you observe some person walking with a prim, tense rhythm—stilted and rigid? Can you feel the pull in your muscles? Where do you feel the greatest urge for action when you observe bronzes of drooping maidens, of stern Indians watching the flight of an arrow, of a child wriggling its toe in glee, of a yawning tiger? Note the downward pull of your muscles when you observe an airplane swooping earthward; and the reaching up when the plane swings back to the clouds. Did you ever sit on the bleachers and watch the football hero tear down the field—stumbling, falling, struggling, pulling, running, dodging, twisting—and finally, with a tremendous effort, succeed in putting the ball over the line? If you thoroughly enjoyed what he was doing, if you were helping him along, exhorting, pushing your neighbor, whooping and yelling when the touchdown was made—then *you* made the touchdown, for your muscles were straining and pulling as his were and you probably felt the joyous relaxation that comes after strenuous exercise. All this is empathy, a "feeling into." The muscles of the observer tend to do what the object at which he is looking is doing, or is suggesting.

Empathy implies the response of "getting into the spirit of things." We watch dancers and, in so far as we can, we dance with them; we see the hero knock the villain down and find our

fists doubled up and our arms taut trying to hit and hold still at the same time. We see the base runner "hit the dust" and we slide with him—on the bleachers. We like or dislike a person very often because of the muscular tensions we observe in him: a man of personality is often a man whose movements make people do things which they feel are correct, proper, and stimulating. In a large measure, men *are* what they are observing. So empathy is the essence of all artistic appreciation; if we enter into the spirit of what is happening, enjoy it, become lost in it, we do so because *we are taking part*. If we actually feel the significance of the cathedral, it lifts us and carries us bodily to transcendent heights. If we genuinely understand the Laocoön statue, we writhe in an agony of fear trying to throw off the loathsome coils of the snakes. Even as you read this, you may be shivering in response to the images which the words evoke. If we really enjoy "The Blue Danube," off we go in a whirling waltz—even in our seats. In other words, when we appreciate a work of art we actually try to do or be the thing in the presence of which we find ourselves. Sometimes these muscular tensions are very noticeable; sometimes they are hidden from the casual observer. Many of us, as we grow in experience, try to cover up any muscular movements that may reveal how we feel.

The theatre offers an excellent opportunity for the study of empathic responses. Everything about the mechanics of the stage picture, including furniture, properties, lights, color, make-up, line, movement, is arranged to create an illusion of reality, which is necessary if we are to feel empathy—or the right kind of empathy. If one little thing goes wrong with the lights, if an essential property has been forgotten, if the gun does not go off when it should, if the telephone does not ring, then momentarily we have come out of the picture and the illusion has been lost, and, of course, we get out of the spirit of the scene. Needless to say, empathy—the kind of empathy the director has been trying to get from the audience—has been lost.

You have caught yourself imitating the facial expression of an actor on the stage. Other things being equal, the greater number of those tensions which the actor stimulates in you, the better you like the play. When you do not get any of the desired em-

pathic responses, you are bored, cold, pained at the performance; or we might say that when you are not muscularly set to enjoy anything, you will not permit yourself the empathy which the director and actors have tried to arouse, for your muscles have been pulling in the wrong direction. Usually the more relaxed you are at the beginning of the performance, the greater your chance of getting empathic enjoyment. Empathy is the response that tingles, that warms, that exhilarates, that pulls you this way and that way, so that you gasp, "How wonderful!" or moan "How depressing!" If an actor renders his "Come, let me clutch thee!" aright, every person in the audience who actually appreciates his fear, clutches a knife; when Casca stabs Caesar, your arm stabs too; when Richelieu shouts, "Around her form I draw the awful circle of our solemn Church," every listener has his arms raised in warning and defiance, *usually without visibly moving his arms,*—that is, if the actor is really acting *Richelieu.* Some of us have never seen on the stage a villain whom we really liked, because if he *is* convincing as an actor, he gives us unpleasant tensions. Our judgment is affected by what he does to us in a pleasant or unpleasant manner. We must remember that when we get angry, we get angry all over—every gland and muscle fitting into the complete picture of anger. There is an increase of glandular secretions and a corresponding tonicity of muscles.

Why do we like comedies? Because they do pleasant things to our muscles—we laugh and are relaxed and refreshed. Most of us Americans do not like to have unpleasant things done to us; hence, we cry out for happy endings. Many of us lose sight of the fact that real tragedy, if it accomplishes its purpose, will purify, cleanse, and relax. The tragedy that is so stark that it does nothing but choke us and make us more rigid, we all like to avoid. But no matter what the author's intention or purpose may be—to make his audience laugh or cry—he makes them *do* things, and that *doing* may be called emotion.

Empathy by Means of Co-ordination. How do we get these tensions over to the audience? How do we evoke empathic responses that will create the right emotion? Remember that emotion may be thought of as a general stirring up of bodily activity: we "feel with our viscera, with our vegetative nerves, and with

our endocrine glands." Hence, the answer lies in a co-ordinated bodily activity, in an integrated body. You cannot always get the desired response from everyone in the room, because every audience is made up of people with individual differences. To make all of them like you is impossible. Your aim should be to please the majority. However, to stand before an audience with an expressionless face and with hands that are waving and whirling through the air as you say, "Wherefore rejoice?" or "Why stand we here idle?" is not going to bring success; to tense the muscles of the face and then stand inert from the neck down as you say, "Begone, run to your houses," will not make the audience happy; to read Vachel Lindsay's *The Congo* without being stimulated by the rhythmical changes in the poem is to lose a great deal of the meaning expressed by the author. This does not mean that you will have to stamp your feet and beat your hands and sway your body but it does mean that you will never get the rhythm in your voice without feeling the pulse of rhythm in co-ordinated bodily activity that must be *suggested* to the audience. Rhythm does not exist without co-ordination; hence, co-ordination is not only advisable but positively necessary.

What is involved in this principle of co-ordination? Again, we must talk in terms of muscles and tonicity of muscles. A muscle can do only one thing—contract. Our muscles, of course, are always in a state of contraction, but the degree varies. When there is no contraction, the muscle is dead. This state can be partially attained also by an anesthetic, but complete relaxation comes only when life is gone. The degree of muscle tone or muscle contraction is proportional to the degree of attention of the interpreter. That is, if we are under great excitement, the tonus (partial contraction of the muscles) increases until the muscles become so hard that they may ache, and we may experience great difficulty in relaxing. The more practice we give certain muscles, the more they develop and the more tone they are capable of having. But this development is a matter of muscle memory, without which we could not go about our daily tasks of eating, dressing, drinking, with any economy of motion. It is requisite that we have a muscular sense or the memory of movement; we cannot fully perceive and appreciate a movement we

have never made. This sense can be developed only by practice; after many, many performances, the movement will become reflex. Consequently, to make our movements mean the maximum, we must indulge in much practice—thus building up muscle memory which paves the way for co-ordination and for economy of effort.

Co-ordination Implies Total Bodily Response. In order to have a bodily response that is total, you must be emotionally set, and that means muscularly set, to do what you hope to do; just as the track man "gets set" for his race, as the punter poises himself for the punt, as a golfer anticipates a "follow-through," as a horseman gets the feel of his horse, as an actor gets the mood of the character he is portraying. Each performer is getting the machine co-ordinated for a situation that calls for a complete muscular activity, and not for some isolated movements, which would make him awkward, and which would not give the observer the proper empathic response. Inasmuch as the audience assumes some kind of motor response toward the object they are watching, too many unco-ordinated movements on the part of the interpreter are likely to produce restlessness in the audience. An amateur acrobat whose muscles are not steady makes us uneasy, and a dancer whose gasping breath we can hear, makes us gasp; so the interpreter whose hands flabbily gesture from one side to another makes us flop too, and one who fails to grapple adequately with the thought makes us fumble too. We like to do our observing as a whole: hence, the performer, if he is to secure the correct empathic response, must learn to integrate all his emotional processes. There must be nothing in the activity of the muscles of any part of the body which will detract from what other muscles are doing. Command the attention of the audience upon yourself as a whole and not as an unco-ordinated collection of parts. If an audience notices that you are waving your hands through the air when you are talking about the "babbling brook" or the "blue clouds overhead," you may be sure that something is wrong with your technique, and that something is usually a lack of co-ordination in addition to poor taste.

Any unusual muscular set may reveal an attitude which may distort the meaning you are trying to put over to your audience.

Have you ever realized how many phrases descriptive of bodily responses are used to identify character or attitude? Here are a few; add to the list:

She gave me a cold shoulder.	He did a complete about-turn.
He was high-hat.	She wore a chip on her shoulder.
She was stiff-necked.	The teacher was a highbrow.
He was two-faced.	He wears his heart on his sleeve.

Gesture is Part of Total Bodily Response. Before we proceed, let us be sure that we agree on the meaning of the word *gesture*. Let us not think of gesture as something outside our ordinary bodily habits; something to be put on and taken off, to be used here and not used there. Let us rather think of the whole body working as a rhythmically co-ordinated instrument: that means that every movement must come from within outward as a part of the whole, and not as an isolated manifestation of activity. Gesture is a matter of total bodily activity and control. Lack of control is easily noticeable, because it means lack of co-ordination.

This brings us to the subject of how much gesturing the good interpreter should use. The old Delsartean philosophy of the continual graceful sweeping of the arms upward and outward is gone. We may hope that the person who gives "The Village Blacksmith" with many eloquent gestures, such as swelling up the muscles of his brawny arm or actually wiping away a salty tear-drop from the eye, has disappeared from discriminating society. The old-fashioned, windmill elocutionary teacher did more harm than good by making every gesture stilted, perfunctory. If there was a murmuring wind or a golden sunset, the student was asked to demonstrate just how the wind murmured, and where the sun set. If a man in the distance was supposed to fall, the reciter's body executed a half-fall; if someone spoke of beating with naked hands on the gates of the Bastille, naked hands beat.

After all, the rule for gesturing is relatively simple. It is this: if you are endowed with physical parts, which by skillful use can help carry meaning to your audience, use them. "Let your own discretion be your tutor." If you feel that a certain activity is necessary, try it out on the ever-present observer in your mirror.

If you are not sure, work for a suggested activity either with your face or the rest of your body. If your audience squirms every time you make some kind of movement, you are undoubtedly overdoing or you are unco-ordinated. When you "work all in one piece" and your action fits the thought and language, no one but an expert critic will ever discover your body technique—and everyone will get the meaning.

Rules about gestures are of little value. Usually they add discomfort to a person who is already in a difficult position. Motivation from the meaning and the emotion may sometimes aid but certainly will not guarantee co-ordinated movements. Many times the timing of the gestures is better if the movement is spontaneous rather than studied. If there are any rules that might be advantageous, they might be stated thus:

1. Gestures are a part of the total bodily activity.
2. An interpreter suggests activity rather than imitating it.
3. Mannerisms and random movements will detract rather than add to the meaning.
4. The correct timing of the gesture with the meaning will make the gesture part of the meaning.

Co-ordination Implies Economy of Effort. Where there is co-ordination, there is economy of effort, so essential in interpretation. With every stimulation of muscles, there is also a relaxation of other muscles, the antagonists. This process is necessary to create economy of muscle movement. Witness musicians, athletes, actors, jugglers, dancers, skaters. If there is little or no relaxation, the body will react overtime to stimuli, resulting in a hyperkinetic personality. There is always rhythmic contraction and relaxation in economy of force or effort. The smoothness of the performances of Lynn Fontanne delights her audiences; she has the control and co-ordination that bring economy of effort which distinguishes the professional from the amateur.

Broad movements, excessive head and hand movements, overly tense hips, should be avoided in interpretation. We all know that the successful visual stimulation of an audience usually depends upon how effectively a few movements and tensions on the part of the interpreter are used to carry suggestion, just as in our best etchings, the fewest lines carry the finest impression. It is the

principle of art that has been discussed in previous chapters: there must be a selection of the best to carry the finest impression and to intensify the emotion we are trying to create. This means there must be abandon—a freeing of our desire to hold in—and yet a control that will show economy of energy and skill through the greatest ease of movements. Interpretation rarely calls for vigorous waving of the hands and arms; but it does call for suggestion, and suggestion is carried over through bodily movements of a highly co-ordinated nature. Suggestion calls for a seemingly outward economy of muscular movement and energy. Note, we say, *seemingly*. In reality, however, every muscle in the body of the clever interpreter should be performing its function of tensing and relaxing. Then and only then can he be successful in creating an emotional appeal through suggestion, through empathy.

Economy of effort, however, does not mean an inert attitude, slumping on the platform, or lack of purpose. The person who stands still is not particularly interesting, but the person who stands still with purpose, with meaning, commands attention. The difficulty with some interpreters is that they merely stand still. This is the same kind of difference that can be found in the classroom between the student who listens without hearing and intention, and the student who listens and hears. Any audience will catalogue your total bodily attitude in the same way. They like to feel that you are sure, that you are not embarrassed by the fact that they are listening to you. That audience feeling and response to you begins as soon as you start to the platform. If you lope to the reading stand, sag at the waist, fumble with your book, clear your throat many times, shuffle your feet, fidget with a gadget, and finally droop over the stand, you can be certain that the majority of your audience will be wishing that you could believe in what you are doing, that you could pretend to be interested in what you are interpreting, or that you could at least be aware of the fact that they are complimenting you by being your listeners. There should be purpose, intention shown by your bodily set and movements—with sincerity of effort without pretense, economy of effort without a limp back and a hunched shoulder. You expect that same kind of poise and assurance when you seek the services of a professional person, like a doctor or a dentist. If you

are confronted by a fluttering, evasive person who cannot look you in the eye, who continually shifts his position, who hems and haws, who speaks indefinitely and is not sure of what he is saying —what do you do? Believe in his decisions? Allow him to operate? Agree to have your teeth pulled? Be ready to take gas from hands that are in continual motion? Usually you seek another person—one in whom you can place your confidence, one who has convinced you that he knows what decision to make. How do you arrive at these conclusions? By his directness, by his movements, by his control!

Co-ordination Implies Rhythm. Perfect harmony of muscular response is the aim of the interpreter. There must be no pull in the wrong direction anywhere, if the rhythm of the body is to be pleasing. What is bodily rhythm? Rhythm as shown in bodily movements consists of recurrent contraction and relaxation of muscular movement, not only of large muscle groups, but also of numerous smaller ones, all of which combine into a larger pattern to provide smooth, co-ordinated muscular action. The rhythmical progression of the muscular movements depends upon the balanced timing and economy of force of the muscular activity. Certainly when we have learned to co-ordinate the timing and the strength of neuro-muscular reactions, we can be assured of an integrated, rhythmical "follow-through" of the muscles.

In other words, we are saying that to do anything well, to create the greatest pleasure for our audience empathically, we must have educated our bodies, our neuro-muscular machines so that they show a pleasing, rhythmical control. You have seen a person walk with perfect freedom of movement—a movement that was lithe and pleasing. Then you have seen another person plod along heavily, straining every part of the body. Each has a rhythm but one is a rhythm with economy of force and co-ordinated timing; the other is a rhythm with many random and unnecessary movements. In the former, there is rhythm and harmony of every part of the body, which will invigorate rather than weary; in the latter, there is misdirected nervous energy which will soon tire and wear out the body. It is a pleasure to watch ease of movement, whether in walking, dancing, running, acting, or interpreting, because if it is done well, it has *form*. Nothing

gives as much joy to the performer and to the onlooker as this *plus*, this form, because it produces an aesthetic reaction, which makes us feel from head to toe that the performance has been done well.

Rhythm—do we all have it? Yes, by all means, we have rhythm of some sort; but in some of us it is latent and undeveloped. For instance, how do you breathe? Deeply and fully, or shallowly and quickly? To master a good rhythmical breathing habit is very difficult for many. Some of us go through life panting and puffing without realizing that with a little practice, we could enjoy an easy, flowing, rhythmical process. Have you ever noticed that when you are listening to a speaker you tend to breathe in rhythm with him? Or that you breathe in rhythm with the steps you are taking, whether you are walking, running, or dancing? If you seem to be doing the task successfully you will find the rhythm of breathing co-ordinating with the rhythm of the whole body.

And how do you walk? Does each foot carry an even weight, is there a lagging foot rhythm, or is there a mincing, tense step? We do not have to lift one foot higher than the other, and we do not have to swing one foot way over to one side, but if that is the rhythm we have chosen, instead of a free, swinging rhythm that pulses through us with a pleasurable thrill, then, of course, that becomes our walking rhythm.

And how do you dance? Do you dance with the lilt and swing of the waltz rhythm? Or do you dance with a straight up and down movement of a one-step rhythm; or do you merely execute a walk rhythm; or is your rhythm one of those patterns that varies with the mood and the partner; or is it a rhythm that provides an original pattern inspired by the music, or is it a rollicking movement that does double time to any pattern offered? Or can't you dance at all? If not, look to your ability to co-ordinate.

Some of us have a highly developed sense of rhythm, some are rhythmical only in the most ordinary and necessary movements of daily life, and even then, have not mastered those elementary patterns. Very often in the training of the individual, the delight and thrill of feeling the swing of rhythm in walking, talking, running, singing has been neglected. After all, most of our pleas-

ure in anything well done, comes from rhythmical movements; notice the movements of brushing your teeth, or the swing of your bath towel, or the peculiar rhythmical touch you give to your morning shave.

If rhythm in you is still latent, then you have yet to learn the delight that comes through the mastering of new patterns. The more educated, the more intelligent you are in the arts, then usually the more variety you may have in your enjoyment of rhythm. The difference you feel between classical music and syncopated rhythms lies mostly in your knowledge of and your preference for more delicate and subtle rhythms. Maybe you are fortunate and can enjoy both types. Of course, many of the modern rhythms are dynamic and powerful. The generation of the nineties adapted themselves to a rhythm typical of the kind of life to which they were accustomed and to the kinds of rhythm which evolved from that life. Their rhythm was slow—a waltz pattern of curves and easy movements. The rhythm of the present generation, the modernistic age, is that of angles and straight lines. The buildings at the Century of Progress Exposition offered a very interesting study in the rhythm of the modern period. This age has the quick, vigorous rhythm of speed and ecstasy, that calls for overpowering, surging, primitive movement. Although the rhythms in Vachel Lindsay's *The Congo* seem to be those of the primitive Negro race, they are really the ones that this generation knows and enjoys.

If you want the joy of learning new rhythms, begin with tennis, golf, horseback riding, swimming—all these will give you new patterns and teach you new co-ordinations. When you have learned to adjust your body as a co-ordinated rhythmical unit, working with the greatest economy of movement and effort, with the right degree of force and timing to insure "form," then you may be confident that you have an instrument ready to receive impressions and to convert them into expression.

Stage Fright. We have all had the unforgettable experience of stage fright, or audience fright: the voice quivers, the tongue seems glued to the palate, the knees shake, one may even faint. Stage fright is due to fear, which in turn causes undue muscular rigidity without the usual accompanying relaxation. The typical

muscular co-ordination of tension and relaxation is absent. With continued tension of certain muscles, there may be a trembling or shaking of the muscles involved. Any kind of movement which will release the rigidity of those muscles will be helpful. It is wise, if you can, to admit your fear as one student did when he began his speech before the class thus: "I speak to you as a friend today—with the same friendly attitude that my knees have as they say to one another, 'Shake, old pal.'"

There are other hints that may help you:

1. Breathe slowly and deeply before you are called on to perform.
2. Get to the platform calmly and without too much haste. If you race to the platform, your breathing will not be controlled, and the general tension of the body will be increased.
3. When you get to the platform, remember that you are master of the situation. You are in the position to tell people what you know, and you probably know more about your interpretation than anyone else in the audience.
4. Allow your audience to settle down after your appearance. While you are gaining control of yourself, they will have a chance to "look you over," to note your grooming and general poise.
5. If your knees begin to shake or your voice begins to quiver, find a reason to pause or to move to another position.
6. Always watch your audience in your introductory remarks. If you look away from them, your stage fright will be increased and it will be difficult to turn back to them.
7. *Pretend* (if you feel that you are not adequate) that you are a good interpreter. You have probably spent most of the day pretending to be intelligent, or happy, or interested; now you can pretend that you are confident.
8. Never be embarrassed by stage fright because everyone has experienced it. You will be a better interpreter for having mastered it.

Exercises

I. Your first assignment is to read Edmund Jacobson's book, *How to Relax,* published by the McGraw-Hill Book Company. Practice the progressive relaxation exercises in this book. *Learn to relax* before you proceed further in this course. You will like it; you can do it; it is essential to good interpretation.

II. The following exercises are suggested for general rhythmical bodily activity. It is doubtful whether you will ever use

any of these patterns in this form when interpreting. These exercises are suggested to make you conscious of what your body is capable of doing. Work for co-ordination, economy of effort, and rhythm—the three inseparables.

1. Walk across the stage demonstrating the rhythm:
   Of your own steps.
   Of an old man.
   Of a successful business man on his way to work.
   Of a girl wearing a very stylish costume.
   Of a woman carrying a heavy bag.
   Of a nonchalant, swaggering student.
   Of a model exhibiting costumes.
   Of a prize-fighter.
   Of a woman with tight shoes.
   Of a heavy man trying to catch a train.

2. Work out a pantomime of an everyday activity which will show rhythm: for instance, brushing the teeth, shoveling coal, raking the grass. Be sure that your movements are rhythmical.

3. Demonstrate the rhythm:
   Of hitting a golf ball.
   Of throwing a baseball.
   Of handling a basketball.
   Of wielding a tennis racket.
   Of throwing a discus.
   Of any game you know.

4. Demonstrate the rhythm of a setting-up exercise.

5. Work out the rhythm of some performer's actions; that is, an entrance, an exit, some peculiar gesture of a juggler, a tight-rope walker, a music teacher, a vaudeville comedian.

6. Work out a story. Tell your audience everything by your bodily activity.

7. With a group of five or six students, work out the rhythmical pattern of an ancient ceremonial. Try a simple pattern first, and then build up and add to the first pattern, until you have reached a climax.

III. Give the following sentences first, as an actor; second, as an impersonator; third, as an interpreter.

1. You cur! Strike that little boy again and I'll thrash you on the spot.
2. Look! my lord! it comes!

3. I am Sir Oracle
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.
4. Oh friends, it was sublime, wonderful!
5. Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
6. Wait! Look! Oh, oh, how terrible!
Cold fear clutches me. Must I endure this?
7. I had rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
8. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!
9. Father Almighty! hear our prayer.
10. It is my lady! oh, it is my love!
11. With him? It is not possible.
12. O that I had wings like a dove!
13. Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!
14. That man virtuous! You might as well preach to me of the virtue of Judas Iscariot!
15. Land of the South!—imperial land!—
How proud thy mountains rise!—
16. Bah! you are mean and contemptible as a cur.
17. Get you, therefore, hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death.
18. A curse upon you!
19. O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!
20. Rogues, hence, avaunt; vanish like hailstones, go!
21. You Heavens, give me patience—patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
22. To bait fish withal; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge.
23. Woe to thee, Carthage! Woe to thee proud city of the waters! I see thy nobles wailing at the feet of Roman senators! thy citizens in terror! thy ship in flames! I hear the victorious shouts of Rome!
24. Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour?
25. Heigho, that was a merry yarn!
26. I love you.
27. Oh, to be away, away from all this deceit.
28. I have nothing more to say.

IV. Practice for economy of movement and control. Try to create empathic responses:

[1]

A SAILOR'S LIFE

Yank. This sailor life ain't much to cry about leavin'—just one ship after another, hard work, small pay, and bum grub; and when we git into port, just a drunk endin' up in a fight, and all your money gone, and then the ship away again. Never meetin' no nice people; never gittin' outa sailor-town, hardly, in any port; travelin' all over the world and never seein' none of it; without no one to care whether you're alive or dead. There ain't much in all that that'd make yuh sorry to lose it, Drisc.

EUGENE O'NEILL, *Bound East for Cardiff* [1]

[2]

THE DARKENING VALLEY [2]

He turned sharply; it was growing very dark, and he was afraid of missing his way. At first the path led him by the verge of a wood; there was a noise of rustling and murmuring from the trees as if they were taking evil counsel together. A hill hedge shut out the sight of the darkening valley, and he stumbled on mechanically, without taking much note of the turnings of the track, and when he came out from the wood shadow to the open country, he stood for a moment quite bewildered and uncertain. A dark wild twilight country lay before him, confused dim shapes of trees near at hand, and a hollow below his feet, and the further hills and woods were dimmer, and all the air was very still. He gazed about him, scanning the dusky earth, and trying to make out some familiar shape, some well-known form of hill or wood. Suddenly the darkness about him glowed; a furnace fire had shot up on the mountain, and for a moment the little world of the woodside and the steep hill shone in a pale light, and he thought he saw his path beaten out in the turf before him. The great flame sank down to a red glint of fire, and it led him on down the ragged slope, his feet striking against ridges of ground and falling from beneath him at a sudden dip. The bramble bushes shot out long prickly vines, amongst which he was entangled, and lower he was held back by wet bubbling earth. He had descended into a dark and shady valley, beset and tapestried with gloomy thickets; the weird wood noises were the only sounds, strange, unutterable mutterings, dismal, inarticulate. He pushed on in what he hoped was the right direction, stumbling from

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[2] Reprinted by permission of the author.

stile to gate, peering through mist and shadow, and still vainly seeking for any known landmark.

ARTHUR MACHEN, *The Hill of Dreams*

[3]

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night
As of the one I love.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[4]

MIA CARLOTTA [3]

Giuseppe, da barber, ees greata for "mash,"
He gotta da bigga, da blacka moustache,
Good clo'es an' good styla an' playnta good cash.

W'enevra Giuseppe ees walk on da street,
Da people dey talka, "how nobby! how neat!
How softa da handa, how smalla da feet."

He raisa hees hat an' he shaka hees curls,
An' smila weeth teetha so shiny like pearls;
O! manny da heart of da seelly young girls
He gotta.
Yes, playnta he gotta—
But notta
Carlotta!

Giuseppe, da barber, he maka da eye,
An' lika da steam engine puffa an' sigh,
For catcha Carlotta w'en she ees go by.

[3] From *Carmina* by T. A. Daly, by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., holders of the copyright.

Carlotta she walka weeth nose in da air,
An' look through Giuseppe weeth far-away stare,
As eef she no see dere ees som'body dere.

Giuseppe, da barber, he gotta da cash,
He gotta da clo'es an' da bigga moustache,
He gotta da seelly young girls for da "mash,"
But notta—
You bat my life, notta—
Carlotta.
I gotta!

T. A. Daly

[5]

MOONLIGHT [4]

Say—listen—
If you could only take a bath in moonlight!

Hey! Can't you just see yourself
Take a runnin' dive
Inta a pool o' glowin' blue
Feel it glidin' over you
All aroun' and inta you—

Grab a star—huh?—
Use it for soap;
Beat it up to bubbles
And white sparklin' foam—
Roll and swash—

Gee!

I just like to bet
You could wash your soul clean
In moonlight!

John V. A. Weaver

[4] From *In American* by John V. A. Weaver, and reprinted by permission of and special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

[6]

AT THE FRONT [5]

The King:
"When I was at the front to-day
I heard the cannon far away.
The wounded all seemed very gay
When I was at the front to-day."

The General:
"I dropped my glass a while ago
And, 'pon my word, I hardly know
How goes the battle down below
A half a dozen miles or so."

A Private:
"They run! You say they run!
For King and Fatherland we've won.
—Yes, hold me so! Is that the sun
So red—red?—I'm done!"

GEROID ROBINSON

[7]

THE CAUSE OF THIS I KNOW NOT [6]

The cause of this I know not,
Whither they went, nor why;
But I still remember the laughter
And the bright eyes flashing by—
The day the girls were kissing
The boys who had to die.

I search in vain for the reason—
What does a poet know?—
Only that youth is lovely,
Only that youth must go;
And hearts are made to be broken,
And love is always woe.

HANIEL LONG

[5] Reprinted by permission of The Stratford Company, Boston.
[6] Reprinted by permission of Dodd, Mead & Company.

[8]

SENCE YOU WENT AWAY [7]

Seems lak to me de stars don't shine so bright,
Seems lak to me de sun done loss his sight,
Seems lak to me der's nothin' goin' right,
Sence you went away.

Seems lak to me de sky ain't half so blue,
Seems lak to me dat ev'ything wants you,
Seems lak to me I don't know what to do,
Sence you went away.

Seems lak to me dat ev'ything is wrong,
Seems lak to me de day's jes twice es long,
Seems lak to me de bird's forgot his song,
Sence you went away.

Seems lak to me I jes can't he'p but sigh,
Seems lak to me ma th'oat keeps gittin' dry,
Sems lak to me a tear stays in ma eye,
Sence you went away.

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

[9]

CYRANO'S PLEASURE [8]

Cyrano . . . To sing, to laugh, to dream,
To walk in my own way and be alone,
Free, with an eye to see things as they are,
A voice that means manhood—to cock my hat
Where I choose— At a word, a *Yes*, a *No*,
To fight—or write. To travel any road
Under the sun, under the stars, nor doubt
If fame or fortune lie beyond the bourne—
Never to make a line I have not heard
In my own heart; yet, with all modesty
To say: "My soul, be satisfied with flowers,
With fruit, with weeds even; but gather them
In the one garden you may call your own."

[7] From *The Book of American Negro Poetry*. Reprinted by permission of the author and Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., publishers.
[8] From Brian Hooker's translation of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.

So, when I win some triumph, by some chance,
Render no share to Caesar—in a word,
I am too proud to be a parasite,
And if my nature wants the germ that grows
Towering to heaven like the mountain pine,
Or like the oak, sheltering multitudes—
I stand, not high it may be—but alone!

Le Bret. Alone, yes!—But why stand against the world?
What devil has possessed you now, to go
Everywhere making yourself enemies?

Cyrano. Watching you other people making friends
Everywhere—as a dog makes friends! I mark
The manner of these canine courtesies
And think: "My friends are of a cleaner breed;
Here comes—thank God!—another enemy!"

Le Bret. But this is madness!

Cyrano. Method, let us say.
It is my pleasure to displease. I love
Hatred. Imagine how it feels to face
The volley of a thousand angry eyes—
The bile of envy and the froth of fear
Spattering little drops about me— You—
Good nature all around you, soft and warm—
You are like those Italians, in great cowls
Comfortable and loose— Your chin sinks down
Into the folds, your shoulders droop. But I—
The Spanish ruff I wear around my throat
Is like a ring of enemies; hard, proud,
Each point another pride, another thorn—
So that I hold myself erect perforce.
Wearing the hatred of the common herd
Haughtily, the harsh collar of Old Spain,
At once a fetter and—a halo!

EDMOND ROSTAND, *Cyrano de Bergerac*

[10]

FITZPATRICK'S DEFIANCE [9]

The Rough Red and his crew cut everywhere, anywhere, anyhow. The easiest way was theirs. Small timber they skipped, large timber they sawed high, tops they left rather than trim them into logs. Fitzpatrick would not have the pine "slaughtered."

[9] By permission of the author and Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.

"Ye'll bend your backs a little, Jimmy Bourke, and cut th' stumps lower to th' ground. There's a bunch of shingles at least in every stump ye've left. And you must saw straighter. And th' contract calls for eight inches and over; mind ye that. Don't go to skippin' th' little ones because they won't scale ye high. 'Tis in the contract so. And I won't have th' tops left. There's many a good log in them, an' ye trim them fair and clean."

"Go to hell, you— Where th' blazes did ye learn so much of loggin'? I log th' way me father logged, an' I'm not to be taught by a highbanker from th' Muskegon!"

Finally in looking over a skidway Rough Red noticed that one log had not been blue penciled across the end. That meant that it had not been scaled; and that meant that he, the Rough Red, would not be paid for his labor in cutting and banking it. At once he began to bellow through the woods.

"Hey! Fitzpatrick! Come here, you blank-blanked-blank of a blank! Come here!"

The scaler swung leisurely down the travoy trail and fronted the other with level eyes.

"Well?"

"Why ain't the log marked?"

"I culled it."

"Ain't it sound and good? Is there a mark on it? A streak of punk or rot? Ain't it good timber? What the hell's th' matter with it? You tried to do me out of that."

"I'll tell you, Jimmy Bourke, th' stick is sound and good, or was before your murderin' crew got hold of it, but if ye'll take a squint at the butt of it, ye'll see that your gang has sawed her on a six-inch slant. They've wasted a good foot of log. I spoke of that afore; an' now I give ye warnin' that I cull every log, big or little, punk or sound, that ain't sawed square and true across th' butt."

"Th' log is sound and good, an' ye'll scale it, or I'll know th' reason why!"

"I will not."

STEWART EDWARD WHITE, *The Scaler*

[11]

PETRUCHIO COURTS KATHERINA

Petruchio. Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.
Katherina. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.
They call me Katherine, that do talk of me.
Petr. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom;
Kate of Kate Hall; my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time. Let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Petr. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A join'd-stool.

. . . . . .

Petr. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Petr. Should be! should—buzz!

Kath. Well ta'en and like a buzzard.

Petr. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Petr. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Petr. My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Petr. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Petr. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, . . . and so farewell.

Petr. What, . . . nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. *(She strikes him.)*

Petr. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose you arms.
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

Petr. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!

Kath. What is your crest? A coxcomb?

Petr. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine: you crow too like a craven.

Petr. Nay, come, Kate, come: you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Petr. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Petr. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Petr. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Petr. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Petr. 'Tis with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Petr. Nay, hear you, Kate. In sooth you 'scape not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry. Let me go.
Petr. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross and talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk. Thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
Petr. Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Petr. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Petr. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes: keep you warm.
Petr. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed.
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms. Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,

Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates.
Here comes your father. Never make denial;
I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *The Taming of the Shrew*

V. Bring to class a selection that is particularly good for empathy.

Chapter X

SPEECH PATTERN

VERY seldom, if ever, will one voice show an identical pattern with another voice, because as we have said before, each person has his own vocal mechanism and each has had his own experiences. A speech pattern is based upon the blending of the elements of sound—*quality* or kind of voice, *force* or volume, *tempo* or the movement within phrases and sentences, and *pitch* or the inflection and key of voice. These elements will be discussed in later chapters. Your speech pattern gives the overall picture of how your voice sounds. Vocal expression is not so much a matter of whether your voice is too slow or too fast, whether it is too high or too low, whether it is resonant or thin, whether it is forceful or weak, but rather a matter of how all these elements blend together to give a total pattern. A speech pattern is based on the integration of these elements which are infinitely variable in their combinations. Although, for study, each element is considered separately, it must not be thought that each one can be permanently isolated from the others.

SPEECH RHYTHM

Basic to the speech pattern is the speech rhythm, which includes variable combinations of attack and release of sound, rise and fall of inflection, pause and flow of sound. Your speech rhythm in a great measure is typical of your general bodily rhythm and often of your environment. Precision of bodily movements will usually be accompanied by precision of vocal activity. A tense, quickly moving person often will have a high, tense voice with a fast, staccato rhythm. The movements of an awkward, slow body will be reflected in a rather halting speech rhythm. The healthy outdoor person has a different speech rhythm from that of the person who has been an invalid most of his life. Those who have mastered the bigger muscular pat-

terns involved in the "follow-through" of a golf club or a tennis racket, or those who have learned control of movements in swimming, running, and hurdling should have little difficulty in mastering the more delicate rhythms of vocal expression. The hypotonic person (one with less than normal tonicity) because of a slowness and retardation in physical movement, will not have the speech pattern of the excitable, highly-strung hypertonic person (one with more than normal tonicity). The former will have a speech rhythm that is slow, with long pauses and little inflection; the latter will use a quick, nervous rhythm with abrupt pauses and breaks and probably a wide range of pitch.

Environment plays its part too in making speech rhythms distinctive. Different localities have their own provincial cadences. The speech rhythm of the Bostonian is not the speech rhythm of the Kentuckian. So, in like manner, each nationality displays its peculiar speech pattern. The interpreter will find that the study of dialects is mainly a study of speech rhythm. The Italian has an irresistible lilt, the Russian hurries along with a staccato movement, the Frenchman indulges in an ecstatic upward swing.

Elision in Speech Rhythm. Inability to secure a varied rhythm often occurs if the student has been urged to give every syllable equal value in the interest of distinct enunciation. But no sensible or sensitive person talks with all words and syllables evenly spaced like a typewriter or metronome. For instance, the spacing used in the following is the essence of "unnaturalness," "stiltedness":

> This–is–the–for—est–prim–e–val,
> The–mur–mur–ing–pines–and–the–hem–lock. . . .

Monometer, as this is called, is the chief cause of "indirectness" and must be avoided. It is not communication. Good rhythmical speech is a matter of elision, a matter of subordination and superordination, a series of dots and dashes. Some syllables must be big and others must be little. To emphasize everything is to emphasize nothing; and without emphasis, there is little sentence sense—just a string of monotonous individual syllables. The standards of good speech are based upon conversation. And good conversation never sounds like a metronome.

More than this: in rhythmical vocal expression, we do not pronounce words and syllables as separate units. The study of phonetics proves this. The complete pronunciation of every syllable happens only in the schoolroom of a pedantic teacher who feels it her duty to uphold the dignity of her native tongue, and thinks this requires squeezing every atom of pronunciation out of every syllable. Unless you are forced to do so, you will never say,

Where–as–in–the–course–of–hum–an–e–vents;

but you will actually utter something like this,

Where–as'n thu course'v hu–m'n i–vents.

Nor do you say,

It–was–the–time–when–lilies–grow
And–clouds–are–highest–up–in–air,
Lord–Ron–ald–had–brought–a–lil–y–white–doe,
To–give–his–cous–in–Lad–y–Claire.

You probably will say,

'Twas thu time wh'n lilies grow,
'Nd clouds 'r highest up 'n air;
Lord Ron'ld 'ed brought a lili-white doe,
T' give 'iz couz'n Ladi Clare.

One of the rules in rhythmical speech is: Make the long sounds genuinely long and the short ones genuinely short. When you have decided which sounds are to be held, prolong them as much as good taste will permit; and when you have decided to cut others short, cut them to the shortest demands of distinctness.

This matter of elision of the unimportant and insignificant is not at all in conflict with the needs of careful enunciation. In sensible and sensitive speech, careful enunciation is by no means a matter of teasing every shred of sound out of every syllable. Many words–in speech–are never pronounced as the dictionary pedants would have us pronounce them; such words as *and*, *in*, *of*, *to*, *be*, *from*, *that* (conj.), *have*, *as*, *if*, *why* (interjection), seldom have complete pronunciation. More often they come out sounding like *'nd*, *'n*, *'v*, *tuh*, *bi*, *fr'm*, *th't*, *'av*, *'z*, *'f*, *wy*.

There are many intricacies in this principle of elision, but what

is chiefly needed in the study of interpretation is the realization that good speech and sensible interpretation need a thoroughly varied rhythm from the longest hold that represents deep feeling or strong emphasis down to the merest click or grunt that makes clear the word and meaning intended.

Yet this principle must be applied with sense. The discussion above applies to a simple conversational mood: to create an air of directness and "naturalness." Also it applies to small audiences. But under the stress of great emotion, before large audiences and without a public address system, there is often need for careful enunciation of ev-er-y syl-la-ble. The absurdity comes when the manner of greatness is dragged into a situation calling for simplicity and ease. Especially is this applicable to interpretation as against conversation and even informal public speaking: for it is in interpretation that syllables are so commonly made all the same length and thereby given the same importance. For formal effects follow the dictionary; for effects of simplicity and conversationality—elide.

Variety in Speech Rhythm. A speech pattern, to be interesting to listeners and to be adapted to the interpretation of prose and poetry, must be varied and not mechanical or monotonous. The dullest, most uninteresting person to listen to is the one who speaks with the regularity of a metronome, with little change in slides, tempo, emphasis, or force. You, as an interpreter, must learn to secure as much variety as possible because of the different moods and emotional meaning you will have to present.

No other criticism of your voice will ever aid you as much as your own criticism. Inasmuch as you never hear yourselves as others hear you, you must learn to listen objectively to what your voice is doing. How can you accomplish this? The most effective way that you can hear yourself is by means of a permanent recording, or by a mirrophone. These two procedures are extremely valuable for educating your ear to hear your voice as others hear it.

But you still will not understand *what* you hear until you know something of the operation of the vocal mechanism; neither will you know how to secure flexibility of vocal tones unless you know what you are trying to *do* with the mechanism you own.

The Vocal Mechanism

The vocal mechanism is best explained with a model of the head and larynx. Unless you have at some time held a larynx—animal or human—in your hand, you will find it difficult to visualize the exact structure of the main mechanism of speech. Let us try however, as others have, to identify the various parts of the vocal mechanism.

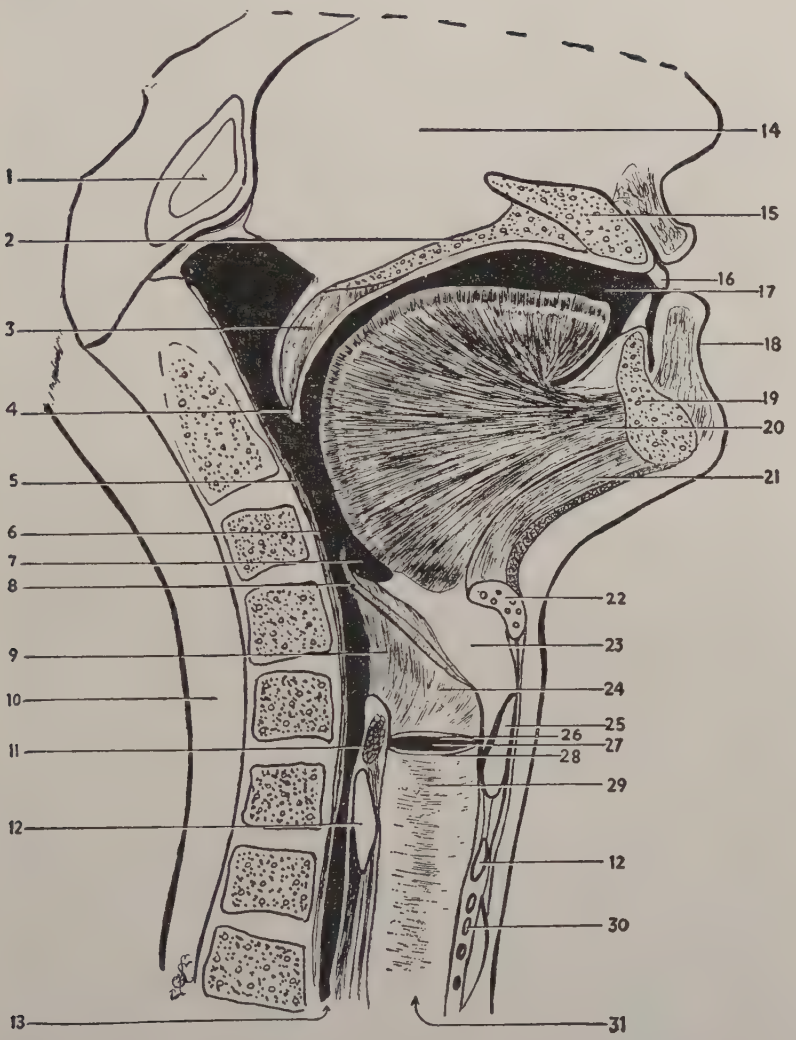
Articulatory Structure. Suppose that, with a mirror in your hand, you observe first the visible part of the structure which produces speech. You see first the lips, formed by a circular muscle. Upon opening the lips, you see two rows of teeth: the upper teeth are firmly entrenched in the alveolar, or gum, ridge, which is part of the bony structure called the maxilla; the lower teeth grow out of another bony structure called the mandible. Looking into the mouth, or oral cavity, beyond the teeth, you see a tongue—the only muscular tissue in the body which has only one point of attachment. Consequently, the tongue is capable of great flexibility. If you look upward, you see a dome or roof above the tongue; the forward part of this roof is called the hard palate. In some people the palate is high and vaulted, in others it is very narrow, and in still others it is low and rather flat. If you allow your tongue to start at the alveolar ridge and move backward along the hard palate, it soon finds a portion of the palate that is no longer hard and bony but soft and flexible; this is the soft palate, or velum. Taking your mirror again and looking at this soft palate, you will observe that it seems to terminate in two archways called the palatine arches; these are separated in the center by pendulous tissue called the uvula, which is sometimes very short, and sometimes very long. Most of the time, the uvula extends downward, as it hangs relaxed, about halfway to the tongue. These arches, which are similar to a proscenium arch, form the entrance to the pharynx. If you touch the soft palate with a tongue depressor, you will notice that the uvula tenses and moves backward and upward with the soft palate. You will also note that there is a movement forward in the wall beyond the archway. This is the pharyngeal wall, or if you will, the cyclorama, made up of constrictor muscles which, by their

contraction, move forward slightly to partially close the passageway into the nasal cavity; they also aid in closing off the cavity that leads to the esophagus and trachea, in case a foreign body enters the mouth or nose. When you drink from a fountain, for instance, the soft palate moves upward and the pharyngeal wall moves forward to close off the nasal cavity; otherwise, the water would come out the nasal cavity. When you gargle, you contract the pharyngeal muscles to aid in closing off the passageway below. The pharynx is that irregular, longitudinal cavity which extends from the posterior opening of the nasal cavity, down back of the oral cavity, past the opening of the larynx to the esophagus.

Vegetative Function of Articulators. These structures just mentioned—teeth, lips, tongue, mandible, maxilla, palates—are the *articulators,* which by their co-ordinated movements and articulation form the sounds of our language. Primarily all of these structures have a vegetative function. The lips are used for sucking. The teeth, mandible, and maxilla are mainly the chewing equipment. The tongue swirls the bolus of food from one side to the other side of the mouth, and finally flips it through the archway and down the pharyngeal passageway to the esophagus, thus aiding in chewing and swallowing, as well as in sucking. The hard palate, which separates the nasal cavity from the oral cavity, acts as a wall against which food may be pushed and pressed without allowing it to get into the nasal cavity, and is also vital in the sucking process. The soft palate by its contractibility keeps foreign objects out of the nasal cavity. These vegetative activities —chewing, sucking, and swallowing—are the most primitive of all our activities and are necessary for survival. Some speech authorities call the speech activity for which you use the lips, teeth, tongue, palates, and jaws, an "overlaid function," meaning that man has been able to find speech functions in addition to the vegetative functions for these structures. For the purpose of interpretation, however, we shall call them the articulators. You use them to be articulate, and you are articulate only when there is a quick shift from one muscle movement to another. Finally, note before you leave these visible structures that nature has given you two entrances and two exits for the passageway of air: the nasal cavity and the oral cavity.

Phonatory Structure. Now let us pretend that you can see what you really cannot see unless you have a laryngeal mirror. Following the pharyngeal wall downward in the back of the throat, you will eventually find the entrance to the esophagus, a collapsible tube through which food moves to the stomach. Now following the *tongue* downward, you will find that it is attached to a small horseshoe-shaped bone, called the hyoid bone, the only bone in the body not attached to the skeletal frame. From this bone is suspended the larynx, the sound-production room where phonation originates. At its entrance is a muscular tonguelike fold called the epiglottis. The vegetative use of the larynx is not to produce sound but rather to act as a valve in order that pressure can be created for such acts as lifting, childbirth, and defecation. The larynx becomes a valve when two sets of folds close off the trachea (which is a continuation of the larynx) and consequently dam up the air stream below the folds.

The folds closest to the epiglottis are known as the false vocal folds. Just below this pair are the true vocal folds, extending (remember we are looking down the throat) across the passageway in the form of an inverted V, as ∧. The space between the true vocal folds is called the glottis. The apex of the "inverted V" folds is just behind the Adam's apple. If you will put your fingers on the Adam's apple, you can feel one of the most important cartilages of the larynx, the thyroid cartilage, which, shaped like a shield, acts as a shield to the vocal folds. The thyroid cartilage articulates on the cricoid cartilage, which is shaped like a signet ring—the signet portion forming the back of the larynx. Mounted on the top of the signet ring formation are two arytenoid cartilages, not unlike dwarfed sentries keeping guard over the sound-production equipment, the vocal folds. Their main action is a rotating movement laterally which is important in causing tension and relaxation of the folds. Each vocal fold has a point of attachment in one of the arytenoid cartilages; and the two folds join, forming an acute angle, at the inner front of the thyroid prominence, or Adam's apple. If you had two reins attached to the center of a horse's head (thyroid cartilage) and while sitting on the horse, you held one rein in each hand (arytenoid cartilage), you would have a similar formation. Suppose



FRONTISPIECE. Median Sagittal Section Through the Head and Neck.

1. Sphenoidal sinus; 2. hard palate; 3. soft palate; 4. uvula; 5. superior pharyngeal constrictor; 6. middle pharyngeal constrictor; 7. vallecula; 8. epiglottis; 9. aditus laryngis; 10. vertebral canal; 11. arytenoidei; 12. cricoid cartilage; 13. esophagus; 14. nasal cavity; 15. maxilla; 16. teeth; 17. oral cavity; 18. lip; 19. mandible; 20. genioglossus; 21. geniohyoid; 22. hyoid bone; 23. adipose tissue; 24. hyperglottal cavity; 25. thyroid cartilage; 26. superior ventricular folds; 27. glottis; 28. vocal folds; 29. hypoglottal cavity; 30. tracheal cartilages; 31. trachea.

your hands are the arytenoid cartilages and are capable of being rotated laterally by the tension and relaxation of certain muscles. Try rotating your hands from one side to the other, inward and outward. What happens? The reins come together and then open. The principle is the same for the opening and closing of the glottis, the rotation of the arytenoid cartilages being effected by intricate actions of the intrinsic muscles of the larynx. There are also extrinsic muscles of the larynx and of the throat which can change the "up and down" position of the larynx and can also cause hypertension of the vocal folds. If you put your fingers on your Adam's apple, and sound a tone, you will feel the movement of the muscles surrounding the larynx. If you make the tone harsh and tense, the Adam's apple usually is pulled up almost to the hyoid bone.

When you breathe, the vocal folds are more relaxed than when you speak; consequently, there is a gentle opening and closing of the glottis. Whenever speech occurs, the vocal folds, by means of the rotation of the arytenoid cartilages, close or approximate; the air, forced up from the lungs, causes vibration of the approximated edges, thus setting the air stream into vibration, and producing sound.

Breathing Structure. But we cannot talk about breathing, which provides for a balance of oxygen and carbon dioxide, until we examine that part of the mechanism which provides the power for vocal action. You know that breathing is essential to life, that inhalation and exhalation occur because of the necessity for the exchange of oxygen and carbon dioxide in the lungs. Speech again adapts this mechanism, with a vegetative function, for its own purposes.

In most books, breathing is explained first in the study of the production of the voice because it is the initiating process of speech production, the powerhouse from which energy is supplied. Since we are proceeding from the visible to the invisible in our discussion, the power apparatus, on the ground floor as usual, comes last. Below the vocal folds, the trachea or windpipe, held open by rings of cartilage to facilitate inhalation and exhalation, extends downward. This circular tube soon branches into two bronchi, air passageways, which go to the right and to the

left. These bronchi, in turn, branch into many bronchioli, which terminate in small air sacs called alveoli. The air sacs are lodged in the two large masses of spongy tissue called the lungs, which, with the heart, fill the thoracic cavity (chest). The left lung has only two lobes and is not quite as large as the right (which has three), thus making room for the heart. The thoracic cavity, which contains the suspended lungs, is enclosed by the sternum (breastbone), the ribs, and the spinal column (backbone). The lungs are passive and are acted upon by muscles for the exchange of oxygen and carbon dioxide.

Breathing is a process made possible by the creation of a potential vacuum in the thoracic cavity by the action of certain muscles. This action is caused by nerve impulses originating in the respiratory center, the medulla, at the base of the brain. When there is too much carbon dioxide in the blood stream and a need for oxygen, nerve impulses are conducted to the muscles involved in respiration, thus causing the necessary contraction and relaxation. One of the principal activating muscles is the diaphragm, which lies transversely of the body, separating the lungs and heart from the abdominal viscera, which include the stomach, liver, intestines, etc; it is attached to the sternum, ribs, and spinal column.

In inhalation, the diaphragm contracts, thereby pushing downward, causing a potential vacuum in the thoracic cavity, which in turn permits an inrush of air to the lungs, through the mouth or nose, down the pharynx, through the glottis, down the trachea, to the bronchi and thence to the air sacs. In exhalation, the diaphragm relaxes to its normal position, arching upward, and thus expelling, by its action, the air from the lungs through the bronchioli, the bronchi, the larynx, the pharynx, and through the nasal or oral cavity. There is always some air left in the lungs, called residual air. Some people acquire poor speech habits by trying to talk on residual air.

The external intercostal muscles, attached to the ribs, also help to increase the size of the thoracic cavity by their action. During inhalation, they pull the ribs upward and outward. During exhalation, the size of the thoracic cavity is reduced by the action

of the internal intercostal muscles which pull the ribs downward and inward.

Finally, there is another group of muscles, the abdominal muscles, which aid particularly in exhalation, by causing a downward pull of the lower ribs and by pushing the abdominal viscera against the diaphragm. This action causes a relaxation of the diaphragm and exhalation occurs. Inasmuch as speech occurs during exhalation, the action and control of the abdominal muscles is important for active, vigorous, and continuous speech.

You will understand better what happens if you stand erect and place your fingers on the abdominal muscles just below the waistline. As you inhale deeply, keeping your shoulders quiet, you will feel a distention of the abdominal wall, indicating the expansion that occurs during inhalation. You will note how your fingers are pushed outward. Now as you exhale, you will observe how the abdominal muscles recede to their original position. If you expel a vigorous "ho" on exhalation, you will feel the sudden inward direction of the muscles. Try laughing to get the feel of the muscles. Now put your hands on each side of the waistline and inhale. Note the expansion. Extend your hands farther backward and feel what happens. Although speech authorities do not endorse this type of breathing as the only acceptable kind, it is true that one can exercise more power and more control by using these muscles than by using the thoracic muscles alone. The important factor in breathing is not how much breath you can take in, but how you control the outgoing air stream for the purpose of producing speech.

In involuntary breathing, the diaphragm, by its relaxation and contraction, maintains a balance between the oxygen and carbon dioxide supply because of the nerve impulses from the respiratory center. The rate of this normal breathing process, upon which will depend the shallowness or the deepness of the breathing, can be increased or decreased by age, by physical vitality, by a sudden stimulus, and by an emotional disturbance. When you are "out of breath," your blood needs more oxygen. When you are suffering from stage-fright, you have difficulty in breathing because of the tension of the muscles; so you learn to breathe deeply to secure relaxation. However, it should be mentioned that

breathing too deeply for a continuous length of time as in vocal exercises may give you an oversupply of oxygen, causing dizziness.

During speaking or singing, the whole process of respiration is vigorous and must be controlled rhythmically. In exhalation, for instance, the expelled breath is not permitted to ease out as it does in normal exhalation, but is held back and controlled for speaking purposes. This controlling of the breath stream is as important for the interpreter as it is for the singer, the swimmer, the runner, or the skater. Each has his own technique. The necessary controls for the interpreter are:

1. Learn to use the outgoing air stream so that there is an adequate supply of residual air.
2. Learn to control breathing so that the listener is never conscious of lack of breath or of forced breath.
3. Learn to control breathing so that when you wish to project tones, the power comes from the abdominal muscles.

Resonating Structure. There is another factor to be considered in the production of speech, beside breathing, phonation, and articulation, and that is resonance. When we speak of resonance, we are concerned with: (1) the amplification of the vibrating air stream as it strikes various sounding boards, such as bones, palates, teeth, and other hard substances; and (2) the amplification of the vibrating air stream as it is reinforced when brought into contact with the air masses in the resonance cavities of the voice, as the oral, pharyngeal, laryngeal, and nasal cavities. In voices that are pleasingly resonant, there is a balance of resonance among the various resonators and resonance cavities. Too often there is a noticeable imbalance, such as too little or too much nasal resonance. Voices are not alike in resonance, principally because of the size, shape, and nature of the amplifiers, whether they are cavities or hard substances. Presence or absence of bones, obstructions in the nose, high palates, low palates, free jaws, tense jaws, many teeth, few teeth, false teeth, flabby muscles, hard muscles—all these will produce varying degrees of reinforcement and amplification. The wail of a newly born child has little resonance: the bone structures are still soft, there are no teeth, the cavities of the nose and mouth and pharynx are still very small and not too

flexible, and all surrounding tissue is soft. But as the weeks pass, the wail develops into a lusty howl.

Practice can improve resonance, but it can never make two voices alike, because of the differences in vocal structures. Your vocal mechanism is peculiar to you. This is also true of various musical instruments. For instance, the violin is valuable because of its tone; the peculiar quality of its tone is produced by certain kinds of woods that have been fashioned in various ways; thus every violin has different possibilities for richness of tone. The vibrant tones that are produced, however, depend finally on the ability of the artist who must know his instrument and how to produce them.

Having examined the structures that operate in speech, we can now understand that speech depends for its successful production and articulation on the following mechanisms:

1. *The Motor:* Air expelled from the lungs by thoracic and abdominal muscles furnishes the power for speech.
2. *The Vibrators:* The air stream, set into vibration by the vocal folds in the larnyx—the sound-production room—causes phonation.
3. *The Articulators:* The vibrated air stream is then articulated into various sounds by the teeth, lips, tongue, etc.
4. *The Resonators:* The vibrated air stream is reinforced and amplified by hard substances, as the palates, teeth, bones; and by certain resonating cavities, as the oral, nasal, pharyngeal and laryngeal cavities.

Chapter XI

VOCAL QUALITY

Complex Tones. *Quality* is a term used to describe the tone color, the timbre of the voice, and it is dependent on several factors: the physical make-up and the amplification of tone. The vowel *o*, as projected from the oral cavity, is a complex tone, involving several frequencies or pitch levels. This complex tone consists of a number of pure tones which are called *partials*. The partials, in turn, are the fundamental and the overtones: the *fundamental* is that partial with the lowest frequency, usually the one that is most easily heard and recognized; the *overtones* are those partials which have frequencies higher than that of the fundamental, and generally are less distinguishable. All vowels and the nasal continuants—*m*, *n*, *ng*—are complex tones made up of partials, both the fundamental and the overtones. The quality of the voice depends on the number of the partials, the manner in which they are intensified, amplified, or reinforced, and the balance or blend of the fundamental and the overtones. Fricatives like *f*, *s*, *th* and plosives like *p*, *t*, *k* are usually spoken of as speech noises rather than tones.

Resonance. Differences in the amplification of various overtones account for the main differences in the quality of voices. It is the amplification which gives character, color, emotional tone, or timbre, to the voice. As was mentioned earlier, the amplification will depend on the use of the vocal mechanism, the shape and size of the cavities which act as resonators, and their hard and soft surfaces. Most important in the production of the vowels is the shaping of the oral, pharyngeal, and laryngeal cavities as resonators. Try to sound the vowel *a* as in *father* with the corners of the mouth pulled back: the vowel has changed from its characteristic resonant quality which is secured when the mouth and mandible are relaxed. Now try *a* again with the jaws tensed and the lips almost closed: notice the harshness and nasalization of the tone. Try the vowel *e* as in *feet* with the articulators in their

normal position; then try it with the lips pursed. You will notice how the resonance changes according to the shape of the cavities, because the frequencies of the vibrated tone are picked up and reinforced in varying degrees by the masses of air in these cavities. Not only is the shape of the resonator important, but the tension of the muscles involved, the hard and soft surfaces, must also be considered.

Nasal Resonance and Nasality. Vocal quality that is properly, or pleasingly, resonant has a balance of nasal, pharyngeal, oral, and laryngeal resonance. The use of the nasal cavity causes more difficulty in the production of tones than the use of either the pharyngeal or oral cavities. The nasal continuants—*m*, *n*, *ng*—are properly resonated in the nasal cavity. Close off the nasal passageway posteriorly by adenoidal tissue, and the speaker will substitute *b* for *m*, *d* for *n*, and *g* for *ng*. The reason for these substitutions is obvious. No air is escaping through the nasal cavity, but instead is being directed through the oral cavity. Inasmuch as the articulatory mechanism has the same adjustment for *m* as for *b*, for *n* as for *d*, for *ng* as for *g*, it is quite natural to make this substitution. However, in the articulation of *b*, the vibrated air stream is dammed up behind the closed lips and is finally expelled through the oral cavity when the lips are opened or relaxed; in the articulation of *d*, the air stream is stopped by the tongue contacting the alveolar or gum ridge, and released through the oral cavity; in the articulation of *g*, the air stream is dammed up by the back of the tongue and the palatal muscles just as in the sound *ng*, but is released through the oral cavity instead of being resonated in the nasal cavity. This substitution of *b*, *d*, *g*, for *m*, *n*, *ng*, is one kind of nasality, often called "adenoidal speech" and is distinctly unpleasant to listen to, because it sounds "stuffy." Speech characteristic of phrases like "Cub to see be sood," or "Sig be a sog," or "Sprig has cub," certainly needs correction, first by surgery, if necessary, and then by exercises involving the resonance of *m*, *n*, *ng*.

Another kind of nasality, certainly more elusive in origin, is characterized by "nasalization" of the vowels. Some persons, either because of poor speaking habits or emotional tensions, show an *imbalance* of nasal resonance on the vowels. You can very

easily "nasalize" the vowels by tensing the jaws, by humping the back of the tongue, or by overtensing the pharyngeal muscles. Some speech authorities prefer to call the nasalization of vowels a "cul-de-sac" resonance, which if understood generally would lessen the confusion which now exists between the terms *nasal resonance*, which is acceptable, and *nasality*, which is to be avoided. "Cul-de-sac" resonance occurs when the sound is resonated in a closed passageway or cavity whose opening from the main cavity is larger than the opening through which the sound is to be projected. The nasal cavity can then become a "cul-de-sac" resonator for vowels, especially if the nares are closed to the outer air. If only one naris is closed, the "nasality" is lessened. Try pinching both nostrils while saying the vowels; then open one and hear the difference. Some persons nasalize vowels with both nares open. Can you? You can by tension of muscles. Some of this resonation is necessary for a well-balanced quality but whenever there is an overbalance of this nasal quality, the voice is likely to prove unpleasant to the listener.

In addition to these two types, there is a quality often referred to as "nasal twang." When it is present, it pervades the speech pattern; it seems to be ever-present. The cause of it seems to originate below the pharynx—in fact, in the larynx. If one tries to imitate the "nasal twang," one feels a constriction of the muscles surrounding the larynx and one would suspect that the intrinsic muscles of the larynx have been likewise tensed. You can hear this "nasal twang" in certain parts of the South, you can hear it in New England, you can hear it among people living under the tension and noise of a large city. Some radio artists cultivate it for the portrayal of their radio characters.

Strangely enough, the "nasal twang," not acceptable in the voice, brings approbation when it comes from a dance orchestra. The whine, the rasp, the "nasal twang" that comes from one or more saxaphones, when the vents have been decorated with tin cans, helmets, bottles—thereby securing "cul-de-sac" resonance—is peculiarly exciting and irresistible to those who are dancing, probably because of the penetrating quality which is so blatant and harsh that it calls for a release from the stimulus by means of activity.

Nasal Resonance Necessary. It must not be thought that the nasal cavity is not to be used in the production of the vowels. An interpreter before an audience should not use his everyday resonance if he expects to fill the room with resonant tones. There is a noticeable quality in speech which uses the fullest resonance, but care must be taken not to have a predominance of nasal resonance. One can use so much nasal resonance that there is a continual hum to the voice, which is not desirable. Care must be taken, however, not to introduce the "cul-de-sac" resonance, which is unpleasant. Added nasal resonance can be acquired through the partial emission of the vibrated air through the nostrils, but if this passageway is blocked, "cul-de-sac" resonance will result.

Resonance Affected by Vitality. Another factor which influences the quality of the voice and often produces poor speech habits is the vitality of the physical and emotional responses of the person. A blend of the amplification of overtones is usually not heard in a voice belonging to a person too indifferent to energize his tones by the proper adjustment of the resonating cavities, or by a person whose muscles are so tense and so rigid that he cannot secure the flexibility which is so necessary for the production of a resonant tone. The co-ordination and flexibility of the muscles of the articulators are as important in producing a good vocal quality as is flexibility of the tongue and lips in the articulation of sounds.

The quality of your voice tells much of how you think, how you feel, how you live, and what kind of people your associates are. You acquire bodily attitudes, bodily tensions, which are reflected in the quality of your voice. How would we ever concoct phrases like the following if this were not true—"He's smooth as silk," "She has a sharp tongue." This character factor of quality is utilized in radio programs. Think over your favorite radio stars. Each one uses a quality adapted to his particular radio character—the one which is indicative of the principal bodily set or attitude of that character. You have heard many different kinds: the infantile, the abused, the disgruntled, the shy, the petulant, the whining, the naïve, the saccharine, the boisterous. The quality is dependent on the character to be presented and on the

purpose of the program, whether it is entertainment, narration, or information. Which voice shows the least character? Usually the voice that announces the station.

Quality is the primary basis of intelligent vocal expression. The interpreter with trained and versatile quality can make poor compositions interesting and can make good ones sound overpoweringly beautiful; while the interpreter without a harmonious blend of overtones can ruin the best literature ever written. However, there is more than just quality revealed in these tones: there is a varied pattern of inflection, tempo, attack, touch, and pitch combined with the basic fundamental and the overtones of the voice.

Improvement of Quality. The first essentials of good quality are the ability to relax the gross and the delicate muscles involved in speech and the ability to control breathing. These two factors are basic to all good tones and depend to a great extent upon one another. You have read Jacobson's book *How to Relax*, as suggested in the chapter on "Visible Action," and have practiced with the gross muscles. Now try the following exercises for relaxation of the vocal muscles. Notice how important breathing is in acquiring relaxation. For those who are prone to skip over exercises and to expect improvement through the touch of the teacher's magic wand, let it be said that through the practice of these simple exercises there is possible a more adequate quality than you may now possess. It has been proven many times.

Exercises for Breathing and Relaxation

1. Lie on a cot; relax gross muscles; breathe easily and comfortably. Begin to breathe as deeply as possible; on inhalation, hold the breath 5 counts, and slowly exhale it on 5 counts. Try to keep the outgoing air steady and controlled.

2. Lie on a cot; relax gross muscles; breathe deeply. When you feel relaxed, exhale with a sigh; then repeat, whispering "ah"; keep the feeling of relaxed shoulders, and relaxed and free passageway from the throat, and relaxed mandible.

3. In the same relaxed position, and breathing abdominally, sing "ah" softly up and down the scale. Gradually begin to vocalize with more energy, but always with the shoulders and throat muscles as relaxed as possible and with the greatest tension in the region of the abdominal and diaphragmatic muscles. As soon as you feel too much

tension or constriction in the throat, stop singing, and begin relaxing again.

4. Keeping the fingertips on the abdominal muscles, and the body as relaxed as possible, project a soft, quick "oh." Repeat several times adding more force each time. Notice the muscular contraction of the abdominal muscles. Although there is some tension in the region of the larynx, there should be no noticeable constriction, and the throat passageway should feel quite free and open.

5. Repeat the above exercise but instead of a quick "oh," sustain the "oh" as long as you can. As soon as the tone begins to waver, stop. Repeat several times and note whether you can sustain for a longer time than you did the first time.

6. Feeling very relaxed, yawn; at the peak of the yawn, as you begin to exhale, vocalize a tone like "oh" or "ah." Notice how relaxed the throat passageway feels.

7. Sit in a chair; relax the muscles of the legs, thighs, arms, hands, then your neck. Allow your head to fall forward or to the side, whichever is the more relaxed for you. Let some one move your head slowly in a circular motion. As your head is being moved, keep the lower jaw as relaxed as possible; keep your eyes closed; allow your head to feel heavy. As your head is being moved in a circular motion, very quietly emit a continuous "ah" with minimum effort.

8. Repeat the essentials of exercise 7, but this time, *you* move your head in a circular motion. Emit an "ah" as your head moves, softly at first, and gradually try for more resonance. Finally, keeping your head in an upright position, repeat the projection of "ah," with increased force. Do not permit an overtension in the throat.

9. Repeat exercise 8, but this time say "ah-m," by eliding; then "oh-m"; "i-m"; "ee-m"; "oo-m"; "ay-m."

10. Frown as intensely as you can; then close your eyes, smooth out the frown, and let the lower jaw relax.

11. Frown as intensely as you can; give a quick "oh," as if you were exasperated; then smooth out the frown, close your eyes, relax the mandible, and say "oh," as if you were exhausted.

12. Stand as relaxed as possible, but without slouching. Pretend you are in the mountains and expecting an echo, as you vocalize, "hello-o-o-, hello-o-o-, hello-o-o"; then let your voice be the echo.

13. Do the same thing with "How-are-you"; "Ship-ahoy."

14. Pant softly, using the abdominal muscles; gradually begin to vocalize "ha." Increase the tempo of the "ha" until you have a laugh. There should be little strain in the larynx.

15. Laugh heartily with a "ho, ho, ho" and a "ha, ha, ha." Gradually diminish the "ho" and "ha" until all sound is whispered, and then gone.

16. Inhale deeply; as you exhale, vocalize "mmm-nnn-ooo"; hold on to each sound about 3 counts; slide from one sound to the next.

Exercises to Increase Resonance on M, N, NG

1. Practice humming a song to get the feel of nasal resonance.
2. Practice: mo, mo, mo; mome, mome, mome
   my, my, my; mime, mime, mime
   mee, mee, mee; meem, meem, meem
   moo, moo, moo; moom, moom, moom
   may, may, may; maym, maym, maym
   mah, mah, mah; mahm, mahm, mahm
3. Repeat with the nasal *n*.
4. Practice the following for improvement of the nasal continuants; overdo the resonance on *m*, *n*, *ng* when practicing.

M

came, dame, same, name
tame, frame, lame, game
tram, ham, cram, am
jam, lamb, ram, dam
dream, seam, team, steam
cream, beam, deem, ream
stem, hem, them
gem, hemp, tempt
dim, limb, rim
brim, him, trim
simmer, trimmer, dimmer
nimble, thimble, limber
spasm, chasm, prism, schism
organism, criticism, skepticism

prime, dime, rhyme
crime, time, lime
foam, poem, roam
home, comb, loam
rum, bum, mum, thumb
drum, sum, hum, crumb
bumble, mumble, fumble, stumble
crumble, tumble, humble, rumble
autumn, rhythm, bottom
custom, handsome, fathom
broom, tomb, boom, plume
doom, room, loom, groom
hammer, stammer, streamer
drummer, boomer, roomer

N

van, ran, tan, fan
span, ban, bran, plan
dance, prance, trance, stance
fence, pence, whence, thence
danced, pranced, tranced
land, grand, band, stand
pant, cant, rant, grant
banter, canter, planter, ranter
landed, expanded, granted
hinted, haunted, hunted

drench, quench, wrench
wench, stench, bench
brown, town, crown, clown
gown, frown, down, noun
bound, ground, found
hound, sound, mound
expound, around, astound
profound, compound, confound
run, bun, gun, hun
ton, son, won, stun

train, rain, deign, brain
gain, cane, lane, sprain
green, seen, mean, lean
bean, wean, clean, preen
ten, pen, wren, then
hen, men, glen, when
brine, fine, line, swine
pine, vine, sign, nine
kind, bind, find, mind
minor, liner, finer
sin, bin, tin, din
fin, gin, grin, kin

swindle, brindle, kindle
cringe, impinge, tinge, singe
grunt, stunt, hunt, brunt
crunch, bunch, munch, hunch
lunge, plunger, pungent
lone, moan, tone, phone
bone, cone, stone, zone
tune, croon, spoon, moon
soon, prune, dune, loon
crooner, sooner, tuner
open, cotton, rotten
button, kitten, curtain

NG

tang, sang, bang, hang
fang, gang, clang, pang
ring, sing, bring, thing
ting, ling, wing, swing
long, song, tong, along
bong, dong, gong, strong

rung, sung, tongue, young
hung, clung, lung, stung
singing, ringing, bringing
training, raining, gaining
hanging, banging, clanging
singer, wringer, hanger, bringer

NG–G

linger, finger
hunger, younger
stronger, longer
tingle, mingle, single
dangle, tangle, bangle
wrangle, fangle, mangle
anger, angler, anguish
bungle, jungle, fungus

NG–K

wink, pink, kink, brink
link, mink, sink, drink
sank, spank, tank, thank
frank, lank, prank, crank
sunk, spunk, shrunk
trunk, bunk, drunk
twinkle, sprinkle, tinkle
lynx, jinx, minx

5. Give full resonance to the following combinations of *m* and *n:*

melancholy
tremendous
conversationalist
instrument
testament
mountains
compound
nonsense

monotony
remembrance
shimmering
commission
luncheon menu
impression
continually
constriction

memory
confectionery
determined
pantomime
impression
feminine
intangible
examine

combination	modification	punishment
intonations	intention	vitamin
stupendous	resonance	continue
contentment	countenance	maintenance
sentences	abdominal	unintelligent
indistinct	murmuring	co-ordination
union	clientele	elimination
company	constitution	unconscious
arrangement	intelligence	formation
impersonation	panorama	accomplishment

6. Practice the following for nasal continuants. Columns of words will not aid you unless you carry over in a selection:

[1]

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN [1]

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"

[1] The beginning and the end of the poem are omitted, besides omissions indicated by dotted lines.

At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council;
  At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell,
  I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
. . . . . .
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger—
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin;
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council-table;
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
  All creatures living beneath the sun,
  That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
. . . . . .

"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
  And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
  Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
  Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
  In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling.
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling—
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
  Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
  Families by ten and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!

. . . . . .

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
  And leave in our town not even a trace
  Of the rats!" When suddenly, up the face
  Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.

. . . . . .

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Besides," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdad and accept the prime
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left in the caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.
—With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

. . . . . .

Once more he stept into the street,
  And to his lips again
  Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
  Never gave enraptured air)
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,

Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

ROBERT BROWNING

[2]

THE CATARACT OF LODORE

"How does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
  Thus once on a time
And, moreover, he tasked me
  To tell him in rhyme.

  Anon at the word
There first came one daughter
And then came another,
  To second and third
The request of their brother
And to hear how the water
  Comes down at Lodore,
  With its rush and its roar
    As many a time
  They had seen it before.

So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store,
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
  That I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
  To them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the Tarn on the fell:
From its fountains
In the mountains
Its rills and its gills;
  Through moss and through brake
    It runs and it creeps
    For a while, till it sleeps
  In its own little lake.

And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
  Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
  Hurry-skurry.

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
  On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
  Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
It caverns and rocks among;
  Rising and leaping,
  Sinking and creeping,
  Swelling and sweeping,
  Showering and springing,
  Flying and flinging,
  Writhing and ringing,
  Eddying and whisking,
  Spouting and frisking,
  Turning and twisting,
  Around and around
  With endless rebound;
  Smiting and fighting,
  A sight to delight in,
  Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound;

  Collecting, projecting,
  Receding and speeding,
  And shocking and rocking,
  And darting and parting,

And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering,

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;

And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar:
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Exercises to Increase Vowel Resonance

1. Be sure you are relaxed. Then repeat "ee—oo—ah" five times; work for flexibility of facial muscles; notice the difference in the shape of the oral cavity for each sound.

2. Phonate the vowels, *a, e, i, o, u* and work for increased resonance. Start softly and increase projection. Elide first; then take them separately; then project them with energy from the abdominal muscles.

3. Phonate the vowels, *a, e, i, o, u* then prefix them with an *r, y, w.*

4. Work on the following combinations; first separate the vowel from the nasal; gradually elide them:

rah — mmm	yah — mmm	wah — mmm	sah — mmm
ray — mmm	yay — mmm	way — mmm	say — mmm
ree — mmm	yee — mmm	wee — mmm	see — mmm
ri — mmm	yi — mmm	wi — mmm	si — mmm
ro — mmm	yo — mmm	wo — mmm	so — mmm
roo — mmm	yoo — mmm	woo — mmm	soo — mmm

5. Work on the following combinations; gradually elide them:

rah — nnn	yah — nnn	wah — nnn	say — nnn
ray — nnn	yay — nnn	way — nnn	sah — nnn
ree — nnn	yee — nnn	wee — nnn	see — nnn
ri — nnn	yi — nnn	wi — nnn	si — nnn
ro — nnn	yo — nnn	wo — nnn	so — nnn
roo — nnn	yoo — nnn	woo — nnn	soo — nnn

6. Practice by overdoing jaw movement:

yah — dah — dah — yah	zah — yah — yah — zah
yah — shah — shah — yah	zah — yi — yi — zah
yah — ray — ray — yah	zah — rah — rah — zah
yah — ho — ho — yah	zah — ho — ho — zah
zoom — boom — boom — zoom	waym — woom — waym
zahm — bum — bum — zahm	wahm — woom — wahm
zahm — rahm — rahm — zahm	woom — wahm — woom
zoom — zahm — zahm — zoom	woom — wim — woom

oh — wah — yah — yah	ah — ha — ho — he
oh — rah — wah — wah	ah — hay — hi — ho
oh — yah — yo — yo	ah — yah — yay — yo
oh — zay — ray — ray	ah — yo — yi — yah

7. Practice by overdoing the jaw movement:

The wayside wanderer was waylaid and walloped.
"Wow, wow, wow!" wailed the waking watchman.
Yams filled the yard of the youthful youngsters.
"Zam, zam, zam," is the way I would yell it.

8. Practice one of your college yells, with the greatest freedom of the jaw and the articulators. *Don't* set the jaw as you do when you are on the bleachers.

Exercises for Nasalized Vowels

1. Listen to someone resonate each vowel correctly, and then with "cul-de-sac" resonance. Train your ear to *hear* what the performer is doing.

2. Imitate the above person as nearly as you can; try to *hear* your difficulty. This is the first step in your progress. Unless you *hear* what you are saying, you will never improve. The best way to get this training is to have your voice recorded either permanently or on the mirrophone.

3. Relax the mandible, keep the tongue from humping in the back unnecessarily, relax the pharyngeal muscles, and try the following words:

rat	facial	high	seat	seven
saddle	crate	sky	treat	men
matter	mate	lie	freeze	excite
flat	hay	item	preach	neck
crash	lady	nice	breeze	misled
cattle	spade	write	feet	shed
mash	snake	might	speak	dredge
clatter	grade	kite	creak	sled
trash	race	fight	meat	pencil
patter	braid	five	bleak	hedge
fit	spot	dog	loud	boy
fiddle	father	brought	power	ahoy
crib	not	caught	hour	toy
trip	top	hog	cloud	oil
bitter	bottom	frog	aloud	rejoice
bridge	cock	all	shower	voice

miss	hollow	jaw	owl	appoint
hip	clock	boss	tower	toil
middle	clot	fought	bow	coil
quitter	rock	loss	how	boil
more	judge	stove	ruby	church
soar	crutch	crow	truth	hurt
roar	crush	hope	roof	worm
tore	muddy	road	move	germ
gory	hustle	fold	ruthless	blur
board	fudge	froze	prove	world
lore	plush	mold	smooth	turf
hoary	fuss	spoken	hoot	nervous
store	flush	rose	crude	heard
yore	hut	cold	foolish	word

4. Turn back to the list of words given for practice on *m*, *n*, *ng*. Practice these now, thinking about the vowels in combination with the nasals.

1. First take the words like this: ca-me, da-me, sa-me, na-me.
2. Then elide giving full resonance not only to the vowel but to the nasals.

5. Be careful not to nasalize the vowels in these sentences; train your ear to hear:

1. She was a grand dame.
2. He was milking the cow as rapidly as possible.
3. He and his father had famous names.
4. I played the same game as Jane.
5. The time was the right time for his arrival.
6. Her hands and arms were sandy.
7. The rain was pelting down on the streets.
8. She had peanut candy and ham sandwiches.
9. The farm animals were shaggy.
10. The man and the lady were driving in the car.
11. The crime was well planned and organized.
12. Nine pounds of lime were weighed for Henry.
13. She framed him at his own game.
14. The fire and flames leaped higher and higher.
15. A cry was raised by every child.
16. The train was at least five hours late.
17. 'Sweet Adeline' was practiced by the choir.
18. The boy and his buddies were not blamed.
19. Sam's grandfather was fat and famous.
20. The troops were lying in wait for the enemy.
21. His mind was completely unbalanced.

22. They crammed for their exams.
23. Ham salad sandwiches, shrimps, and fried potatoes were served on paper plates.
24. The jam was like jelly.
25. There were five fine organizers.
26. Paint the fence white and yellow.
27. He dislikes pineapple pie and cranberries.
28. It was a matter of the horse's saddle being adjusted.
29. The dark clouds meant showers.
30. The snake lay in the hay loft.
31. He climbed the tower.
32. The eggs were boiled and the steak was broiled.

Exercises for Resonance

I. Practice these excerpts to gain variety in resonance:

[1]

Then along the river bank
A thousand miles
Tattooed cannibals danced in files;
Then I hear the boom of the blood-lust song
And a thigh-bone beating on a tin-pan gong.
. . . . . .

Rattle-rattle, rattle-rattle,
Bing!
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM!
A roaring epic rag-time tune
From the mouth of the Congo
To the mountains of the Moon.
. . . . . .

Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you.

VACHEL LINDSAY, *The Congo* [2]

[2]

Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn.

ROBERT BURNS

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[3]

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago,)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odor went away.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, *The Haunted Palace*

[4]

I dwelt alone
In a world of moan,
And my soul was a stagnant tide.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, *Eulalie*

[5]

Alone, alone, all, all, alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!

SAMUEL COLERIDGE, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*

[6]

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

ALFRED TENNYSON, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*

[7]

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,

The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding up to the old inn door.

ALFRED NOYES, *The Highwayman*[3]

[8]

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
  In the sepulchre there by the sea—
  In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, *Annabel Lee*

[9]

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
  In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Second Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
  When the battle's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*

[10]

There's a clashing snarling rhythm down by the valley broad and ample
  Of the drum, kettledrum,
There's a low, swelling rumor that is cavalry a-trample,
  Here they come, here they come,
To the brassy crash and wrangle, to the horseman's clink and jangle,
And the restive legs beneath 'em all a-welter and a-tangle,
  "I am rhythm, dancing rhythm," says the drum.
"White and sorrel, roan and dapple, hocks as shiny as an apple,
"Don't they make a splendid showing, ears a-pricking, tails a-blowing?

[3] From *Collected Poems*, Volume I, copyright, 1906, by Frederick A. Stokes Company. Used by permission.

"Good boys—bless 'em—well, they're knowing all my tricks to set 'em going
"To my rhythm, clashing rhythm!" says the drum.

There's an echo shakes the valley o'er the rhythm deep and slow
Of the drum, of the drum,
'Tis the guns, the guns a-rolling on the bridges down below,
Here they come, here they come,
Hark the felloes grind and lumber through the shadows gray and umber,
And triple spans a-panting up the slope the stones encumber.
With the rhythm, distant rhythm, of the drum.

EDWARD FORRESTER SUTTON, *The Drum*[4]

II. The selections which follow will help you to develop various resonant qualities:

[1]

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the whole world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of the whole world dies
When love is done.

FRANCIS BOURDILLON

[2]

THE GHOST OF CAESAR

Brutus. How ill this taper burns! Ho! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Caesar*

[4] From *Poems of the Great War* published by Yale University Press. Reprinted by permission.

[3]

COLD WATER [5]

Jorgson. Yeah! You want to go, don't you? Yes, you do! No more than me or Brice here. Now, I won't go. I've got more guts than you sentimental fools. I'm not afraid to stand here and say no. If the Commander's so raving mad as to offer . . . let him do it. It's warm in here . . . it's cold out there. Cold water all about us. Cold water above us. I'd rather meet the old devil in here where it'll be warm enough for him to like it . . . warmer and warmer every minute. . . . God!

H. S. COTTMAN and L. SHAW, *Submerged*

[4]

REVENGE

Hamlet. Where wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Hamlet. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Hamlet. Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Hamlet. Speak; I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Hamlet. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.
But this eternal blazon must not be

[5] Reprinted by permission of Row, Peterson & Company.

To ears of flesh and blood. List, Hamlet, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—
Hamlet. O God!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Hamlet. Murder!
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*

[5]

HEADLINES [6]

(Easter Sunday, 1918)

They's headlines snarlin' at me from the "Journal,"
"Hun Drive Slows."
Slows! And I prayed last night it was stopped!
A robin just hopped
On top of a red-bud tree,
Looks to me like a rose
That a girl's holdin' up next to her cheek. . . .
Or maybe like that liquid fire them Germans uses. . . .

Clink!—Clink!—
The sidewalks is ringin' from the feet
Of folks goin' to church, all neat,
Gettin' ready to split their voice
Singin', "Rejoice! Rejoice!
He is risen!"
Like a man outa prison
The vi'lets is bustin' outa the ground. . . .
The headlines I'm starin' at jumps and lurches:
"Mystery Gun Slays Crowds
Prayin' in Paris Churches." . . .

Here comes a young sojer
With a girl hangin' onto his arm.
Right here only a year ago Jim useta walk
And him and me would useta talk
All about the glories o' fightin' for your country. . . .
"Airman Falls in Gallant Fight"—

[6] Reprinted by permission of and special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

That was Jim's headline. . . . I was Jim's girl. . . .
Just such a light
He useta have in his face,
Just like that he had a sorter grace
When he walked. . . . Just like that
His hair useta curl. . . .

Apple-blossoms is ridin' along on the breeze,
Flutterin' down from the trees
Like a sweet-smellin' snow—
Or like frost on them graves in Picardy. . . .

Oh, God!

Good God, almighty God,
Are you gonna stand by
And let all the things that was beautiful die?
Them Huns is killin' even the Spring,
Every little no-account lovely thing,
Twistin' everythin' inta pain. . . .

Oh, God,
Won't Beauty never come no more again! . . .

JOHN V. A. WEAVER

[6]

LET ME GO DOWN TO DUST[7]

Let me go down to dust and dreams
Gently, O Lord, with never a fear
Of death beyond the day that is done;
In such a manner as beseems
A kinsman of the wild, a son
Of stoic earth whose race is run.
Let me go down as any deer,
Who, broken by a desperate flight,
Sinks down to slumber for the night—
Dumbly serene in certitude
That it will rise again at dawn,
Buoyant, refreshed of limb, renewed,
And confident that it will thrill
To-morrow to its nuzzling fawn,
To the bugle-notes of elk upon the hill.

[7] From *Slow Smoke*. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers, and of the author.

Let me go down to dreams and dust
Gently, O Lord, with quiet trust
And the fortitude that marks a child
Of earth, a kinsman of the wild.
Let me go down as any doe
That nods upon its ferny bed,
And, lulled to slumber by the flow
Of talking water, the muffled brawl
Of far cascading waterfall,
At last lets down its weary head
Deep in the brookmints in the glen;
And under the starry-candled sky,
With never the shadow of a sigh,
Gives its worn body back to earth again.

LEW SARETT

[7]

THE BANKS O' DOON

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
  How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
  And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
  That sings upon the bough:
Thou minds me o' the happy days
  When my fause Luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
  That sings beside thy mate:
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
  And wist na o' my fate!

Aft hae I roved by bonie Doon,
  To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
  And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
  Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw my rose,
  But left the thorn wi' me.

ROBERT BURNS

[8]

ELDORADO

Gaily bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
This knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow—
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be,
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied,—
"If you seek for Eldorado."

EDGAR ALLAN POE

[9]

MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"
Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticut was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,
An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:
Bloomin' idol made o' mud—
Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she stud!
On the road to Mandalay . . . .

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,
She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "*Kulla-lo-lo!*"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin my cheek
We uster watch the steamers an' the *bathis* pilin' teak.
Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squdgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay . . . .

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year soldier tells:
"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught else."
No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-bells;
On the road to Mandalay . . . .

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?
Beefy face an' grubby 'and—
Law! wot do they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land!
On the road to Mandalay . . . .

Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea;

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

RUDYARD KIPLING

[10]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT [8]

(In Springfield, Illinois)

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high-top hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

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He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free:
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

VACHEL LINDSAY

[11]

THE LISTENERS [9]

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word," he said,

[9] From *Poems* by Walter de la Mare. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.

Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

WALTER DE LA MARE

[12]

TASTING THE EARTH [10]

In a dark hour, tasting the Earth.
As I lay on my couch in the muffled night, and the rain lashed my window,
And my forsaken heart would give me no rest, no pause and no peace,
Though I turned my face far from the wailing of my bereavement. . . .
Then I said: I will eat of this sorrow to its last shred,
I will take it unto me utterly,
I will see if I be not strong enough to contain it. . . .
What do I fear? Discomfort?
How can it hurt me, this bitterness?

The miracle, then!
Turning toward it, and giving up to it,
I found it deeper than my own self. . . .
O dark great mother-globe so close beneath me. . . .
It was she with her inexhaustible grief,
Ages of blood-drenched jungles, and the smoking of craters, and the roar of tempests,
And moan of the forsaken seas,
It was she with the hills beginning to walk in the shapes of the dark-hearted animals,
It was she risen, dashing away tears and praying to dumb skies, in the pomp-crumbling tragedy of man . . .
It was she, container of all griefs, and the buried dust of broken hearts,
Cry of the christs and the lovers and the child-stripped mothers,

[10] With permission of and by special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

And ambition gone down to defeat, and the battle overborne,
And the dreams that have no waking. . . .

My heart became her ancient heart:
On the food of the strong I fed, on dark strange life itself:
Wisdom-giving and sombre with the unremitting love of ages. . . .

There was dank soil in my mouth,
And bitter sea on my lips,
In a dark hour, tasting the Earth.

JAMES OPPENHEIM

III. Work on the following excerpts from plays and stories for variety in vocal quality. No two characters should have the same quality of voice. Be sure to work for the proper muscle tension so that you can stir up empathic response in your audience. Usually in this type of work, the characters are placed in an artificial position—to the right or left, or in front, and kept there for purposes of identification. Keep a standing position; do not think that you must sit down and get up whenever the context suggests it.

[1]

SCARS [11]

Dallas never irritated Dirk. She rested him, he told himself. He would arm himself against her, but one minute after meeting her he would sink gratefully and resistlessly into her quiet depths. Sometimes he thought all this was an assumed manner in her.

"This calm of yours—this effortlessness," he said to her one day, "is a pose, isn't it?" Anything to get her to notice.

"Partly," Dallas had replied amiably. "It's a nice pose though, don't you think?"

What are you going to do with a girl like that!

Here was the woman who could hold him entirely, and who never held out a finger to hold him. He tore at the smooth wall of her indifference, though he only cut and bruised his own hands in doing it.

"Is it because I'm a successful business man that you don't like me?"

"But I do like you."

"That you don't find me attractive then."

[11] From *So Big* by Edna Ferber. Used by permission of the author and Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., publishers.

"But I think you're an awfully attractive man. Dangerous, that's wot."

"Oh, don't be the wide-eyed ingénue. You know damned well what I mean. You've got me and you don't want me. If I had been a successful architect instead of a successful business man, would that have made any difference? Is that it? He's got to be an artist, I suppose, to interest you."

"Good Lord, no! Some day I'll probably marry a horny-handed son of toil, and if I do it'll be the horny hands that will win me. If you want to know, I like 'em with their scars on them. There's something about a man who has fought for it—I don't know what it is—a look in his eye—the feel of his hand. He needn't be successful—though he probably would be. I don't know. I'm not very good at this analysis stuff. I only know he—well, you haven't a mark on you. Not a mark. You quit being an architect, or whatever it was, because architecture was an uphill disheartening job all the time. I don't say that you should have kept on. For all I know you were a bum architect. But if you had kept on—if you had loved it enough to keep on—fighting, and struggling, and sticking it out—why, that fight would show in your face to-day—in your eyes and your jaw and your hands and in your way of standing and walking and sitting and talking. Listen. I'm not criticizing you. But you're all smooth. I like 'em bumpy. That sounds terrible. It isn't what I mean at all. It isn't—"

"Oh, never mind, I think I know what you mean." He sat looking down at his hands—his fine strong unscarred hands. Suddenly and unreasonably he thought of another pair of hands—his mother's—with the knuckles enlarged, the skin broken—expressive—her life written on them. Scars. She had them. "Listen, Dallas. If I thought—I'd go back to Hollis & Sprague's and begin all over again at forty a week if I thought you'd—"

"Don't."

EDNA FERBER, *So Big*

[2]

ALONE AT HOME [12]

Hermine is having her first party in her new home. Felix, her husband, is greatly disturbed over the fact that he never sees his wife because of her social activities.

Felix. A charming state of affairs. I am in my own house and should like to make myself comfortable in the evening; but instead of that, I must sit here in my dress suit and be bored. I have cigars and must not smoke them; I have wine and must not drink it; I

[12] Reprinted by permission of The Poet Lore Company.

have a wife and must not be alone with her. My study is cleared out and serves as a wardrobe. My desk is in the store-room; my books are in the linen closet; where my comfortable easy chair has gotten to, the gods alone can tell. I am furious and must play the amiable man. And all this for whom? For people, not one of whom interests me in the least; for whom, in fact, I do not care. *(Rises as if to make a toast.)* And you, my worthy guests, make yourselves at home; for I should be very glad were you indeed at home. With this sentiment, I raise my glass and say, fare ye well!

Hermine. Your malice is irresistible!

Felix. But in vain. They are coming, all of them; they will eat their fill, they will gossip, they will dance, and I must smile at them. But my smile will be nothing but a sugar-coated dynamite bomb. Hermine, how different things might be! How comfortably we could sit here together—by ourselves, and chat—

Herm. And yawn. A whole evening by ourselves! I have no idea what we could do to pass the time.

Felix. We should spend the time calmly. We should give audience to our good spirits, the shy house spirits who are frightened away by noise, and are summoned forth by quietness. They dare not appear at parties; but when two people are alone, by themselves, two people who love—hush, here they come! Do you hear?

Herm. No, not yet.

Felix. But you will hear them. There is still too much dance music ringing in your ears. They are already here and they are whispering of the charm and blessing of home life. And suddenly this apparition of the invitation, the ball-room, and the long table disappears. We are in my study, naturally not the one that is cleared out; let us imagine it in its normal condition.

Herm. I imagine it.

Felix. I am sitting in my comfortable easy chair and am smoking a a cigar. May I light one?

Herm. No, indeed!

Felix. Then let's imagine it. You are sitting at some little distance from me on a low chair. Will you be so kind?

Herm. Well, I am sitting here.

Felix. I sharply close a heavy book which I have been reading till now; you lay aside your needlework which is, naturally, to be a surprise for my birthday.

Herm. What next?

Felix. Now we are glad we are in our cozy room, during this blinding snowstorm.

Herm. It is not snowing at all.

Felix. That's nothing. We are pretending that it is; it will put us in the right frame of mind. My lamp throws its pleasant glow upon

your dear face, and I find you charming in your simple house dress. The snowstorm becomes more and more violent; you are apprehensive and move nearer.

Herm. Still nearer? *(She moves closer to him.)*

Felix. I dispel your apprehension with a kiss.

Herm. Can we not imagine that too?

Felix. Impossible. That I must give you.

Herm. So far I like the thing very well.

LUDWIG FULDA, *By Ourselves*

[3]

ILE [13]

The scene is Captain Keeney's cabin on board the steam whaling ship Atlantic Queen—*a small, square compartment about eight feet high with a skylight looking out on the poop deck.*

Mrs. Keeney, who is oppressed by all the ice, has been urging Captain Keeney to turn back home; now he is expecting trouble from the crew.

Keeney. And trouble's they goin' to be. I feel it in my bones. *(Takes a revolver from the pocket of his coat and examines it.)* Got your'n?

Mate. Yes, sir.

Keeney. Not that we'll have to use 'em—not if I know their breed of dog—jest to frighten 'em a bit. *(Grimly.)* I ain't never been forced to use one yit; and trouble I've had by land and sea 's long as I kin remember, and will have till my dyin' day, I reckon.

Mate. (Hesitatingly.) Then you ain't goin'—to turn back?

Keeney. Turn back? Mr. Slocum, did you ever hear o' me pointin' s'uth for home with only a measly four hundred barrel of ile in the hold?

Mate. (Hastily.) No, sir—but the grub's gittin' low.

Keeney. They's enough to last a long time yit, if they're careful with it; and they's plenty o' water.

Mate. They say it's not fit to eat—what's left; and the two years they signed on fur is up today. They might make trouble for you in the courts when we git home.

Keeney. To hell with 'em. Let them make what law trouble they kin. I don't give a damn 'bout the money. I've got to git the ile! *(Glancing sharply at the Mate.)* You ain't turnin' no damned sea-lawyer, be you, Mr. Slocum?

[13] Reprinted by permission of Horace Liveright, Inc., publishers.

Mate. (Flushing.) Not by a hell of a sight, sir.

Keeney. What do the fools want to go home fur now? Their share o' the four hundred barrel wouldn't keep 'em in chewin' terbacco.

Mate. They wants to git back to their folks an' things, I s'pose.

Keeney. (Looking at him searchingly.) 'N you want to turn back, too. *(The Mate looks down confusedly before his sharp gaze.)* Don't lie, Mr. Slocum. It's writ down plain in your eyes. *(With grim sarcasm.)* I hope, Mr. Slocum, you ain't agoin' to jine the men agin me.

Mate. (Indignantly.) That ain't fair, sir, to say sich things.

Keeney. (With satisfaction.) I warn't much afeard o' that, Tom. You been with me nigh on ten year and I've learned ye whalin'. No man kin say I ain't a good master, if I be a hard one.

Mate. I warn't thinkin' o' myself, sir—'bout turnin' home, I mean. *(Desperately.)* But Mrs. Keeney, sir—seems like she ain't jest satisfied up here, ailin' like—what with the cold an' bad luck an' the ice an' all.

Keeney. (His face clouding—rebukingly but not severely.) That's my business, Mr. Slocum. I'll thank you to steer a clear course o' that. *(A pause.)* The ice'll break up soon to no'th'ard. I could see it startin' today. And when it goes and we git some sun Annie'll perk up. *(Another pause—then he bursts forth.)* It ain't the damned money what's keepin' me up in Northern seas, Tom. But I can't go back to Homeport, with a measly four hundred barrel of ile. I'd die fust. I ain't never come back home in all my days without a full ship. Ain't that the truth?

Mate. Yes, sir; but this voyage you been icebound, an'—

Keeney. (Scornfully.) And d'you s'pose any of 'em would believe that—any o' them skippers I've beaten voyage after voyage? Can't you hear 'em laughin' and sneerin'—Tibbots 'n' Harris 'n' Simms and the rest—and all o' Homeport makin' fun o' me? "Dave Keeney what boasts he's the best whalin' skipper out o' Homeport comin' back with a measly four hundred barrel of ile?" *(The thought of this drives him into a frenzy, and he smashes his fist down on the marble top of the sideboard.)* Hell! I got to git the ile, I tell you. How could I figger on this ice? It's never been so bad before in thirty year I been acomin' here. And now it's breakin' up. In a couple o' days it'll be all gone. And they's whale here, plenty of 'em. I know they is and I ain't never gone wrong yit. I got to git me the ile! I got to git it in spite of all hell, and I ain't agoin' home till I do git it!

EUGENE O'NEILL, *Ile*

[4]

ANALYZING MABEL'S DREAM [14]

There is a breakfast table set for three, but only two seated at it—namely Henrietta and Stephen Brewster. As the curtains withdraw Steve pushes back his coffee cup and sits dejected.

Henrietta. It isn't the coffee, Steve dear. There's nothing the matter with the coffee. There's something the matter with you.

Steve. *(Doggedly.)* There may be something the matter with my stomach.

Henrietta. *(Scornfully.)* Your stomach! The trouble is not with your stomach but in your subconscious mind.

Steve. Subconscious piffle!

Henrietta. Steve, you never used to be so disagreeable. You certainly have got some sort of a complex. You're all inhibited. You're no longer open to new ideas. You won't listen to a word about psychoanalysis.

Steve. A word! I've listened to volumes!

Henrietta. You've ceased to be creative in architecture—your work isn't going well. You're not sleeping well—

Steve. How can I sleep, Henrietta, when you're always waking me up in the night to find out what I have been dreaming?

Henrietta. But dreams are so important, Steve. If you'd tell yours to Dr. Russell he'd find out exactly what's wrong with you.

Steve. There's nothing wrong with me.

Henrietta. You don't talk as well as you used to.

Steve. Talk? I can't say a thing without you looking at me in that dark fashion you have when you're on the trail of a complex.

Henrietta. This very irritability indicates that you are suffering from some suppressed desire.

Steve. I'm suffering from a suppressed desire for a little peace.

Henrietta. Dr. Russell is doing simply wonderful things with nervous cases. Won't you go to him, Steve?

Steve. *(Slamming down his newspaper.)* No, Henrietta, I won't!

Henrietta. But, Stephen—!

Steve. Tst! I hear Mabel coming. Let's not be at each other's throats the first day of her visit.

Mabel. Good morning.

Henrietta. Oh, here you are, little sister.

Steve. Good morning, Mabel.

Henrietta. It's so good to have you here. I was going to let you sleep,

[14] From *Suppressed Desires* by George Cram Cook and Susan Glaspell, published by Walter H. Baker Company. The complete play may be purchased from the publishers for fifty cents a copy.

thinking you'd be tired after the long trip. Sit down. There'll be fresh toast in a minute and will you have—

Mabel. Oh, I ought to have told you, Henrietta. Don't get anything for me. I'm not eating breakfast.

Henrietta. Not eating breakfast? *(She sits down, then leans toward Mabel and scrutinizes her.)*

Steve. (Half to himself.) The psychoanalytical look!

Henrietta. Mabel, why aren't you eating breakfast?

Mabel. (A little startled.) Why, no particular reason. I just don't care much for breakfast, and they say it keeps down—that is, it's a good thing to go without it.

Henrietta. Don't you sleep well? Did you sleep well last night?

Mabel. Oh yes, I sleep all right. Yes, I did have the funniest dream!

Steve. S—h! S—t!

Henrietta. What did you dream, Mabel?

Steve. Look-a-here, Mabel, I feel it's my duty to put you on. Don't tell Henrietta your dreams. If you do she'll find out that you have an underground desire to kill your father and marry your mother—

Henrietta. Don't be absurd, Stephen Brewster. *(Sweetly to Mabel.)* What was your dream, dear?

Mabel. Well, I dreamed I was a hen.

Henrietta. A hen?

Mabel. Yes; and I was pushing along through a crowd as fast as I could, but being a hen, I couldn't walk very fast—it was like having a tight skirt, you know; and there was some sort of creature in a blue cap—you know how mixed up dreams are—and it kept shouting after me and saying, "Step, Hen! Step, Hen!" until I got all excited and just couldn't move at all.

Henrietta. (Resting chin in palm and peering.) You say you became much excited?

Mabel. (Laughing.) Oh, yes; I was in a terrible state.

Henrietta. (Murmurs.) This is significant.

Steve. She dreams she's a hen. She is told to step lively. She becomes violently agitated. What can it mean?

Henrietta. Mabel, do you know anything about psychoanalysis?

Mabel. Oh—not much. No—I— *(Brightening.)* It's something about the war, isn't it?

Steve. Not that kind of war.

Mabel. I thought it might be the name of a new explosive.

Steve. It *is.*

Mabel. You see, Henrietta, I—we do not live in touch with intellectual things, as you do. Bob being a dentist—somehow—our friends—

Steve. Oh, to be a dentist!

GEORGE CRAM COOK AND SUSAN GLASPELL, *Suppressed Desires*

[5]

VIOLA CONCEALS HER LOVE

Viola, disguised as a boy, is known to the Duke as Cesario.

Duke. Let all the rest give place. *(Curio and Attendants retire.)*
Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.
Viola. But if she cannot love you, sir?
Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.
Viola. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her.
You tell her so. Must she not then be answer'd?
Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much. They lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And what I owe Olivia.
Viola. Ay, but I know—
Duke. What dost thou know?
Viola. Too well what love women to men may owe.
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
Duke. And what's her history?
Viola. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek. She pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat, like patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Viola. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste. Give her this jewel. Say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*

[6]

SIR HARRY IS OUTRAGED [15]

Kate, the divorced wife of Sir Harry, has come to do some typing for him.

Sir Harry. (With concentrated scorn.) You!

Kate. (As if agreeing with him.) Yes, it's funny.

Sir H. The shamelessness of your daring to come here.

Kate. Believe me, it is not less a surprise to me than it is to you. I was sent here in the ordinary way of business. I was given only the number of the house. I was not told the name.

Sir H. (Withering her.) The ordinary way of business! This is what you have fallen to—a typist!

Kate. (Unwithered.) Think of it!

Sir H. After going through worse straits, I'll be bound.

Kate. (With some grim memories.) Much worse straits.

Sir H. (Alas, laughing coarsely.) My congratulations!

Kate. Thank you, Harry.

Sir H. (Who is annoyed, as any man would be, not to find her abject.) Eh? What was that you called me, madam?

Kate. Isn't it Harry? On my soul, I almost forget.

Sir H. It isn't Harry to you. My name is Sims, if you please.

Kate. Yes, I had not forgotten that. It was my name, too, you see.

Sir H. (In his best manner.) It was your name until you forfeited the right to bear it.

Kate. Exactly.

Sir H. (Gloating.) I was furious to find you here, but on second thought it pleases me. *(From the depths of his moral nature.)* There is a grim justice in this.

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Kate. (Sympathetically.) Tell me?
Sir H. Do you know what you were brought here to do?
Kate. I have just been learning. You have been made a knight, and I was summoned to answer the messages of congratulation.
Sir H. That's it, that's it. You come on this day to be my servant!
Kate. I, who might have been Lady Sims.
Sir H. And you are her typist instead. And she has four men-servants. Oh, I am so glad you saw her in her presentation gown.
Kate. I wonder if she would let me do her washing, Sir Harry?
Sir H. (With dignity.) You can go. The mere thought that only a few flights of stairs separates such as you from my innocent children— *(He will never know why a new light has come into her face.)*
Kate. (Slowly.) You have children?
Sir H. (Inflated) Two. *(He wonders why she is so long in answering.)*
Kate. (Resorting to impertinence.) Such a nice number.
Sir H. (With an extra turn of the screw.) Both boys.
Kate. Successful in everything. Are they like you, Sir Harry?
Sir H. (Expanding.) They are very like me.
Kate. That's nice. *(Even on such a subject she can be ribald.)*
Sir H. Will you please to go?
Kate. Heigho! What shall I say to my employer?
Sir H. That is no affair of mine.
Kate. What will you say to Lady Sims?
Sir H. I flatter myself that whatever I say, Lady Sims will accept without comment. *(She smiles, heaven knows why, unless her next remark explains it.)*
Kate. Still the same Harry.
Sir H. What do you mean?
Kate. Only that you have the old confidence in your profound knowledge of the sex.
Sir H. (Beginning to think as little of her intellect as of her morals.) I suppose I know my wife.
Kate. (Hopelessly dense.) I suppose so. I was only remembering that you used to think you knew her in the days when I was the lady. *(He is merely wasting his time on her, and he indicates the door. She is not sufficiently the lady to retire worsted.)* Well, good-by, Sir Harry. Won't you ring, and have the four men-servants show me out?

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE, *The Twelve-Pound Look*

[7]

THE SLEEP-WALKING SCENE

The scene is an ante-room in the castle. Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doctor. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gentlewoman. Since His Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching! In this slumb'ry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gentlew. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor. You may to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

Gentlew. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo, you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doctor. How came she by that light?

Gentlew. Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doctor. You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlew. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gentlew. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth. Yet here's a spot.

Doctor. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damnèd spot! out, I say!—One: two: why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doctor. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.

Doctor. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.
Gentlew. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that; Heaven knows what she has known.
Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!
Doctor. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charg'd.
Gentlew. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.
Doctor. Well, well, well,—
Gentlew. Pray God it be, sir.
Doctor. This disease is beyond my practice; yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.
Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale. —I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.
Doctor. Even so?
Lady M. To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed! *(Exit.)*
Doctor. Will she go now to bed?
Gentlew. Directly.
Doctor. Foul whisp'rings are abroad; unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good-night!
My mind she has mated and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.
Gentlew. Good-night, good doctor.

(Exeunt)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*

[8]

HORATIO'S INFORMATION

Hamlet. My father!—methinks I see my father.
Horatio. Oh, where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw? Who?
Hor. My lord, the King your father.
Ham. The King my father!
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For God's love, let me hear!
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encount'red. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-a-pe
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprisèd eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Marcellus. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none. Yet once methought
It lifted up its head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But even then the morning cock grew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.
Ham. 'Tis very strange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true,
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs. But this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
Marcellus } We do, my lord.
Bernardo }
Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Mar. } Arm'd, my lord.
Ber. }
Ham. From top to toe?
Mar. }
Ber. } My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Mar. }
Ber. } Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw't.
Ham. His bear was grizzly? No?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*

[9]

HE AND CONSUELO [16]

HE, *the clown who gets slapped, is in love with* CONSUELO, *who is to be sold to the Baron by her father. The scene is in a circus dressing room just outside the circus ring:*

He. How beautiful you are, Consuelo.
Consuelo. Like Eve? *(Smiles.)*
He. Yes, Consuelo. And if the Baron asks you to be his wife, will you accept?
Con. Certainly, HE. That's all Father and I are waiting for. Father told me yesterday that the Baron will not hesitate very long. Of course I do not love him. But I will be his honest, faithful wife.

[16] Copyright, 1921, by the Dial Publishing Company, Inc.

He. Are those your own words—"his honest, faithful wife"?

Con. Certainly they are mine. Whose could they be? He loves me so much, the poor thing. Dear He, what does "love" mean? Everybody speaks of love—love! What a boring evening this has been! He, did you paint the laughter on your face yourself?

He. My own self, dear little Consuelo——

Con. How do you do it, all of you? I tried once, but couldn't do a thing. . . . Why are you so silent, He? You, too, are sad, to-night.

He. No, I am happy to-night. Give me your hand, Consuelo, I want to see what it says.

Con. Do you know how? What a talented man you are! Read it, but don't *lie*, like a gypsy. *(He goes down on one knee and takes her hand. Both bend over it.)* Am I lucky?

He. Yes, lucky. But wait a minute—this line here—funny. Ah, Consuelo, what does it say, here! *(Acting.)* I tremble, my eyes do not dare to read the strange, fatal signs. Consuelo—

Con. The stars are talking.

He. Yes, the stars are talking. Their voices are distant and terrible; their rays are pale, and their shadows slip by, like the ghosts of dead virgins—their spell is upon thee, Consuelo, beautiful Consuelo. Thou standest at the door of Eternity.

Con. I don't understand. Does it mean that I will live long?

He. This line—how far it goes. Strange! Thou wilt live eternally, Consuelo.

Con. You see, He, you did tell me a lie, just like a gypsy!

He. But it is written—here, silly—and here. Now think of what the stars are saying. Here you have eternal life, love, and glory; and here, listen to what Jupiter says. He says: "Goddess, thou must not belong to any one born on earth," and if you marry the Baron—you'll perish, you'll die, Consuelo. *(Consuelo laughs.)*

Con. Will he eat me?

He. No. But you will die before he has time to eat you.

Con. And what will become of Father? Is there nothing about him here? *(Laughing, she softly sings the melody of the waltz, which is playing in the distance.)*

He. Don't laugh, Consuelo, at the voice of the stars. They are far away, their rays are light and pale, and we can barely see their sleeping shadows, but their sorcery is stern and dark. You stand at the gates of eternity. You are *doomed*—and your Alfred, whom you love in your heart, even though your mind is not aware of it, your Alfred cannot save you. He, too, is a stranger on this earth. He is submerged in a deep sleep. He, too, is a little god who has lost himself, and Consuelo, never, never will he find his way to Heaven again.

Con. I don't understand a word. Do the gods really exist? My teacher told me about them. But I thought it was all tales! *(Laughs.)*

He. Consuelo, do you know who can save you? The only one who can save you? I.

Con. (Laughing.) You, HE?

He. Yes, but don't laugh! Look. Here is the letter H. It is I, HE.

Con. He Who Gets Slapped? Is that written here, too?

He. That, too. The stars know everything. But look here, what more is written about him. Consuelo, welcome him. He is an old god in disguise, who came down to earth only to love you, foolish little Consuelo.

Con. (Laughing and singing.) Some god!

He. Don't mock! The gods don't like such empty laughter from beautiful lips. The gods grow lonely and die, when they are not recognized. Oh, Consuelo! Do recognize this god, and accept him. Think a moment, one day a god suddenly went crazy!

Con. Gods go crazy, too?

He. Yes, when they are half man, then they often go mad. . . .

Con. (Tortured.) HE— I cannot understand. Let my hand alone.

He. (Stands up.) Sleep. Then wake again, Consuelo! And when thou wakest—remember that hour when, covered with snow-white sea-foam, thou didst emerge from the sky-blue waters. Remember heaven, and the slow eastern wind, and the whisper of the foam at thy marble feet.

Con. (Her eyes are closed.) I believe—wait—I remember. Remind me further— *(He is bowed over Consuelo, with lifted arms; he speaks slowly, but in a commanding voice, as if conjuring.)*

He. You see the waves playing. Remember the song of the sirens, their sorrowless song of joy. Their white bodies, shining blue through the blue waters. Or can you hear the sun, singing? Like the strings of a divine harp, spread the golden rays— Do you not see the hand of God, which gives harmony, light, and love to the world? Do not the mountains, in the blue cloud of incense, sing their hymn of glory? Remember, O Consuelo, remember the prayer of the mountains, the prayer of the sea. *(Silence.)*

He. (Commandingly.) Remember—Consuelo!

Con. (Opening her eyes.) No! HE, I was feeling so happy, and suddenly I forgot it all. Yet something of it all is still in my heart. Help me again, HE, remind me. It hurts, I hear so many voices. They all sing "Consuelo—Consuelo." What comes after? *(Silence; pause.)* What comes after? It hurts. Remind me, HE. . . .

He. I love you, Consuelo, I love you, Consuelo. *(Looks at her in ecstasy and tears—and gets a slap; starting back.)* What's this?

Con. A slap! You forget who you are. *(Stands up, with anger in her eyes.)* You are He Who Gets Slapped! Did you forget it? Some god! With such a face—slapped face! Was it with slaps they threw you down from heaven, god?

He. Wait! Don't stand up! I—did not finish the play!

Con. *(Sits.)* Then you were playing?

He. Wait! One minute.

Con. You lied to me. Why did you play so that I believed you?

He. I am He Who Gets Slapped!

Con. You are not angry because I struck you? I did not want to really, but you were so—disgusting. And now you are so funny again. You have great talent, He—or are you drunk?

He. Strike me again.

Con. No.

He. I need it for my play. Strike!

Con. *(Laughs, and touches his cheek with her fingertips.)* Here, then!

He. Didn't you understand that you are a queen, and I a fool who is in love with his queen? Don't you know, Consuelo, that every queen has a fool, and he is always in love with her, and they always beat him for it? He Who Gets Slapped.

Con. No. I didn't know.

He. Yes, every queen. Beauty has her fool. Wisdom, too. Oh, how many fools she has! Her court is overcrowded with enamoured fools, and the sound of slaps does not cease, even through the night. But I never received such a sweet slap as the one given by my little queen. Clown He can have no rival! Who is there who could stand such a deluge of slaps, such a hail-storm of slaps, and not get soaked? *(Feigns to cry aloud.)* "Have pity on me. I am but a poor fool!"

Leonid N. Andreyev, *He Who Gets Slapped*
(Gregory Zilboorg's translation)

[10]

DE LAWD CALLS ON NOAH [17]

The scene is the dining room of Noah's cabin. Noah's wife is preparing dinner, as Noah appears with a stranger.

Noah. Company, darlin'. *(Noah's wife takes Noah's and God's hats.)* Dis gemman's a preacher, too. He's jest passin' through de country.

God. Good mo'nin', sister.

[17] From *The Green Pastures*, copyright, 1929, by Marc Connelly, and reprinted by permission of Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., publishers.

Noah's Wife. Good mo'nin'. You jest ketch me when I'm gettin' dinner ready. You gonter stay with us?

God. If I ain't intrudin'. Brother Noah suggested—

Noah's Wife. You set right down yere. I got a chicken in de pot an' it'll be ready in 'bout five minutes. I'll go out de back and call Shem, Ham 'n' Japheth. *(To God)* Dey's our sons. Dey live right acrost de way but always have Sunday dinner wid us. You mens make yo'selves conf'table.

God. Thank you, thank you kindly.

Noah. You run along, we all right. *(God and Noah seat themselves. Noah's wife exits.)*

God. You got a fine wife, Brother Noah.

Noah. She pretty good woman.

God. Yes, suh, an' you got a nice little home. Have a ten-cent seegar? *(God offers him one.)*

Noah. Thank you, much obliged. *(Both men lean back restfully in their chairs.)*

God. Jest what seems to be de main trouble 'mong mankind, Noah?

Noah. Well, it seems to me de main trouble is dat de whol' distric' is wide open. Now you know dat makes fo' loose livin'. Men folks spen's all dere time fightin', loafin' an' gamblin', an' makin' bad likker.

God. What about de women?

Noah. De women is worse dan de men. If dey ain't makin' love powder dey out beg, borrow an' stealin' money for policy tickets. Doggone, I come in de church Sunday fo' las' 'bout an hour befo' de meetin' was to start, and dere was a woman stealin' de altar cloth. She was goin' to hock it. Dey ain't got no moral sense. Now you take dat case las' month, over in East Putney. Case of dat young Willy Roback.

God. What about him?

Noah. Dere is a boy sebenteen years old. Doggone, if he didn't elope with his aunt. Now, you know, dat kin' of goin' on is bad fo' a neighborhood.

God. Terrible, terrible.

Noah. Yes, suh. Dis use' to be a nice, decent community. I been doin' my best to preach de Word, but seems like every time I preach de place jest goes a little mo' to de dogs. De good Lawd only knows what's gonter happen.

God. Dat is de truth. *(There is a pause. Each puffs his cigar. Suddenly Noah grasps his knee, as if it were paining him, and twists his foot.)*

Noah. Huh!

God. What's de matter?

Noah. I jest got a twitch. My buck-aguer I guess. Every now and then I gets a twitch in de knee. Might be a sign of rain.

God. That's just what it is. Noah, what's de mos' rain you ever had 'round dese parts?

Noah. Well, de water come down fo' six days steady las' April an' de ribber got so swole it bust down de levee up 'bove Freeport. Raise cain all de way down to de delta.

God. What would you say was it to rain for forty days and nights?

Noah. I'd say dat was a *complete* rain!

God. Noah, you don't know who I is, do you?

Noah. *(Puzzled.)* Yo' face looks easy, but I don' think I recall de name. *(God rises slowly, and as he reaches his full height, there is a crash of lightning, a moment's darkness, and a roll of thunder. It grows light again, Noah is on his knees in front of God.)* I should have known you. I should have seen de glory.

God. Dat's all right, Noah. You didn' know who I was.

Noah. I'm jes' ol' preacher Noah, Lawd, an' I'm yo' servant. I ain' very much, but I'se all I got.

God. Sit down, Noah. Don' let me hear you shamin' yo'se'f, caize yo' a good man. *(Timidly Noah waits until God is seated, and then sits, himself.)* I jest wanted to fin' out if you was good, Noah. Dat's why I'm walkin' de earth in de shape of a natchel man. I wish dey was mo' people like you. But, far as I kin see, you and yo' family is jest de only respectable people in de worl'.

Noah. Dey jest all poor sinners, Lawd.

God. I know. I am your Lawd. I am a god of wrath and vengeance an' dat's why I'm gonter destroy dis' worl'.

Noah. *(Almost in a whisper; drawing back.)* Jest as you say, Lawd.

God. I ain't gonter destroy you, Noah. You and yo' family, yo' sheep an' cattle, an' all de udder things dat ain't human I'm gonter preserve. But de rest is gotta go. *(Takes a pencil and a sheet of paper from his pocket.)* Look yere, Noah. *(Noah comes over and looks over his shoulder.)* I want you to build me a boat. I want you to call it de "Ark," and I want it to look like dis. *(He is drawing on the paper. Continues to write as he speaks.)* I want you to take two of every kind of animal and bird dat's in de country. I want you to take seeds an' sprouts an' everythin' like dat an' put them on dat Ark, because dere is gonter be all dat rain. Dey's gonter to be a deluge, Noah, an' dey's goin' to be a flood. De levees is gonter bust an' everythin' dat's fastened down is comin' loose, but it ain't gonter float long, caize I'm gonter make a storm dat'll sink everythin' from a hencoop to a barn. Dey ain't a ship on de sea dat'll be able to fight that tempest. Dey all got to go. Everythin'. Everythin' in dis pretty worl' I made, except one thing, Noah. You an' yo' family an' de things I said are goin' to ride dat storm in de Ark. Yere's de way it's to be. *(He hands Noah the paper. Noah takes it and reads.)*

Noah. (Pause; looks at paper again.) Yes, suh, dis seems to be complete. Now 'bout the animals, Lawd, you say you want everythin'?

God. Two of everythin'.

Noah. Dat would include jayraffes an' hippopotamusses?

God. Everythin' dat is.

Noah. Dey was a circus in town las' week. I guess I kin fin' dem. Co'se I kin git all de rabbits an' possums an' wil' turkeys easy. I'll sen' de boys out. Hum, I'm jest wonderin'—

God. 'Bout what?

Noah. 'Bout snakes. Think you'd like snakes, too?

God. Certainly. I want snakes.

Noah. Oh, I kin git snakes, lots of 'em. Co'se, some of 'em's a little dangerous. Maybe I better take a kag of likker, too?

God. You kin take a kag of likker.

Noah. (Musingly.) Yes, suh, dey's a awful lot of differ'nt kin's of snakes, come to think about it. Dey's water moccasins, cottonmoufs, rattlers—mus' be a hund'ed kin's of other snakes down in de swamps. Maybe I better take two kags of likker.

God. (Mildly.) I think de one kag's enough.

Noah. No. I better take two kags. Besides I kin put one on each side of de boat, an' balance de ship wid dem as well as havin' dem fo' medicinal use.

God. You kin put one kag in de middle of de ship.

Noah. (Bouyantly.) Jest as easy to take two kags, Lawd.

God. I think one kag's enough.

Noah. Yes, Lawd, but you see forty days—an' forty nights— *(There's a distant roll of thunder.)*

God. (Firmly.) One kag, Noah.

Noah. Yes, Lawd, one kag.

MARC CONNELLY, *The Green Pastures*

Chapter XII

VOCAL FORCE

Upon the manner in which the breath is expelled for speech—whether it is pushed out violently or is allowed to escape easily and freely—depends an element of sound called *force* or *volume*. The technique of making sounds as forceful or as gentle as the interpreter wishes is the next problem for study. Many of the effects necessary for good interpretation are to be acquired by the mastery of the many shades and nuances of force, or intensity, of tone, which must be differentiated from loudness, or extensity of tone.

Control of Force. Using the right degree of force for the interpretation of a selection is a matter of control—mainly, control of the exhaled breath stream: how much breath is to be used; whether it is to come out forcefully and rapidly; and whether the attack is to be hard or soft. The rhythm of breathing when you are speaking is not the smooth, easy, flowing rhythm of involuntary breathing, but rather the rhythm of your ideas, of the grouping and phrasing of your thoughts, of the stressing and attacking of the words. Breathing must be controlled and subordinated to the rhythm of the material to be interpreted. Lack of proper force probably means there is a lack of energy being expended by the muscles of the abdominal region, due to lack of tonicity. Those who are not intense enough in their emotional reactions to bother about using more than the minimum energy in speaking will usually have colorless, weak voices. They are the passive people who accept everything and anything that lies along the path of least resistance. There is a lack of intention and purpose in whatever they say—and probably in whatever they do. Flabby, unused muscles usually mean flabby, lukewarm emotions; and because the voice is an indicator of how one lives, thinks, and feels, lukewarm emotions will produce a voice without much power of life. Watch the variety of the intensity, the fullness, the force of your tones, if you would develop good speech. To

those who live and feel vividly, an apathetic, hypotonic person is one of the most uninteresting creatures to be found anywhere. A weak voice that never attacks vigorously belongs to a person who never feels deeply.

It should always be the aim of the interpreter to have animated, vigorous, live speech, to show a body actively thinking as the situation progresses. The audience likes the idea that you are purposeful, sincerely alert to the fact that you have something to offer for their enjoyment. The body and face can do much to show this animation, but the voice must also demonstrate the interpreter's willingness to respond to the situation and the selection. Some people believe that force means *loudness*, or extensity of tone; but no sensitive interpretation requires loudness. In fact, loudness destroys enjoyment and too often makes the listeners cringe. What the interpreter wants is not loudness, which usually increases to shouting, but projection controlled by an energized exhalation from the powerhouse. Furthermore, loudness will often cause strain and tension in the vocal folds, whereas well-projected voices with fullness and strength will show no strain, no tensions, no harshness. In an effort to project, or to make tones carry, or to adjust volume to a large room, often the interpreter will strain and tense the muscles of the larynx, instead of sustaining tones by means of abdominal pressure. The voice consequently becomes harsh, sometimes high-pitched or nasal, and if vocalization is long continued, may become husky. At the beginning of World War II, many young officers were unable to vocalize above a whisper after thirty minutes of issuing commands. This was not due to the fact that there was anything wrong with the vocal or breathing mechanisms, but there was everything wrong with the way they were using these mechanisms. They were trying to secure "carrying power" by shouting. Strain and tension could be removed from the delicate muscles which control the vocal folds only by securing force and energy from the abdominal muscles, and then controlling the air supply for the proper energy required for the commands.

Forms of Attack. Many emotional effects can be created by the manner in which various vocal sounds are attacked. To produce sounds and words with a staccato tone reveals, or is taken

to mean, a positive attitude; a soft, gentle approach to sounds means an entirely different attitude. To say, "Give me what I ask!" with a sharp vigorous attack is urgent and impolite or at least importunate; to say it with a gentle attack suggests persuasiveness and a spirit under control. Voice experts of several generations ago have handed down to us three terms descriptive of forms of attack: *effusive, expulsive, explosive.* These terms are helpful only in so far as they help us to understand the degree and variety of the attack to be used, and how the exhaled air stream must be controlled. However, they are not to be thought of as mutually exclusive, because usually they are blended according to the meaning. The interpreter can learn to use these different forms of force, if he can control the rhythm of his breathing; for the kind of attack is dependent upon the power and control of breath against the vocal bands.

The *effusive form of attack* is produced by evenness of movement in the respiratory muscle systems. There must be a steady pressure of the abdominal and diaphragmatic muscles in forcing the air through the larynx in order to secure the gentle, easy attack, without abruptness. Try the effusive form in these selections:

[1]

MIRAGE

The hope I dreamed of was a dream,
  Was but a dream; and now I wake
Exceeding comfortless, and worn, and old,
  For a dream's sake.

Lie still, lie still, my breaking heart;
  My silent heart, lie still and break;
Life, and the world, and mine own self, are changed
  For a dream's sake.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

[2]

NO MORE A ROVING

So, we'll go no more a roving
  So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
  And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
  And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
  And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
  And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a roving
  By the light of the moon.

LORD BYRON

The *expulsive form of attack* is produced by a vigorous, but not too violent movement or pressure of the muscles of expiration. Its chief characteristic is firmness and definiteness of tone. It is particularly useful in that type of public address which is not overpoweringly vigorous. It is practically obligatory for speakers to use the expulsive type when addressing more than a dozen people. It is the commonest mark of earnestness and controlled vigor:

[1]

PRIDE [1]

Eunice. And when you go back to your grand business, stop making a poor mouth about Ireland. Don't whine the like of a beggar in the street. Stop your talk about poverty-stricken Ireland, and oppressed Ireland, and lazy Ireland. We've got money here as well as you, for all your grand business; and we've got pride; and we've got strength. And we don't want anybody talking about our sorrows, and the nations pitying us in the four corners of the earth.

BRIAN DONN-BYRNE, *The Barnacle Goose*

[1] Reprinted by permission of O. K. Liveright, author's representative.

[2]

AS MAD AS ANY HATTER

If I were not a little mad and generally silly,
I should give you my advice upon the subject, willy, nilly;
I should show you in a moment how to grapple with the question,
And you'd really be astonished at the force of my suggestion,
On the subject I shall write you a most valuable letter,
Full of suggestions when I feel a little better,
But at present I'm afraid I am as mad as any hatter,
So I'll keep 'em to myself, for my opinion doesn't matter!

W. S. GILBERT, *Ruddigore*

The *explosive form of attack* is produced by a sudden, hard pressure of the abdominal muscles. The movement is more abrupt and more powerful than that in the expulsive form. When we hear the explosive form, we understand that somebody is not merely in earnest, but excited to the *n*th degree. The result is a series of short, sharp shouts. The emotions expressed are intense. Try these:

[1]

Macduff. Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! Up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*

[2]

If I were an American as I am an Englishman, and a foreign troop were landed in my country, I would never lay down arms. *Never!* NEVER! NEVER!

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM

[3]

Here I stand, ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy their whole phalanx; let them come forth.

HENRY GRATTAN

[4]

Hamlet. You would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to the stop of my compass; . . . 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*

Variety in Forms of Force. To use only one of these forms of attack constantly will give monotonous speaking and interpretation—the one fault we are trying most to avoid. We seldom find a piece of literature that calls for a continuous effusive type of force or for a continued explosive attack. A happy mixture of all three forms will carry the most meaning. A speaker who employs a continuous, explosive, bombastic force leaves us cold because the voice lacks intelligent rhythmical variety. A teacher often uses a sharpness of attack that becomes wearisome. Neither are we pleased to have about us people who always use a forceful attack on everything they say; the blusterer, who is often a person with an inferiority feeling, usually lacks discrimination in the use of force.

Touch. The principle of variety in the application of force—attack—is called *touch*—a term borrowed from music. The rule for the use of touch is: *vary the volume according to the sense.* Always remember that the sense is likely to be more varied than you think it is, and that poor interpretation comes from too little rather than too much variety in touch. For instance, the effusive form will not always have the same touch: sometimes, the selection will call for full, strong effusion, and again, the selection may call for very gentle effusion. In other words, we must seek for variety of touch within each form of attack as well as between

forms of attack. Know when to use the delicate touch, the medium touch, the heavy touch.

Keep an alert ear for changes in touch. This is only another lesson in training your ear to hear tones. Knowledge of what your voice is doing and what you are doing with the speech mechanism is of primary importance to you as an intelligent interpreter. Study your intensity, your attack, and your touch.

Exercises

1. Take a comfortable relaxed standing position, but do not sag. Put your finger-tips on the abdominal muscles. Breathe deeply, and as you exhale, emit an "oh" with a sustained even tone; then with a sharp quick attack. Repeat five times.

2. Breathe deeply, and emit a series of "ho's" until the breath is all exhaled. Be sure you can feel the action of the abdominal muscles.

3. Try to sustain a series of vowels with one deep breath: try *ah, oh, ee, oh; aw, oo, i, aw.* Repeat five times.

4. Vocalize the sound "oh" softly; then increase in attack, but do not allow the pitch to rise.

5. Repeat Exercise 4 with "ho"; with "ha"; with "hi."

6. Vocalize a series of short quick "ho's"; then with the breath that is left, sustain a "ho" until the breath is gone; do the same thing with "ha." Repeat several times.

7. Sustain a "ho" for five counts, then use the rest of the breath for a series of short "ho's"; repeat with "ha."

8. Practice the laughing and panting exercises given in Chapter XI.

9. Practice the following with increasing and decreasing degrees of force; be careful not to change the pitch as you increase in force, and be sure that you are getting your energy from the abdominal muscles:

one, two, three, four, five
a, b, c, d, e
a, e, i, o, u
oh — oh — oh
no — no — no
ha — ha — ha
ho — ho — ho
help — help — help

10. Sustain these:

Hello — hello — hello
Hello — What ho?
How are you?

Ship ahoy!
Anchors aweigh!
Hail – hail – hail
Holy – holy – holy

11. Develop the proper attack and touch for these passages. Work for variety:

[1]

A RED, RED ROSE

Oh, my luve is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.
Oh, my luve is like the melodie,
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I,
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun!
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

ROBERT BURNS

[2]

THE TOAST OF MARS [2]

My ghastly cry I raise on high,
In great Olympus' hall.
Listen, oh gods, for Mars am I,
Hear ye my battle call.

In my wine cup grim, filled to battered brim,
Foam twinkling, bloody stars.

[2] Reprinted by permission of The Stratford Company, Boston.

O list ye well what I have to tell,
The toast of the war-god Mars!

O the life of the slain and the racking pain
And the agony are mine.
All that men can be, they must offer me,
With the blood of their hearts for wine.

Turn not away; in my goblet gray
Foam twinkling, bloody stars.
To the dregs I quaff; with a mocking laugh
I give you the toast of Mars!

MARY E. OAKES

[3]

THE LONELY ROAD [3]

So long had I travelled the lonely road,
Though, now and again, a wayfaring friend
Walked shoulder to shoulder, and lightened the load,
I often would think to myself as I strode,
No comrade will journey with you to the end.

And it seemed to me, as the days went past,
And I gossiped with cronies, or brooded alone,
By wayside fires, that my fortune was cast
To sojourn by other men's hearths to the last,
And never to come to my own hearthstone.

The lonely road no longer I roam.
We met, and were one in the heart's desire.
Together we came through the wintry gloam
To the little old house by the cross-ways home;
And crossed the threshold, and kindled the fire.

WILFRED W. GIBSON

[4]

RED WINGS [4]

I hear the shadows moving among old trees;
I see cold, white mists face new ecstasies;
And I, a thing of tears
And fears.

[3] Copyright, 1916, by The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.
[4] Reprinted by permission of the *Emerson Quarterly*.

I hear the dead feet travel in a row;
I see the torn leaves falling where they go;
And I, a sleeping stone
Age blown.

I hear the red winds of the west arise;
I see strange, wide and watchful, waiting eyes;
And I, a thing of dust
In trust.

WINIFRED V. JACKSON

[5]

RESCUE [5]

Close to a wall whose bricks were all
Rain-soaked and old,
A little cat hunched where he sat
Dripping and cold.

Deaf to his cry, crowds hurried by,
Past his me-ow.
I couldn't bear to see him there:
He's my cat now.

We have long talks; Lincoln Park walks;
Cream-puffs and pie.
A windowpane shuts out the rain:
Keeps my cat dry.

Days would be dim—
So says my cat—
Had I let him
Sit where he sat.

B. D. F.

[6]

MONODY TO THE SOUND OF ZITHERS [6]

I have wanted other things more than lovers . . .
I have desired peace, intimately to know
The secret curves of deep-bosomed contentment,
To learn by heart things beautiful and slow.

[5] From *R. H. L. Linebook, 1925*. By permission of Richard Henry Little.
[6] Reprinted by permission of *Poetry* (Chicago) and the author.

Cities at night, and cloudful skies, I 've wanted;
And open cottage doors, old colors and smells apart;
All dim things, layers of river-mist on river—
Capture Beauty's hands and lay them on my heart.

I have wanted clean rain to kiss my eyelids,
Sea-spray and silver foam to kiss my mouth.
I have wanted strong winds to flay me with passion;
And, to soothe me, tired winds from the south.

These things have I wanted more than lovers . . .
Jewels in my hands, and dew on the morning grass—
Familiar things, while lovers have been strangers.
Friended thus, I have let nothing pass.

KAY BOYLE

[7]

FOUR LITTLE FOXES [7]

Speak gently, Spring, and make no sudden sound;
For in my windy valley, yesterday I found
New-born foxes squirming on the ground—
Speak gently.

Walk softly, March, forbear the bitter blow;
Her feet within a trap, her blood upon the snow,
The four little foxes saw their mother go—
Walk softly.

Go lightly, Spring, oh, give them no alarm;
When I covered them with boughs to shelter them from harm,
The thin blue foxes suckled at my arm—
Go lightly.

Step softly, March, with your rampant hurricane;
Nuzzling one another, and whimpering with pain,
The new little foxes are shivering in the rain—
Step softly.

LEW SARETT

[7] From *Slow Smoke*. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers, and of the author.

[8]

SHYLOCK TO ANTONIO

Shylock. Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances;
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. . . .
Well, then, it now appears you need my help.
Go to, then. You come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys." . . .
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" Or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this:
"Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys"?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *The Merchant of Venice*

[9]

JOE [8]

A keerless, lanky sort was Joe,
An' kind o' lonesome like, you know;
He didn't seem to want a home,
Jes' seemed to be content to roam.

He never came to meetin' camp,
An' folks called him "that wuthless scamp!"

But I have seen him on the hill,
At sunset, watch the sky until
He seemed to grow an inch in height,
As if he breathed the very sight.

An' felt my eyes grow sort o' damp
A-watchin' him—"that wuthless scamp!"

[8] Reprinted by permission of The Stratford Company, Boston.

I've seen him in the woods alone,
A-lis'nin' to its lazy drone,
As if 'twas music that he heered—
His eyes so set, they had me skeered.

He thought great things, I guess, to tramp
All day alone—"that wuthless scamp!"

I've heered him laugh at children's play—
A laugh so clear, an' sweet, an' gay,
That trembled like the organ when
They drown its wheezin', now and then.

But reg'lar folks at meetin' camp
Said he was "lost"—"that wuthless scamp!"

He always was the lonesome kind—
A sort o' misfit—didn't find
His fun in things that others did,
As boy an' man, his heart was hid.

I think the folks who shun his stamp
Don't understand "that wuthless scamp!"

LEWIS W. BRITTON

[10]

HOW DO I LOVE THEE?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as men turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Sonnets from the Portuguese* [9]

[9] The sonnets are original compositions, not translations.

[11]

CALLING CARDS [10]

I have been returning calls, an occupation which makes me realize with appalling accuracy what a diamond in the rough I am. I have learned that you leave two of your husband's cards and one of your own, though why I cannot tell, unless it indicates the relative status of men and women in England. I have learned to judge how long fifteen minutes lasts without peering near-sightedly at the clock and sinking back with an eloquent, involuntary "Oh!" But I cannot learn how to get rid of the cards.

Englishwomen leave cards in my house as unconcernedly as flowers shedding petals, but when I try to leave my cards in their houses, I have more trouble than if I were attempting to deposit a foundling. I endeavor first to give the cards to the maid who answers the door, but she puts both hands behind her and backs defiantly away. While she is announcing me, I look wildly around for a tray or a bowl, but if there is one, it is always hopelessly concealed under the strata of umbrellas, walking sticks, raincoats, and garden shears that form an integral part of every English hallway. I suppose if you could find it, it would probably be fossilized. In the end, I am out on the doorstep again, saying good-bye and still clutching the cards—which by this time look as if they had been salvaged from the Lusitania—in my hot, unhappy palm. It always concludes by my having to hold them out and say, "Here. Here's something for you," as if I were distributing samples of shaving cream. One of these days I am going to find myself adding that there is absolutely no obligation.

MARGARET HALSEY, *With Malice Toward Some*

[12]

BUTTIN' [11]

The canvas-covered tobacco wagon had been jolting over the frozen track of Little North Road since before dawn. On the seat huddled two small figures, almost submerged in a welter of quilts. Silent they sat, swaying instinctively to the pitch and roll of the wagon, as the steel tires climbed screechingly from rut to rut.

The larger, a white boy, held the reins loosely in one hand, allowing the mules their own way. His eyes were fixed abstractedly on the

[10] Reprinted from *With Malice Toward Some* by Margaret Halsey, by permission of Simon & Schuster, Inc., publishers.

[11] Reprinted by permission of The Atlantic Monthly Company and the author.

road ahead; his shoulders bowed, as if under weighty responsibilities.

The clink of the breast chains, in soft accompaniment to the clack-clack of the mules' shoes on the frozen ground, and the rumble and creak of the heavily loaded wagon came vaguely to him as homely, comforting sounds, in the deserted stillness of early morning. And the intimate mellow-peach fragrance of Virginia sun-cured tobacco, together with the everyday mule-and-harness smell, drifted over him comfortingly, too.

With a sigh he roused from his reverie and quickened the lagging team. Glancing at the small head resting on his shoulder, muffled in an old slouch hat brought down about the ears with a fragment of blanket, his face softened into a whimsical smile. He gave a vigorous shrug, and shouted:

"Wake up, Nubbin! Sun's up, nigger!"

The little form straightened with a start. An ashy black hand came out from the chaos of covers and pulled off the head-piece. Slowly he rubbed his face, scratched his head, and rolled his big eyes at his companion.

"Huccome you 'niggah' me? I got big graveyard in de woods full o' white boys what call me 'niggah'."

The white boy threw back his head and laughed; then, turning suddenly, with an explosive "Baa!" butted his coonskin cap roundly against the black ear.

"Ba-a! Phut! Phut!" went the little darky, jumping from the seat; and bridling like an angry goat, sent his bullet head thump against the white boy's ribs.

"Ouch! I give up! I give up!"

"You ain' gwine call me 'niggah' no mo'?"

"No! No! Cross my heart—and double cross," and his mittened hand made youth's inviolable sign of the double cross.

"Dat's mo' like hit—an' you 'member hit too, Luther Patten." With a final admonitory "Baa!" and a half-dancing shuffle of his big-shod feet on the wagon bottom, he dived to the seat and snatched the quilts about him.

PERNET PATTERSON, *Buttin' Blood*

[13]

LUCY'S WHIM [12]

The scene is in a manorial hall somewhere in England. Lucy and her Mother are sitting near a tall window. Lucy's Brother hovers un-

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easily between them. Lucy is married to Adam Elhar, a Jew who has renounced his own religion.

The Mother. Well, I'm sure I don't know what to advise—
The Brother. Give it time—that's what I say.
Mother. Yes, why not? After all, Lucy, you've got nothing definite to complain of. Or have you?
Brother. Why, when you cabled us to come I thought sure that Elhar had at least beaten you or been openly unfaithful to you.
Mother. I must say; so did I.
Brother. For God's sake, Lucy, don't sit there like a bump on a stump. Is there anything you haven't told us?
Lucy. I've got to get out of this.
Mother. Well, weren't you free to go to London? You've got a house there. You didn't need us for that.
Lucy. London! I've got to get out of this whole business. I'm going back home with you.
Brother. Hold your horses, young woman!
Mother. Exactly. You wouldn't call me old-fashioned. But simply to desert your husband when you have nothing to complain of on your own showing—why it doesn't seem to me that that's right.
Brother. And there are all sorts of interests involved. He pays your mother an income; he sets me up in business—
Lucy. Interests. . . .
Brother. Hold on! Don't misunderstand me. If Elhar has done you dirt, I'd be the first one to stand by and to knock his teeth down his throat. I never liked him, as you well know. But according to you—
Mother. No, I can't say I ever liked him either. Do me the justice to remember that I advised against him in spite of his millions. He always gave me a grue—
Brother. Me too. Gosh—
Mother. —but his behavior has been beyond criticism. And you seemed wild enough about him.
Brother. You certainly were! Why don't you talk things out with him? Where is he?
Lucy. In Monte Carlo.
Mother. Didn't he ask you to go with him?
Lucy. Yes. And he flew over the other day and asked me again.
Brother. Well, what the hell—
Mother. Can't you use decenter language?
Brother. Language!
Mother. And if I remember rightly, Lucy, it was you who wanted him to buy this place of the Darlingtons. I think it's gloomy if you ask me. But why didn't you go to France with him?
Lucy. Because—oh, there's no use. I'm going home.

Brother. Look here, Lou—these foreigners. Now I'm a man and your brother. Has he got any secret vices?

Lucy. Oh, how sick you make me!

Brother. Well, have it your own way. He's a perfect gentleman and a perfect husband. He asks you to go to the Riviera. He buys you a country-place and a house in London. He gives you jewels. He's the cat's pajamas. But you got to desert him and cable us to come and help you desert him. How does that all hang together? Who are you trying to make a fool of?

Mother. I can't help agreeing with your brother, my child. And I think it's hard that I should have to go back to scrimping and saving and that your brother should lose his chance on account of a whim of yours.

Lucy. Whim! Oh!

LUDWIG LEWISOHN, *Adam*

[14]

IF IT WERE DONE

Macbeth is considering murdering Duncan, the King, who is his his guest.

Macbeth. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgement here, that we but teach
Bloody instruction, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,

Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other—

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macbeth. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macbeth. We will proceed no further in this business.
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macbeth. Prithee, peace!
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Macbeth. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenchèd natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macbeth. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macbeth. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know. *(Exeunt.)*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*

Climax. The wise interpreter not only knows that it is necessary to attack sounds with varying degrees and forms of force, but he knows that there is often a rhythmical movement of force from sentence to sentence—either a building up or a letting-down of attack at a certain point. This involves the principle of *climax.* (The term *climax* is derived from the Greek word meaning *ladder.*) Insight into the upward and downward movement of force throughout a selection cannot be neglected.

Good literature uses this principle of climax in great abundance, whereby the writer, following the dictates of his own rhythm, suggests to the interpreter his ladder-like movements, up and down. In the interpretation of such passages, the interpreter must be master of the rising and falling movements in force.

Exercises

I. Decide whether the climax in the following selections calls for an attack that increases in power, or an attack that is quiet, yet nevertheless powerful in its intensity.

[1]

REVENGE

Shylock. To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew.

SHAKESPEARE, *The Merchant of Venice*

[2]

NO SAIL!

No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broke into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

ALFRED TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden*

[3]

DEATH'S CAPRICE

Shadow, or Death, has made a bargain with Duke Lambert to appear in his home as the Duke's guest, Prince Sirki. Against the wishes of the Duke, he is to assume the appearance of a mortal; if his secret is divulged at any time, Death threatens to return in his proper person—Death. At the conclusion of the bargain, Death says:

And so I am at last to become a mortal! . . . I shall feel blood in my veins . . . warm blood of life. I shall feel my desire becoming flesh

and my hunger taking the fire of blood. . . . I shall know what you know, and feel what you feel. . . . When I take flowers in my hand they will not wither. . . . And youth will not run from me with terrified eyes. . . . *(He makes a movement of intense restlessness, as though his inner pressure were near agony.)* My hunger shall be appeased for an hour . . . my hunger that is as old as time. . . . And those I love need not . . . be afraid, not afraid, not afraid! *(He laughs with intensity.)* No . . . no . . . I am beside myself. . . . My holiday is just caprice . . . a mad joke I play with life. . . . Ha, Ha . . . what a monstrous, what a sublime joke. . . . *(He draws himself up with a mocking laugh.)* I, Death, do hereby take on the world, the flesh, and the Devil! *(With an effort the Shadow masters himself.)* Forgive me, my friend. My sense of humor overcame me for a moment. . . . And now shall we begin our interesting experiment?

ALBERTO CASELLA, *Death Takes a Holiday* [13]

[4]

RICHARD CORY [14]

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him:
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean-favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
"Good-morning," and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich,—yes, richer than a king,—
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

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[14] Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

[5]

KING LEAR'S DEFIANCE

Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! Spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man;
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. Oh! Oh! 'tis foul!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*

[6]

A FATHER'S WRATH

Capulet. God's bread! it makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer, "I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me."
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you;
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*

[7]

H—— L——, M.D.[15]

"There's something less than courage in his sneers
At death," we said. The careless way he rolled
A cigarette and flipped the match and told
The hearse to come, as he were ordering beers,
Made us believe that what he lacked was tears,
And hope we'd see him shiver with the cold
Of death. "He'll not be quite so bold,"
We smiled and waited, "facing his own fears."
They came to take him to the hospital,
Too late—he was a doctor and he knew—
Knew also we'd be somewhere near to watch;
And so he walked alone, though not too well,
Out to the car, and for a last adieu
Rolled one more cigarette and flipped the match.

PAUL LANDIS

[8]

THE RUIN OF POMPEII

Roll back the tide of eighteen hundred years. At the foot of the vine-clad Vesuvius stands a royal city. The stately Roman walks its lordly streets, or banquets in the palaces of its splendors. The bustle of busied thousands is there; you may hear it along the thronged quay; it rises from the amphitheatre and the forum. It is the home of luxury, of gaiety, and of joy It is a careless, a dreaming, a devoted city. Lo! there is blackness in the horizon, and the earthquake is rioting in the bowels of the mountains! Hark! a roar! a crash! and the very foundations of the eternal hills are belched forth in a sea of fire! Woe for that fated city! The torrent comes surging like the mad ocean! It boils above wall and tower, palace and fountain—and Pompeii is a city of tombs!

ANONYMOUS, *Pompeii*

[9]

THE DECLARATION

But whatever may be our fate, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure and it may cost blood; but it will stand,

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and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment—Independence now, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

DANIEL WEBSTER, *Supposed Speech of John Adams*

[10]

THE CALL TO WAR

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
  The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
  The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
  The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
  And every word its ardor flung
  From off its jubilant iron tongue
    Was war! WAR! WAR!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, *The Revolutionary Rising*

[11]

GUILTY

No doubt I now grew *very* pale; but I talked more fluently and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was a *low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton.* I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key, and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why *would* they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men—but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what *could* I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—*louder!* And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God!—no, no! They heard!—they suspected!—they *knew!* —they were making a mockery of my horror!—this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die!—and now—again! —hark! louder! louder! louder! *louder!*—

"Villians!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed!—tear up the planks!—here, here!—it is the beating of his hideous heart!"

EDGAR ALLAN POE, *The Tell-Tale Heart*

II. Analyze these poems carefully. They all employ varying types of touch, and different forms of attack; the climax in each one reaches a height that is different from the others. Study the moods, notice how they change; decide on the kind of quality and the amount of force you should use. Can you control your voice and make it do what you would like to have it do?

[1]

PATTERNS [16]

I walk down the garden paths,
And all the daffodils
Are blowing, and the bright blue squills.

[16] By permission of and by arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

I walk down the patterned garden-paths
In my stiff, brocaded gown.
With my powdered hair and jeweled fan,
I too am a rare
Pattern. As I wander down
The garden paths.

My dress is richly figured,
And the train
Makes a pink and silver stain
On the gravel, and the thrift
Of the borders.
Just a plate of current fashion,
Tripping by in high-heeled, ribboned shoes.
Not a softness anywhere about me,
Only whalebone and brocade.
And I sink on a seat in the shade
Of a lime tree. For my passion
Wars against the stiff brocade.
The daffodils and squills
Flutter in the breeze
As they please.
And I weep;
For the lime tree is in blossom
And one small flower has dropped upon my bosom.

And the plashing of waterdrops
In the marble fountain
Comes down the garden-paths.
The dripping never stops.
Underneath my stiffened gown
Is the softness of a woman bathing in a marble basin,
A basin in the midst of hedges grown
So thick, she cannot see her lover hiding,
But she guesses he is near,
And the sliding of the water
Seems the stroking of a dear
Hand upon her.
What is Summer in a fine brocaded gown!
I should like to see it lying in a heap upon the ground.
And the pink and silver crumpled up on the ground.

I would be the pink and silver as I ran along the paths,
And he would stumble after,
Bewildered by my laughter.

I should see the sun flashing from his sword-hilt and the buckles on his shoes.
I would choose
To lead him in a maze along the patterned paths,
A bright and laughing maze for my heavy-booted lover,
Till he caught me in the shade,
And the buttons of his waistcoat bruised by body as he clasped me,
Aching, melting, unafraid.
With the shadows of the leaves and the sundrops,
And the plopping of the waterdrops,
All about us in the open afternoon—
I am very like to swoon
With the weight of this brocade,
For the sun sifts through the shade.

Underneath the fallen blossom
In my bosom,
Is a letter I have hid.
It was brought to me this morning by a rider from the Duke.
"Madam, we regret to inform you that Lord Hartwell
Died in action Thursday se'nnight."
As I read it in the white, morning sunlight,
The letters squirmed like snakes.
"Any answer, Madam?" said my footman.
"No," I told him.
"See that the messenger takes some refreshment.
No, no answer."

And I walked into the garden,
Up and down the patterned paths,
In my stiff, correct brocade.
The blue and yellow flowers stood up proudly in the sun,
Each one.
I stood upright too,
Held rigid to the pattern
By the stiffness of my gown.
Up and down I walked,
Up and down.

In a month he would have been my husband.
In a month, here, underneath this lime,
We would have broke the pattern;
He for me, and I for him,
He as Colonel, I as Lady,
On this shady seat.

He had a whim
That sunlight carried blessing.
And I answered, "It shall be as you have said."
Now he is dead.

In Summer and in Winter I shall walk
Up and down
The patterned garden-paths
In my stiff, brocaded gown.
The squills and daffodils
Will give place to pillared roses, and to asters, and to snow.
I shall go
Up and down
In my gown.
Gorgeously arrayed,
Boned and stayed.
And the softness of my body will be guarded from embrace
By each button, hook, and lace.
For the man who should loose me is dead,
Fighting with the Duke in Flanders,
In a pattern called a war.
Christ! What are patterns for?

AMY LOWELL

[2]

MINIVER CHEEVY [17]

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
  Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
  And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old
  When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;
The vision of a warrior bold
  Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
  And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
  And Priam's neighbors.

[17] Reprinted from *Town down the River* by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
He missed the medieval grace
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
And kept on drinking.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

[3]

THE LAUGHERS[18]

Spring!
And her hidden bugles up the street.
Spring—and the sweet
Laughter of winds at the crossing;
Laughter of birds and a fountain tossing
Its hair in abandoned ecstasies.
Laughter of trees.
Laughter of shop girls that giggle and blush;
Laugh of the tug-boat's impertinent fife.
Laughter followed by a trembling hush—
Laughter of love, scarce whispered aloud.
Then, stilled by no sacredness or strife,

[18] From *These Times*. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.

Laughter that leaps from the crowd;
Seizing the world in a rush.
Laughter of life. . . .

Earth takes deep breaths like a man who had feared he might smother,
Filling his lungs before bursting into a shout. . . .
Windows are opened—curtains flying out;
Over the wash-lines women call to each other.
And, under the calling, there surges, too clearly to doubt,
Spring, with the noises
Of shrill little voices;
Joining in "Tag" and the furious chase
Of "I-spy," "Red Rover" and "Prisoner's Base";
Of the roller-skates' whir at the sidewalk's slope,
Of boys playing marbles and girls skipping rope.
And there, down the avenue, behold,
The first true herald of the Spring—
The hand-organ gasping and wheezily murmuring
Its tunes ten years old. . . .
And the music, trivial and tawdry, has freshness and magical swing.
And over and under it,
During and after—
The laughter of Spring! . . .

And lifted still
With the common thrill,
With the throbbing air, the tingling vapor,
That rose like strong and mingled wines,
I turned to my paper,
And read these lines:
"Now that Spring is here,
The war enters its bloodiest phase. . . .
The men are impatient. . . .
Bad roads, storms and the rigors of the winter
Have held back the contending armies. . . .
But the recruits have arrived,
And are waiting only the first days of warm weather. . . .
There will be terrible fighting along the whole line—
Now that Spring has come."

I put the paper down. . . .
Something struck out the sun—something unseen;
Something arose like a dark wave to drown
The golden streets with a sickly green.
Something polluted the blossoming day

With a touch of decay.
The music thinned and died;
People seemed hollow-eyed.
Even the faces of children, where gaiety lingers,
Sagged and drooped like banners about to be furled—
And Silence laid its bony fingers
On the lips of the world. . . .
A grisly quiet with the power to choke;
A quiet that only one thing broke;
One thing alone rose up thereafter . . .
Laughter!
Laughter of streams running red.
Laughter of evil things in the night;
Vultures carousing over the dead;
Laughter of ghouls.
Chuckling of idiots, cursed with sight.
Laughter of dark and horrible pools.
Scream of the bullets' rattling mirth,
Sweeping the earth.
Laugh of the cannon's poisonous breath. . . .
And over the shouts and the wreckage and crumbling
The raucous and rumbling
Laughter of death.
Death that arises to sing,—
Hailing the Spring!

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

[4]

WOULD YOU END WAR? [19]

Would you end war?
Create great Peace . . . .

You rave at the war, do you?
Do you know that the war has struck in the face with a fist
A race of clerks,
And turned them to men?
The flabby boys of London died athletes at Ypres. . . .
The Lords of large estates proved in their deaths equality. . . .

Vast millions have ceased to whimper over the coffee at breakfast,
And ceased from family cowardice,
And from industrial bondage,

[19] From *War and Laughter*. Reprinted by permission of The Century Company.

And now the mother gives the son she feared to release for a night's adventure,
And the man who demanded safety first leads the charge from the trenches,
And life is so real that men are ready to lose it. . . .

For in war they have found Peace:
The Peace with oneself, the being used for a great purpose,
The releasing of the spirit in the heart, and its victorious sweep in the soul,
The assertion of manhood, which means courage, hardness, discipline, and adventure.

Such is Peace. . . .
But that which we call Peace?
This monstrous machine that weakens millions in factories,
This lust of money for its own sake: to swell one's social stomach larger than one's neighbor's. . . .
This poor little personal strife and family pride,
This softness of muscle and cowardice of spirit. . . .
Is this Peace?
Is merely keeping alive, Peace?
Better the young die greatly than live weakly. . . .

Would you end war?
Create great Peace. . . .
The Peace that demands all of a man,
His love, his life, his veriest self;
Plunge him in the smelting fires of a work that becomes his child,
Coerce him to be himself at all hazards: with the toil and the mating that belong to him:
Compel him to serve. . . .
Give him a hard Peace: a Peace of discipline and justice. . . .
Kindle him with vision, invite him to joy and adventure:
Set him at work, not to create *things*
But to create *men:*
Yea, himself.

Go search your heart, America. . . .
Turn from the machine to man,
Build, while there is yet time, a creative Peace. . . .
While there is yet time! . . .
For if you reject great Peace,
As surely as vile living brings disease,
So surely shall your selfishness bring war.

JAMES OPPENHEIM, *1914—and After*

[5]

"AH, ARE YOU DIGGING ON MY GRAVE?" [20]

"Ah, are you digging on my grave
My beloved one?—planting rue?"
—"No: yesterday he went to wed
One of the brightest wealth has bred,
'It cannot hurt her now,' he said,
'That I should not be true.'"

"Then who is digging on my grave?
My nearest, dearest kin?"
—"Ah, no: they sit and think, 'What use!
What good will planting flowers produce?
No tendance of her mound can loose
Her spirit from Death's gin.'"

"But some one digs upon my grave?
My enemy?—prodding sly?"
—"Nay: when she heard you had passed the Gate
That shuts on all flesh soon or late,
She thought you no more worth her hate,
And cares not where you lie."

"Then, who is digging on my grave?
Say—since I have not guessed!"
—"O, it is I, my mistress dear,
Your little dog, who still lives near,
And much I hope my movements here
Have not disturbed your rest?"

"Ah, yes! *You* dig upon my grave. . . .
Why flashed it not on me
That one true heart was left behind!
What feeling do we ever find
To equal among human kind
A dog's fidelity?"

"Mistress, I dug upon your grave
To bury a bone, in case
I should be hungry near this spot
When passing on my daily trot.
I am sorry, but I quite forgot
It was your resting-place."

THOMAS HARDY

[20] From *Captain Stratton's Fancy* by Thomas Hardy. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

[6]

"SCUM O' THE EARTH" [21]

At the gate of the West I stand,
On the isle where the nations throng.
We call them "scum o' the earth";
Stay, are we doing you wrong,
Young fellow from Socrates' land?—
You, like a Hermes so lissome and strong
Fresh from the master Praxiteles' hand?
So, you're of Spartan birth?
Descended, perhaps, from one of the band—
Deathless in story and song—
Who combed their long hair at Thermopylæ's pass? . . .
Ah, I forgot the straits (alas!),
More tragic than theirs, more compassion-worth,
Have doomed you to march in our "immigrant class"
Where you're nothing but "scum o' the earth."

You Pole with the child on your knee,
What dower bring you to the land of the free?
Hark! does she croon
That sad little tune
That Chopin once found on his Polish lea
And mounted in gold for you and for me?
Now a ragged young fiddler answers
In wild Czech melody
That Dvořák took whole from the dancers.
And the heavy faces bloom
In the wonderful Slavic way;
The little, dull eyes, the brows a-gloom,
Suddenly dawn like the day.
While watching these folk and their mystery,
I forget that we,
In our scornful mirth,
Brand them as "polacks"—and "scum o' the earth."

Genoese boy of the level brow,
Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes
Agaze at Manhattan's pinnacles now
In the first, sweet shock of a hushed surprise;
Within your far-rapt seer's eyes
I catch the glow of the wild surmise

[21] By permission of and by arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

That played on the Santa Maria's prow
In that still gray dawn,
Four centuries gone,
When a world from the wave began to rise.
Oh, who shall foretell what high emprise
Is the goal that gleams
When Italy's dreams
Spread wing and sweep into the skies?
Caesar dreamed him a world ruled well;
Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell;
Angelo brought us there to dwell;
And you, are you a different birth?—
You're only a "dago,"—and "scum o' the earth!"

Stay, are we doing you wrong
Calling you "scum o' the earth,"
Man of the sorrow-bowed head,
Of the features tender yet strong,—
Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery
Mingled with patience and dread?
Have I not known you in history,
Sorrow-bowed head?
Were you the poet-king, worth
Treasures of Ophir unpriced?
Were you the prophet, perchance, whose art
Foretold how the rabble would mock
That shepherd of spirits, ere long,
Who should gather the lambs to his heart
And tenderly feed his flock?
Man—lift that sorrow-bowed head. . . .
Behold, the face of the Christ!

The vision dies at its birth.
You're merely a butt for our mirth.
You're a "sheeny"—and therefore despised
And rejected as "scum o' the earth."

Countrymen, bend and invoke
Mercy for us blasphemers,
For that we spat on these marvelous folk,
Nations of darers and dreamers,
Scions of singers and seers,
Our peers, and more than our peers.
"Rabble and refuse," we name them.
And "scum o' the earth," to shame them.
Mercy for us of the few, young years,

Of the culture so callow and crude,
Of the hands so grasping and rude,
The lips so ready for sneers
At the sons of our ancient more-than-peers.
Mercy for us who dare despise
Men in whose loins our Homer lies;
Mothers of men who shall bring to us
The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss;
Children in whose frail arms shall rest
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.

Newcomers all from the eastern seas,
Help us incarnate dreams like these.
Forget, and forgive, that we did you wrong.
Help us to father a nation strong
In the comradeship of an equal birth,
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

[7]

THE MAN WITH THE HOE [22]

(Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting)

The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And markt their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More packt with danger to the universe.

[22] Reprinted by permission.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O master, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb terror shall rise to judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?

EDWIN MARKHAM

[8]

THE DEATH OF THE HIRED MAN [23]

Mary sat musing on the lamp-flame at the table
Waiting for Warren. When she heard his step,
She ran on tip-toe down the darkened passage
To meet him in the doorway with the news
And put him on his guard. "Silas is back."
She pushed him outward with her through the door
And shut it after her. "Be kind," she said.

[23] From the *Collected Poems* of Robert Frost. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.

She took the market things from Warren's arms
And set them on the porch, then drew him down
To sit beside her on the wooden steps.

"When was I ever anything but kind to him?
But I'll not have the fellow back," he said.
"I told him so last haying, didn't I?
'If he left then,' I said, 'That ended it.'
What good is he? Who else will harbour him
At his age for the little he can do?
What help he is there's no depending on.
Off he goes always when I need him most.
'He thinks he ought to earn a little pay,
Enough at least to buy tobacco with,
So he won't have to beg and be beholden.'
'All right,' I say, 'I can't afford to pay
Any fixed wages, though I wish I could.'
'Someone else can.' 'Then someone else will have to.'
I shouldn't mind his bettering himself
If that was what it was. You can be certain,
When he begins like that, there's someone at him
Trying to coax him off with pocket-money—
In haying time, when any help is scarce.
In winter he comes back to us. I'm done."

"Sh! not so loud: he'll hear you," Mary said.

"I want him to: he'll have to soon or late."

"He's worn out. He's asleep beside the stove.
When I came up from Rowe's I found him here,
Huddled against the barn-door fast asleep,
A miserable sight, and frightening, too—
You needn't smile—I didn't recognize him—
I wasn't looking for him—and he's changed.
Wait till you see."

"Where did you say he'd been?"

"He didn't say. I dragged him to the house,
And gave him tea and tried to make him smoke.
I tried to make him talk about his travels.
Nothing would do: he just kept nodding off."

"What did he say? Did he say anything?"

"But little."

"Anything? Mary, confess
He said he'd come to ditch the meadow for me."

"Warren!"

"But did he? I just want to know."

"Of course he did. What would you have him say?
Surely you wouldn't grudge the poor old man
Some humble way to save his self-respect.
He added, if you really care to know,
He meant to clear the upper pasture, too.
That sounds like something you have heard before?
Warren, I wish you could have heard the way
He jumbled everything. I stopped to look
Two or three times—he made me feel so queer—
To see if he was talking in his sleep.
He ran on Harold Wilson—you remember—
The boy you had in haying four years since.
He's finished school, and teaching in his college.
Silas declares you'll have to get him back.
He says they two will make a team for work:
Between them they will lay this farm as smooth!
The way he mixed that in with other things.
He thinks young Wilson a likely lad, though daft
On education—you know how they fought
All through July under the blazing sun,
Silas up on the cart to build the load,
Harold along beside to pitch it on."

"Yes, I took care to keep well out of earshot."

"Well, those days trouble Silas like a dream.
You wouldn't think they would. How some things linger!
Harold's young college boy's assurance piqued him.
After so many years he still keeps finding
Good arguments he sees he might have used.
I sympathize. I know just how it feels
To think of the right thing to say too late.
Harold's associated in his mind with Latin.
He asked me what I thought of Harold's saying
He studied Latin like the violin
Because he liked it—that an argument!
He said he couldn't make the boy believe
He could find water with a hazel prong—
Which showed how much good school had ever done him.

He wanted to go over that. But most of all
He thinks if he could have another chance
To teach him how to build a load of hay—"

"I know, that's Silas' one accomplishment.
He bundles every forkful in its place,
And tags and numbers it for future reference,
So he can find and easily dislodge it
In the unloading. Silas does that well.
He takes it out in bunches like big birds' nests.
You never see him standing on the hay
He's trying to lift, straining to lift himself."

"He thinks if he could teach him that, he'd be
Some good perhaps to someone in the world.
He hates to see a boy the fool of books.
Poor Silas, so concerned for other folk,
And nothing to look backward to with pride,
And nothing to look forward to with hope,
So now and never any different."

Part of a moon was falling down the west,
Dragging the whole sky with it to the hills.
Its light poured softly in her lap. She saw it
And spread her apron to it. She put out her hand
Among the harp-like morning-glory strings,
Taut with the dew from garden bed to eaves,
As if she played unheard some tenderness
That wrought on him beside her in the night.
"Warren," she said, "he has come home to die:
You needn't be afraid he'll leave you this time."

"Home," he mocked gently.

"Yes, what else but home?
It all depends on what you mean by home.
Of course he's nothing to us, any more
Than was the hound that came a stranger to us
Out of the woods, worn out upon the trail."

"Home is the place where, when you have to go there,
They have to take you in."

"I should have called it
Something you somehow haven't to deserve."

Warren leaned out and took a step or two,
Picked up a little stick, and brought it back
And broke it in his hand and tossed it by,

"Silas has better claim on us you think
Than on his brother? Thirteen little miles
As the road winds would bring him to his door.
Silas has walked that far no doubt to-day.
Why didn't he go there? His brother's rich,
A somebody—director in the bank."

"He never told us that."

"We know it though."

"I think his brother ought to help, of course,
I'll see to that if there is need. He ought of right
To take him in, and might be willing to—
He may be better than appearances.
But have some pity on Silas. Do you think
If he had any pride in claiming kin
Or anything he looked for from his brother,
He'd keep so still about him all this time?"

"I wonder what's between them."

"I can tell you.
Silas is what he is—we wouldn't mind him—
But just the kind that kinsfolk can't abide.
He never did a thing so very bad.
He don't know why he isn't quite as good
As anybody. Worthless though he is,
He won't be made ashamed to please his brother."

"I can't think Si ever hurt anyone."

"No, but he hurt my heart the way he lay
And rolled his old head on that sharp-edged chair-back.
He wouldn't let me put him on the lounge.
You must go in and see what you can do.
I made the bed up for him there to-night.
You'll be surprised at him—how much he's broken.
His working days are done; I'm sure of it."

"I'd not be in a hurry to say that."

"I haven't been. Go, look, see for yourself.
But, Warren, please remember how it is:
He's come to help you ditch the meadow.
He has a plan. You mustn't laugh at him.
He may not speak of it, and then he may.
I'll sit and see if that small sailing cloud
Will hit or miss the moon."

It hit the moon.
Then there were three there, making a dim row,
The moon, the little silver cloud, and she.

Warren returned—too soon, it seemed to her,
Slipped to her side, caught up her hand and waited.

"Warren?" she questioned.

"Dead," was all he answered.

ROBERT FROST

[9]

A STUDY OF TWO WOMEN [24]

Lucy Weatherby

Lucy Weatherby, cuddled up in her bed,
Drifted along toward sleep with a smile on her mouth,
"I was pretty tonight," she thought, "I was pretty tonight.
Blue's my color—blue that matches my eyes.
I always ought to wear blue. I'm sorry for girls
Who can't wear that sort of blue. Her name is Sally
But she's too dark to wear the colors I can,
I'd like to give her my blue dress and see her wear it,
She'd look too gawky, poor thing.
He danced with her
For a while at first but I hadn't danced with him then,
He danced with me after that. He's rather a dear.
I wonder how long he'll be here. I think I like him.
I think I'm going to be pretty while I am here.

Lucy Weatherby—Lucy Shepley—Lucy Wingate—
Huger's so jealous, nearly as jealous as Curly,
Poor Curly—I ought to answer his mother's letter
But it's hard answering letters."

[24] From *John Brown's Body*. Copyright 1927, 1928, by Stephen Vincent Benét. Published by Farrar & Rinehart, Inc.

She cried a little,
Thinking of Curly. The tears were fluent and warm,
They did not sting in her eyes. They made her feel brave.
She could hardly remember Curly any more,
But it was right to cry for him, now and then,
Slight tears at night and a long, warm, dreamless sleep
That left you looking pretty.
She dried the tears
And thought to herself with a pleasant little awe,
"You really are mighty brave, dear. You really are.
Nobody would think your beau was killed in Manassas."
—She could hardly remember Curly any more—
She tried to make Curly's face come out of the darkness
But it was too hard—the other faces kept coming—
Huger Shepley and all the Virginia boys
And now this new boy's face with the dark, keen eyes.

Boys who were privates, boys who were majors and captains,
Nice old Generals who patted your shoulder,
Darling convalescents who called you an angel—
A whole great lucky-bag of nice, thrilling boys,
Fighting for you—and the South and the Cause, of course.
You were a flame for the Cause. You sang songs about it.
You sent white feathers to boys who didn't enlist
And bunches of flowers to boys who were suitably wounded.
You wouldn't dream of making peace with the North
While a single boy was left to fight for the Cause
And they called you the Dixie Angel.
They fought for the Cause
But you couldn't help feeling, too, that they fought for you,
And when they died for you—and the Cause and the flag—
Your heart was tender enough. You were willing to say
You had been engaged to them, even when you hadn't
And answer their mothers' letters in a sweet way,
Though answering letters was hard.
She cuddled closer,
"Pillow, tell me I'm pretty, tell me I'm lovely,
Tell me I'm nicer than anybody you know,
Tell me that nice new boy is thinking about me,
Tell me that Sally girl couldn't wear my blue,
Tell me the war won't end till we've whipped the Yankees,
Tell me I'll never get wrinkles and always have beaus."

Sally Dupré

Sally Dupré, from the high porch of her house
Stared at the road.
They would be here soon enough.
She had waved a flag the last time they went away.
This time she would wave her hand or her handkerchief.
That was what women did. The column passed by
And the women waved, and it came back and they waved,
And, in between, if you loved, you lived by a dull
Clock of long minutes that passed like sunbonneted women
Each with the same dry face and the same set hands.
They were coming now.
Then she thought. "No, no, I can't bear it. It cannot be borne."
And knowing this, bore it.
He saw her. He turned his horse.
"If he comes here, I can't keep it back, I can't keep it back,
I can't stand it, don't let him come." He was coming now.
He rides well, she thought, while her hands made each other cold.
I will have to remember how. And his face is sharper.
The moustache quite changes his face. The face that I saw
While he was away was clean-shaven and darker-eyed.
I must change that, now. I will have to remember that.
It is very important.
He swung from Black Whistle's back.
His spurs made a noise on the porch. She twisted her hands.
"If I shut my eyes, I can make him kiss me. I will not."

They were saying good-bye, now. She heard polite voices saying it.
Then the voices ended. "No, no, it is not to be borne,
It is the last twist of the vise."
Her will snapped then.
When she looked at him, she knew that the knives were edgeless.
In an instant life would begin, life would be forever.

His eyes wavered. There was a thin noise in her ears,
A noise from the road.
The instant fell and lay dead
Between them like something broken.

She turned to see what had killed it.

Lucy Weatherby, reining a bright bay mare,
Played with the braided lash of a riding-whip

And talked to Wingate's father with smiling eyes,
While Huger Shepley tried to put in a word
And the whole troop clustered about her.
Her habit was black
But she had a knot of bright ribbons pinned at her breast,
Red and blue—the Confederate colors.
They had cheered her,
They had cheered her, riding along with her colored ribbons.
It was that which had killed the instant.
Sally looked
At the face with the new moustache she had to remember.
"Good-bye," she said. The face bent over her hand
And kissed it acceptably.
Then the face had gone.
He was back with the others now. She watched a minute.

Lucy was unpinning her knot of ribbons.
She saw a dozen hands go up for the knot
And Lucy laugh her sweet laugh and shake her bright head,
Glance at Huger Shepley and once at Clay,
And then toss the colored knot to the guidon-bearer
Who grinned and tied the ribbons around the staff
While some of them cheered again.
Then the horses moved.
They went by Lucy. Lucy was waving her hand.
She had tears in her eyes and was saying brave words to the soldiers.

Sally watched a back and a horse go out of sight.
She was tired, then.
When the troop had quite disappeared
Lucy rode up to the house.
The two women kissed
And talked for a while about riding-habits and war.
"I just naturally love every boy in the Black Horse Troop.
Don't you, Sally darling? They're all so nice and polite,
Quite like our Virginia boys, and the Major's a dear,
And that nice little one with the guidon is perfectly sweet.
You ought to have heard what he said when I gave him the knot.
Though, of course, I can tell why you didn't come down to the road—
War's terrible, isn't it? All those nice boys going off—
I feel just the way you do, darling—we just have to show them
Whenever we can that we know they are fighting for us,
Fighting for God and the South and the cause of the right—
I always remember and just try to do what I can
For the boys and the wounded and—well, that's it, isn't it, dear?
We've all got to do what we can in this horrible war."

Sally agreed that we had, and drank from a cup.
She thought. "Lucy Weatherby. Yes. I must look for a doll.
I must make a doll with your face, an image of wax.
I must call that doll by your name."

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT, *John Brown's Body*

[10]

COURAGE [25]

When they were youngsters of ten and twelve, the Sprague boys used to walk home alone after Sunday evening services. Peter was the elder, a stocky, unimaginative child, dark-skinned and awkward. Davy had nice features. He was fair like his mother's people.

As they neared the foot of Pride's Hill, Peter would take his brother's hand. Davy was afraid. That was on account of the old Baptist cemetery. The stones gleamed, and there were noises in the underbrush that fringed the road. As they topped the rise, the younger boy would draw away a little, and start chattering again.

Even in those days Peter had understood. Davy was different; things bothered him more.

When the war came, it was inevitable that the Sprague boys should be among the first from Baintree to go.

Davy enlisted in Boston, on his way home from his freshman year at Tufts. Two weeks later, when he left to report for duty, Peter went with him.

It was September. The transport was rocking to the first long swells of the outer harbor. The brothers stood by the rail, watching their convoy nose out ahead. Somewhere in the distance behind them the fog was blurring out the ragged Hoboken water front.

Beneath their feet the great shafts plunged and recoiled—pushing them steadily, relentlessly, toward the unknown.

. . . . . .

It was December. The third battalion had halted along the road beyond Menil-la-Tour. At eight that night the division would take over a sector from the French. The men had done twelve muddy miles since noon, and they were profanely tired.

The rain had ceased falling and the sky was drawing away, cold and hard. A heavy rumbling came and went among the hills up ahead. A gray-blue camion lumbered by. Its bearded chauffeur dexterously caught a cigarette and grinned his thanks. The poplars dripped. Out of the clumps of O. D., blue shreds of smoke eddied.

Sergeant Sprague, working down the line, reached his brother's squad. Davy was sitting on his unslung pack, a little withdrawn from the others.

[25] By permission of the author and *The Atlantic Monthly*.

"How are the feet, Davy?"

"They're sore, Pete. Got any water?"

"Plenty."

As he took the canteen back, he paused, his fingers on its cover. Out of the distance had come a purring noise—high up. A soft purr with a recurring throb in it. The men grew silent. The noise came louder and louder. Far up in the sky, somewhat off to the right, a tiny black insect was sailing slowly toward them.

Slipping the canteen back in his belt Pete snapped-to the felt covers. The word was passed along to cut out the cigarettes and lie flat.

The Boche plane was droning almost directly overhead. The men lay still. The plane swooped down toward the road. A bomb struck in the field behind them; the explosion beat on them—the Boche had passed over.

A voice came from the next squad, "Missed us, you ——!" A tense suppressed laugh. The Boche came circling back again. The drone of his engine grew louder and louder. It would be close this time. Davy's hand came into Pete's line of vision. It was very still—the hand. Then slowly, spasmodically it twitched. It twitched as a shot rabbit twitches—convulsively. He was aware suddenly of a fear that had been with him from the beginning. Davy couldn't stand it. He was different. He wished to God the war would end—soon.

A flash, and the crash came. On the other side of the road—a bit of iron rang on a helmet.

The plane didn't return. It hummed off toward Menil-la-Tour. The men sat up and followed it with jeering comments. Dave clambered to his feet, laughing unsteadily.

. . . . . .

Sprague grew leisurely awake. There was a patch of sunlight on the dugout floor. That meant afternoon. Pete had a vague memory of noise, heavy muffled sounds. He had slept since daylight. It was quiet outside. It had been a quiet two weeks. By this time to-morrow they would be back in reserve. The first battalion would be in to relieve them by dawn. He heard someone passing outside; the creak of heavy boots on the duckboards. Fritz had been lying low. It was a bad sign, that. Well—they'd be out to-morrow. He'd speak to the captain then about Davy. It was nothing to be ashamed of. Davy was sick. His nerves were screwed tight—to the breaking-point. They could see for themselves.

He sat up and reached for his shoes, but the image of his brother's white face, the tense look of his eyes, persisted. Only one more day. The bags at the head of the stairs pushed in. It was Sergeant Ferber.

"Sleep through the row?"

"I heard something."

"They threw some Berthas over—knocked in a piece of the support trench."

Ferber stood watching Pete winding on his spirals.

"Your brother's out of luck."

Sprague straightened up and waited—tense.

"He sneaked off post five when the fuss started. They picked him up cryin' like a kid."

It had come.

Sprague drew a quick sharp breath and bent again over his leggings, his back to Ferber. He tucked in the tape ends and turned.

"The kid's all in—he's sick."

"He will be when they get through with him."

Sprague's eyes flamed. Then, without speaking, he went past Ferber to the stairs.

The sky was blue overhead. The guns were quiet, oppressively quiet. There was a soft thud above him. A little sand scattered down. Davy—Davy!

. . . . . .

The lantern at Captain Doane's elbow flared and smoked. The shadow on the wall behind him bulked grotesquely. He gave no sign. Sprague spoke with an effort, a sense of futility dragging down his words. When he had done, the officer raised his eyes. He looked past Sprague.

"The court can consider his physical condition. That's not up to me."

"Will you recommend clemency, sir?"

"I can't, Sprague. When your brother crawled off his post, he endangered the whole battalion. I can't let any feeling for you—"

There was more; something about justice and Pete's own record. The words blurred together. It didn't matter. Davy would be put under guard in the morning when they started out. They wouldn't shoot him—it would be Leavenworth. The *Concord Times* would have it. Jim Wetherby would bring the paper out to his mother.

The phone stuttered. As Doane reached for the set, Sprague saluted stiffly and turned away.

He was passing out of the orderlies' room when someone grabbed his elbow. "Are you deaf, Sarge? The old man wants you back."

The captain was waiting, drumming nervously on the table. "Price is on number nine. He thinks they've sneaked in and set up a machine gun off to his left."

As Pete listened, his brother's face grew indistinct. The ground sloped off to the left of number nine.

"They could get the support trench from that position, sir."

"If they've got that support trench covered, they've got wind we're going to be relieved. They're going to strafe us when we start out!

You know the men. Send someone out to look it over. If the Boches are there, we'll hold up the movement and shell them out in the morning."

A sense of relief—of escape—flashed on him. It would be a way out. Doane was waiting—giving him his chance.

A way out—for him. He stood silent.

"Well? Tell the man who goes, we'll make him if he gets back. That's all, Sergeant."

Sprague wormed his way out through the narrow connecting ditch to number nine post. A fine rain was beginning to fall. The night was black and warm. Price pointed out through the dark. Crouching together, they waited till a flare of light shot up.

"Off to your left," whispered Price, "there's a shell hole. You can't see nothing, but there's a couple of Heinies in there with a machine gun or I'll—"

"All right, Price. I'll send someone out to look it over. Don't open up if you hear us. I'll go part way myself."

Price cursed fervently under his breath. His whisper followed Sprague. "There's a ticket west waiting for the bird that goes."

Sprague knew it.

Davy lay crouched, his face to the wall. At the touch of his brother's hand he shivered and turned to stare up at him hopelessly. He tried to smile. His lips twitched.

Pete's face was granite. "Davy, get your shoes on. The C. O. wants you."

In the trench outside, Pete gripped his shoulder. "You've got to get out and get out quick. They're going to line you up in the morning."

"My God, Pete! They wouldn't do that!"

"They've got to on account of the others." He put his arms around the boy and held him close. Then gently he broke the grasp of his fingers. "You're going over to the Boches, Davy. They will ship you back to a prison camp. After this thing is over, people won't remember."

He was glad of the darkness.

"I can't, Pete."

"It's your only chance. Sure you can. Come."

The boy shrank back.

"It's that or the firing squad, Davy."

A moment later they were on their faces crawling beneath the wire. Out by number nine post. He could hear Davy breathing—quick forced gasps. Groping, he reached and found his hand. They crept on. Out past the vague hump that was number nine post. Five—ten yards beyond. A flare went up, and before the light failed he had aligned the suspected crater.

"I've got to go back now, Dave. Keep straight on till you strike a shell hole, twenty-five yards out. Crawl in there till it starts to get light and then go over."

He drew swiftly back before Davy could hesitate, lest he refuse to go on. He could still get him back. He dug his fingers into the earth. The silence pushed down on him—it was too late now. The seconds hung back.

A roar shattered the night. The waiting Boche had swung his gun on the black smudge that had crept too near. A sharp staccato of shots. The silence settled down again. Sprague crept back under the wire. His lips were bleeding.

Captain Doane looked up anxiously. "Well, Sprague?"

"There's a machine gun there, sir. Thirty yards off post nine." There was a note of exhaustion in his voice. "He opened up and got our man."

Doane fumbled for his pipe. Their eyes met. "Who went, Sergeant?"

Pete lifted a suffering face. "Private Sprague, sir."

"Your lantern's smoking, sir. I'll send Webber in."

He stopped in the orderlies' room, and then went back to his brother's dugout—to gather up Davy's things. They would send them back to his mother.

BRASSIL FITZGERALD

Chapter XIII

VOCAL TEMPO

As a student of interpretation, you know now that the interpreter not only must have a pleasant resonant quality of voice, but must develop the ability to vary that resonance according to the character of the material; you know too the importance of variety of touch, attack, and force in obtaining as appropriately variable a speech pattern as possible. Another factor which gives variability to the speech pattern is the element of time. A dull monotonous tempo will mark one as a person who is not intellectually curious or sensitive or alert. A varied pattern calls for pauses, silences, breaks in utterance; for different rates of timing; for a variable use of the inherent quantity of sounds: all of these to be employed according to the selection to be interpreted.

The Pause. Silences are as necessary in giving an intelligent interpretation as are sounds. True eloquence and expressiveness need pauses, while the most ordinary meaning gains in importance as one skillfully employs breaks in the flow of sound. Lack of pause is the surest stamp of the amateur. Pause during speech is also necessary for controlled beathing. For the interpreter, the subtleties of meaning possible in sentient use of the pause are quite beyond calculation. The greatest comedians on the stage and on the air are those who know the value of timing, in order to get laughs. They know that by a careful sense of timing and by intelligent pausing, they can, as they call it, "squeeze a laugh." Listen to Gertrude Lawrence and Bob Hope for excellent timing —even to the fraction of a second. Some people who have laughed heartily at a story or joke are quite disappointed if they are unable to "get a laugh" when they repeat it to someone else. The reason probably lies in the poor timing of the point of the story.

The Pause and Phrasing. The pause employed for the simplest meaning has been called *phrasing*. It lends itself to all the delicate

variations of giving words the many interpretations of which they are capable. There is no fixed rule for phrasing; only that as you break up a sentence by pauses—or fail to break it up—you settle the meaning your audience will get. Phrasing done intelligently carries the interpretation you intend; done carelessly, it gives meanings you do not intend.

Hence, phrasing becomes one of the chief problems in the interpretation of the printed page. When you are inventing your own sentences and picking your own words to express your own ideas in conversation and extempore speech, the very certainty of your idea helps you to a sensible and expressive phrasing of the words. But when you are provided with words first and ideas second as must happen in interpretation, then the use of pause for phrasing becomes a problem. For, once you have determined what your phrasing will be, you have gone far in deciding the meaning you have selected. An inadvertent pause or a failure to pause at the right moment may change the whole meaning.

Exercises

I. The secret of getting the meaning and of giving the right meaning of the following nonsensical bit lies in the phrasing. Observe how the meaning changes with change in pause. Notice also the change of meaning if you elide certain phrases, as *Esau Wood* and *wood-saw*. The test lies in whether you can carry meaning over to an audience without having them follow the selection with their eyes:

Esau Wood sawed wood. Esau Wood would saw wood. All the wood Esau Wood saw Esau Wood would saw. In other words, all the wood Esau saw to saw Esau sought to saw. Oh, the wood Wood would saw! And oh, the wood-saw with which Wood would saw wood. But one day Wood's wood-saw would saw no wood, and thus the wood Wood sawed was not the wood Wood would saw if Wood's wood-saw would saw wood. Now, Wood would saw if Wood's wood-saw would saw wood. Now, Wood would saw wood with a wood-saw that would saw wood, so Esau sought a saw that would saw wood. One day Esau saw a saw saw wood as no other wood-saw Wood saw would saw wood. In fact, of all the wood-saws Wood ever saw saw wood Wood never saw a wood-saw that would saw wood as the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood would saw

wood, and I never saw a wood-saw that would saw as the wood-saw Wood saw would saw until I saw Esau saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood. Now Wood saws wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.

II. Review the sentences for emphasis and phrasing in the chapter on Logical Details. Note how the sense or meaning is secured, not only by emphasis, but also by pausing, thus marking off the phrases.

III. Phrasing in the following selections is varied: some will need long phrases; others, short. Learn to control your breathing so that the phrasing seems natural.

[1]

FATHER WILLIAM

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said the father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose
  That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
  What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
  Said his father. "Don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
  Be off, or I'll kick you down-stairs!"

LEWIS CARROLL

[2]

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
  The light that lies
  In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
  My only books
  Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
  Like him, the Sprite,
  Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me;
  If once their ray
  Was turned away,
Oh, winds could not outrun me.

And are these follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
  Too cold or too wise
  For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No, vain, alas! th' endeavor
From bonds so sweet to sever;
  Poor Wisdom's chance
  Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

THOMAS MOORE

[3]

THE NIGHT HAS BEEN LONG!

When you're lying awake with a dismal headache, and repose is tabooed by anxiety,
I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge in without impropriety,
For your brain is on fire—the bedclothes conspire of usual slumber to plunder you:
First your counterpane goes and uncovers your toes, and your sheet slips demurely from under you;
Then the blanketing tickles—you feel like mixed pickles, so terribly sharp is the pricking;
And you're hot and you're cross, and you tumble and toss till there's nothing 'twixt you and the ticking;
Then your bedclothes all creep to the floor in a heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tangle;
Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain at its usual angle.
Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze, with hot eyeballs and head ever-aching;
But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams that you'd very much better be waking.
You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck,
And no wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor,
And you've needles and pins from your soles to your shins,
And your flesh is a-creep, for your left leg's asleep,
And some fluff in your lungs, and a feverish tongue,
And a thirst that's intense, and a general sense
That you haven't been sleeping in clover.
But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at last,
And the night has been long—ditto, ditto, my song—
And thank goodness, they're both of them over!

W. S. GILBERT, *Iolanthe*

[4]

THE PARTY AT CROGAN'S[1]

'Twas a foine time we had down at Crogan's;
The five av us slept not a wink,
Wid a fiddle to stir up our brogans,
An' plenty o' toddy to dhrink.

[1] Reprinted by permission of *The Century Magazine*.

The grog it was free as the air is,
An' we managed to store it away;
We whistled and sang like canaries.
An' who was the five, did ye say?

The two Crogans, that's one; Mike Sployd, that's two; Tim Horrigan's three; an' meself—but there was five av us.

We played forty-five. Mike was b'atin'
An' Horrigan called him a cheat,
Then they threw off their coats widout waitin'
An' tuk at it like dogs in the shtreet.
They stirred up our blood wid their brawlin'
Till we all got mixed up in the fray,
The five av us pullin' an' haulin'
But who was the five, did ye say?

Mike Sployd, that's one; Tim Horrigan's two; the two Crogans is three; an' meself—sure, there was five av us.

Pat Crogan he tuk up his fiddle,—
Och, Pat is a merry gossoon!—
An' he drew the bow over the middle
An' played us a bit av a chune;
Himself round the kitchen went prancin',—
Such a jig as Pat Crogan can play!—
An' it set the whole five av us dancin',
Now who was the five, did ye say?

Meself, that's one; Mike Sployd, that's two; the two Crogans is three; Tim Horrigan's four—I thought there was five av us.

It was early daylight in the mor-rning
When the party at Crogan's broke up;
The cock in the shed called a war-rning,
An' we all tuk a turn at the cup:
But the truest of friends must be parted,
An' each av us then went our way,
The five av us all happy hearted.
But who was the five, did ye say?

The two Crogans, that's one; Mike Sployd, that's two; Tim Horrigan's three: meself—och, I guess there was only four av us, afther all.

FLORENCE J. BOYCE

IV. The following poems are interesting for the study of pause. For instance, notice the frequent use of the pause made necessary in *My Last Duchess* in order to carry over the many things left unsaid by the Duke. Notice also that Lew Sarett's *Medals and Holes* makes frequent use of pause, thus producing a very broken rhythm:

[1]

MY LAST DUCHESS

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will 't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat:" such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed: she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame

This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
—E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will 't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

ROBERT BROWNING

[2]

MEDALS AND HOLES [2]

(An Indian Council Talk)

Boo-Zhóo nee-chée! Me—Yellow-Otter,
I'm going mak-'um big-talk, 'Spector Jone'.
Look-see!—on chest I'm got-um golden medal;
Got-um woman on medal!—Ho! good medal!
Me—I'm go on Washin'ton long tam' ago;
Me—I'm tell-um Keétch-ie O-gi-má, dose big w'ite chief:

"Eenzhuns no lak'-um Eenzhun rese'vation;
No good! She's too much jack-pine, sand, and swamp."
Big-chief, him say: "O-zah-wah-kíg, you be good boy!
Go back to rese'vation. You tell-um tribe
If Eenzhun stay on rese'vation, Washin'ton gov'ment
Give-um all de Eenzhuns plenty payments,
Give-um plenty good hats and suits o' clothes

[2] From *The Box of God*. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers, and of the author.

My heart is good to you; you damned good Eenzhun.
Me—I'm stick-em dis golden medal on your chest."
Ho! I'm walk-um home. I got-um medal—look-see!

But no got-um plenty good hats and suits o' clothes;
No got-um every year; only every two year.
Clothes no good! Look-see! Got-um clothes on now—
No good! Got-um holes in legs—plenty-big holes
Wit' not much clot' around, and too much buttons off.
Gov'ment clothes she's coming every two year—
Long tam' between, too much—wit' too much holes.

Before de w'ite man comes across big-water,
In olden tam', de Eenzhun got-um plenty clothes;
He mak'-um plenty suits wit' skins,—no holes.
Even Shing-oós, dose weasel, Wah-bóos, dose rabbit,
Dey got-um better luck—two suits every year—
Summer, brown-yellow suit; winter, w'ite suit—
No got-um holes.
Wau-goósh and Nee-gíg, dose fox and otter,
Shang-wáy-she, dose mink, Ah-méek, dose beaver,
Dey get-um plenty clothes, each year two suits—
Summer, t'in clothes; winter, t'ick fur clothes—
No got-um holes.
Ah deék, dose caribou, dose deer, and moose,
In spring dey t'row away deir horns;
In summer dey get-um nice new hat—
No got-um holes.
Me—I'm big-smart man, smarter dan weasel,
Smarter dan moose and fox and beaver—
I got-um golden medal on chest from big-knife chief;
Me—I'm only got-um one suit clothes
In two year—no-good clothes, no-good hats!

'Spector Jone', you tell-um our big-knife Grandfader, so:
"Yellow-Otter no got-um plenty good clothes;
No got-um silk-black hat, no stove-pipes hat;
Him got-um plenty much holes in Washin'ton pants."
Tell-um holes in pants now big, plenty-big—
Bigger dan golden medal on chest!

So much—dat's enough.

How! How!
Kay-gét! Kay-gét!
Ho! Ho! Ho!

LEW SARETT

The Dramatic Pause for Suspense. Not only does the pause help make sense; it is also one of the best ways of showing feeling. The logic of your ideas obliges you, most of the time, to pause in certain places with no leeway for caprice or chance. But your feelings allow you wide latitude in stopping and breaking sentences apart. A speaker or an interpreter *can* pause anywhere provided that he pauses to give significance to the meaning, and not because he is out of breath.

Some of the most impelling meanings can be projected through pause. Two vital purposes are served: *suspense* and *reinforcement.* Each of these is psychologically necessary to interpret with vigor and penetration. Without these, interpretation is dull and ineffective.

By proper pauses, the listener can be brought easily to a high level of interest and expectancy, thus adding tremendously to the effectiveness and intensity of meaning.

Exercises

I. In these selections try to employ pauses that will arouse suspense and interest. Remember that during the pause, the interpreter has an excellent chance to sustain his mood and intensify his meaning by the correct facial expression:

[1]

THE GREAT HUNT [3]

I cannot tell you now;
When the wind's drive and whirl
Blow me along no longer,
And the wind's a whisper at last—
Maybe I'll tell you then—
some other time.

When the rose's flash to the sunset
Reels to the wrack and the twist,
And the rose is a red bygone,

[3] From *Chicago Poems* by Carl Sandburg. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.

When the face I love is going
And the gate to the end shall clang,
And it's no use to beckon or say, "So long"—
Maybe I'll tell you then—
some other time.

I never knew any more beautiful than you:
I have hunted you under my thoughts,
I have broken down under the wind
And into the roses looking for you.
I shall never find any
greater than you.

CARL SANDBURG

[2]

THE UNKNOWN [4]

I do not understand . . .
They bring so many, many flowers to me—
Rainbows of roses, wreaths from every land;
And hosts of solemn strangers come to see
My tomb here on these quiet, wooded heights.
My tomb here seems to be
One of the sights.

The low-voiced men who speak
Of me quite fondly, call me The Unknown:
But now and then at dusk, Madonna-meek,
Bent, mournful mothers come to me alone
And whisper down—the flowers and grasses through—
Such names as "Jim" and "John" . . .
I wish they knew.

And once my sweetheart came.
She did not—nay, of course she could not—know,
But thought of me, and crooned to me the name
She called me by—how many years ago?
A very precious name. Her eyes were wet,
Yet glowing, flaming so . . .
She won't forget!

E. O. LAUGHLIN

[4] By permission of *The Ladies' Home Journal* and the author.

[3]

SELL ME A DREAM [5]

Ah, Maker of Dreams,
Could you sell me a dream
Of a home-coming soldier boy
With the old sweet smile
On his nut-brown face,
And his eyes telling tales in their joy?

Could you send him back
In his battered old plane,
With a whir and a whiz through the air,
To a dear little cottage
In a wee western town,
And have me waiting there?

Could you blot out the long
Lonely years that have gone
Since he fell and the best of me died—
What is it you're saying,
Oh, Maker of Dreams?—
"Ah, no, I cannot, I have tried."

LUN DEE

[4]

IN TIME TO COME [6]

When you are old and wearied with applause,
And all men cry how sweet your singing is,
Tell them that long ago your sweetest words
Were given for a kiss.

Tell them that for my eyes you made delight
Of woven words that only I might know;
Tell them I taught you tenderness—and say
You loved me . . . long ago.

DOROTHY DOW

From *R. H. L. Linebook, 1925.* By permission of Richard Henry Little.
From *R. H. L. Linebook, 1924.* By permission of Richard Henry Little.

[5]

LOSS [7]

She went about accustomed tasks
As quietly as before,
Put roses in the yellow bowl,
New curtains at the door.

Folding sheets, she laid some sprigs
Of lavender inside,
But in her room . . . an empty room . . .
She had no pride.

JULIA JOHNSON DAVIS

[6]

FRAGMENT [8]

I can forget the peace of solitude,
The calm of two alone with quiet rain,
Alone, with fire shadows stammering
Across the ceiling of the room; and I
Am able to restrain regret that these
Are gone . . . until a sight of any sky,
Wind-blue and white with clouds, or sight of trees
Against a shield of stars, or breath of scent
You cared to use, or any little thing
At all that we enjoyed comes back again. . . .

LORD STITES

[7]

WORLDLY WISDOM [9]

My days you have stolen, World,
My hands you have chained to an endless task;
My brain you have scourged by day and night—
Oh, it has learned your tricks now, well enough,
And knows the worth of a coin at dusk!

You are so wise, World:
How could you have overlooked my heart
And the hills that are green and high
And Spring that comes laughing a song?

JOHN R. MCCARTHY

[7] By permission of *The Lyric* and the author.
[8] By permission of the author.
[9] Reprinted by permission of James T. White & Company.

[8]

JENNY KISSED ME

Jenny kiss'd me when we met,
  Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
  Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
  Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
  Jenny kiss'd me.

LEIGH HUNT

[9]

SHIPS [10]

You love ships.
—Tall-masted schooners lifting
Sideways up and under as the deep wave dips,
—Little sly fishing-smacks with small sails scuttering
Tinily to windward, low along the sky-line . . .
  So that they adventure out, freed, on the water,
Released, swift, springing—so that they are ships!

Stately forthright steamers, with smoke far-streaming,
  Starry-necklaced ferry-boats, lacing like a tale
Happily ended, across and back the rivers,
—Racing-boats, many-oared, flashing down the morning,
—Dark canoes with lanterns and a stencilled sail. . . .

Your quick eyes follow them, lighted like a lover's,
  The ships that bear a lifetime of your city-bound desires:
You love ships. I watch you, wistfully.
You love ships. . . .
I love hearth-fires.

MARGARET WIDDEMER

II. Juliet's potion speech from *Romeo and Juliet* provides an excellent study in the use of pause for suspense. It is safe to say that you have not analyzed this selection thoroughly if you are

[10] From *The Road to Downderry*, copyright, 1932, by Margaret Widdemer, and reprinted by permission of the publishers, Farrar & Rinehart, Inc.

content with a smooth, even rhythm, for the movement is quite broken because of the intensity of emotion. Look for pauses.

JULIET'S DECISION

Lady Capulet. Good-night:
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
(Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.)
Juliet. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no: this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.
(Laying down her dagger.)
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minist'red to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for this many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

Environèd with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! This do I drink to thee.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*

III. Now see how much fullness of meaning you can gain through pause in this dialogue. Notice how the correct use of the pause intensifies the emotional meaning.

CYRANO'S FEAR [11]

Cyrano. My old friend—look at me,
And tell me how much hope remains for me
With this protuberance! Oh I have no more
Illusions! Now and then—bah! I may grow
Tender, walking alone in the blue cool
Of evening, through some garden fresh with flowers
After the benediction of the rain;
My poor big devil of a nose inhales
April . . . and so I follow with my eyes
Where some boy, with a girl upon his arm,
Passes a patch of silver . . . and I feel
Somehow, I wish I had a woman too,
Walking with little steps under the moon,
And holding my arm so, and smiling. Then
I dream—and I forget. . . . And then I see
The shadow of my profile on the wall!
Le Bret. My friend! . . .
Cyrano. My friend, I have my bitter days,
Knowing myself so ugly, so alone.
Sometimes—
Le Bret. You weep?
Cyrano. *(Quickly.)* Oh, not that ever! No,
That would be too grotesque—the tears trickling down
All the way along this nose of mine?

[11] From Brian Hooker's translation of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.

I will not so profane the dignity
Of sorrow. Never any tears for me!
Why there is nothing more sublime than tears,
Nothing!—Shall I make them ridiculous
In my poor person?
Le Bret. Love's no more than chance!
Cyrano. (Shakes his head.) No. I love Cleopatra; do I appear
Caesar? I adore Beatrice; have I
The look of Dante?
Le Bret. But your wit—your courage—
Why, that poor child who offered you just now
Your dinner! She—you saw with your own eyes,
Her eyes did not avoid you.
Cyrano. (Thoughtful.) That is true . . .
Le Bret. Well then! Roxane herself, watching your duel,
Paler than—
Cyrano. Pale?—
Le Bret. Her lips parted, her hand
Thus, at her breast—I saw it! Speak to her!
Speak, man!
Cyrano. Through my nose? She might laugh at me;
That is the one thing in this world I fear!

EDMOND ROSTAND, *Cyrano de Bergerac*

The Dramatic Pause for Reinforcement. By pauses, also, the meaning can be reinforced. When you have said a thing that is intended to be particularly impressive or gripping, the mere saying of it is not enough; you must make use of the pause for reinforcement of the meaning. Remember that people grasp ideas slowly through the ear—more slowly than through the eye. Just uttering a sentence does not always cause auditors to get it. They have to get it under their mental tongues and roll it over once or twice. So when you have said something that you want your audience to grasp and feel more than anything else, pause, before and after the phrase, if necessary. This will aid the audience in apprehending the full significance of the meaning. Pausing after you have spoken a word or phrase is exactly as if you stood there saying it over and over again, because by pausing, you actually make your audience repeat it to themselves. Pause for reinforcement is a most excellent device for making your meaning vivid.

Exercise

Work out the pauses for reinforcement of the meaning in the following:

[1]

BENEDICTION [12]

The sun be warm and kind
To you,
The darkest night, some star
Shine through.
The dullest morn
A radiance brew,
And when dusk comes—
God's hand
To you.

ELEANOR POWERS

[2]

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

ALFRED TENNYSON

[3]

CUNNING

I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to have seen how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. . . . I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges creaked).

GUILT

No doubt I now grew very pale; but I talked more fluently and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could

[12] From *Good Housekeeping*, May, 1932. Reprinted by permission of the author.

I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped by cotton. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently; but the noise still increased.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, *The Tell-Tale Heart*

[4]

MY LITTLE SISTER [13]

My little sister had everything,
  Everything in the world—
Blue eyes, dimples, pink cheeks,
  And her hair curled.

She played forward at basket-ball,
  And shot ducks from cover,
She had a sweet rose-colored hat,
  And a tall lover.

All her life she had everything,
  Plenty and more than plenty.
She did not need a perfect death—
  Death at twenty.

MAY W. WARD

[5]

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

O that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie, fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead. Nay, not so much, not two.
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him,

[13] Reprinted by permission of *Poetry* (Chicago) and the author.

As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on 't!—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears,—why she, even she—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules; within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gallèd eyes,
She married. . . .
It is not nor it cannot come to good.—
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*

[6]

A TERRIBLE INFANT

I recollect a nurse called Ann,
  Who carried me about the grass,
And one fine day a fine young man
  Came up, and kissed the pretty lass:
She did not make the least objection!
    Thinks I, "Aha!
  When I can talk, I'll tell Mamma."
—And that's my earliest recollection.

FREDERICK LOCKER LAMPSON

[7]

GRANTCHESTER [14]

(Written in Berlin, May, 1912)

Ah God! to see the branches stir
Across the moon at Grantchester!
To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten
Unforgettable, unforgotten
River-smell, and hear the breeze
Sobbing in the little trees.
Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand
Still guardians of that holy land?

[14] Reprinted by permission of Dodd, Mead & Company, publishers.

The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,
The yet unacademic stream?
Is dawn a secret shy and cold
Anadyomene, silver-gold?
And sunset still a golden sea
From Haslingfield to Madingley?
And after, ere the night is born,
Do hares come out about the corn?
Oh, is the water sweet and cool,
Gentle and brown, above the pool?
And laughs the immortal river still
Under the mill, under the mill?
Say, is there Beauty yet to find?
And Certainty? And Quiet kind?
Deep meadows yet, for to forget
The lies, and truths, and pain? . . . oh! yet
Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
And is there honey still for tea?

RUPERT BROOKE, *Grantchester*

[8]

SUN GLARE [15]

It seems to you that the blue sky-fire is burning down into your brain—that the flare of the white pavements and yellow walls is piercing somehow into your life—creating an unfamiliar mental confusion—blurring out thought. . . . Is the whole world taking fire? . . . The flaming azure of the sea dazzles and pains like a crucible-glow;—the green of the mornes flickers and blazes in some amazing way. . . . Then dizziness inexpressible; you grope with eyes shut fast—afraid to open them again in that stupefying torrefaction—moving automatically—vaguely knowing you must get out of the flaring and flashing—somewhere, anywhere away from the white wrath of the sun, and the green fire of the hills, and the monstrous colour of the sea. . . . Then, remembering nothing, you find yourself in bed—with an insupportable sense of weight at the back of the head—a pulse beating furiously—and a strange sharp pain at intervals stinging through your eyes. . . . And the pain grows; expands—fills all the skull—forces you to cry out—replaces all other sensations except a weak consciousness, vanishing and recurring, that you are very sick, more sick than ever before in all your life.

LAFCADIO HEARN, "*Do Not Think Like That*"

[15] Reprinted by permission of Harper & Brothers.

[9]

WILD GOATS [16]

The moon is full but it won't spill over
And it won't fall out when it hangs askew.
The bees suck honey from tall red clover
  But they won't get drunk of it.
  Bees never do.

I gave my love to a girl with amber
Eyes like the windows the saints shine through.
She dragged it through the brambles where wild goats clamber
  But my heart won't break of it.
  Hearts never do.

ANICE PAGE COOPER

The Necessity for the Right Tempo. If pauses are significant, the rate of speed with which sentences and phrases are uttered may be considered even more significant. By the tempo of your speech rhythm, you make revelations of the most vital import. You cannot talk fast without having others think that you are hurried or excited or eager, or talk slowly without making them think you are deliberate or calm or indifferent. One attention-getting device of radio announcers of football and basketball games is a rapid tempo, partly because of the rapidity of the game, and partly because they like to create empathically the excitement of the game for their listeners. Watch a room full of people listening to a boxing match announced over the air; note how they lean forward, how they attend to the voice that is rapidly and forcefully recounting the activity. Then note how this same announcer can control the rate of his speech after the game is over. Such control is essential for those who wish to interpret literature.

The general rate of a selection is controlled by the meaning and mood expressed by the author. In fact, the whole sense and significance of an interpretation may be quite overthrown by the use of the wrong tempo: meaning can be distorted and mood can be lost, if the interpreter fails to realize the author's intention. It would be difficult, for instance, to express doubt by using

[16] From *The Bookman.* By permission of the author.

a fast tempo, or sorrow by a staccato rate. The interpreter should work for the tempo which will aid in the projection of the sense and feeling of the selection; he should be able to vary the tempo according to the literature to be interpreted. Some race from start to finish, stumble over words, hurry through sentence after sentence no matter what tempo is indicated by the meaning and mood; others amble along contentedly and consistently. In either case, much of the sense and effect of the reading is forfeited. Good taste and thorough study of the literature are necessary requisites in establishing the time factor.

Tempo is important in three aspects: general rate, rate of the sentence or phrase, rate of the individual word. Interpretation that pays no attention to a change of pace in whole compositions, or in sentences and words, will always be defective. Unless the selection calls for monotony of tempo, no interpreter should utter all words with the same rate of speech rhythm without regard for meaning, tone, sense, color, or mood.

Exercises

I. The following passages need a prevailing slow rate:

[1]

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD TOWN[17]

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay.
The hoary colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war
They put their games away.

[17] From *The Spires of Oxford and Other Poems.* Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

WINIFRED M. LETTS

[2]

WHEN IN DISGRACE WITH FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES
(Sonnet 29)

When, in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee; and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love rememb'red such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[3]

DUSK AT SEA [18]

To-night eternity alone is near:
The sea, the sunset, and the darkening blue;
Within their shelter is no space for fear,
Only the wonder that such things are true.

[18] From *The Voice in the Silence* published by Thomas Bird Mosher. By permission of the author.

The thought of you is like the dusk at sea—
Space and wide freedom and old shores left far,
The shelter of a lone immensity
Sealed by the sunset and the evening star.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

II. The following passages call for a prevailingly fast rate:

[1]

SONG

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crownèd with the prime,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*

[2]

MERCUTIO ON QUEEN MAB

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
Her traces of the smallest spider web,
Her collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then he dreams of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And, being thus frighted swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*

[3]

THE DEATH OF IRIS [19]

"Come along," the old gentleman rapped out, and darted through the window. I caught the General up as he was starting off Guy's car.

"After her, boy. After her. Feel sick, her going like that. Feel sick."

"Can't catch her in this car, sir."

"We'll see. Try, anyway. Must catch her. Must beg her forgiveness." He looked at me as the car started off. He was smiling. Those clever darting eyes were wet. Then Hilary, hatless, like ourselves, jumped on to the footboard and into the back.

"What's this, Maurice?"

"After her, man. Iris has suddenly thrown her hand in. Listen to that hell's own racket!"

Sir Maurice rushed that ancient Rolls break-neck up the winding drive. From the distance came that menacing roar. "Can do seventy-six if you like." I heard the husky whisper above the roar, I saw the dancing tawny curls through the darkness, boy's head, curly head, white and tiger-tawny. . . .

"Can't catch her in this," I cried again.

Hilary was leaning forward from behind, his chin by my shoulder. He whispered through the rushing air: "Afraid of her happiness in the end. You beat her, Maurice. You beat her, you and your mouldy old England. And your son wasn't worthy of her love. Good God, he cared whether we respected her or not! She wasn't enough for him as she was. Maurice, it's on your head, all this. She'll be in despair. You've got to catch her."

We swept headlong round a corner. We were on the crown of the several small slopes that I remembered ascending.

"There!" yelled Sir Maurice. And he laughed like an excited boy. "We'll catch her yet."

Far down the slope, winding, killing the darkness, rushed the lights of the Hispano. Sir Maurice kept his thumb on the button of the electric-horn, and we drove headlong down that slope with a wild cry of warning to Iris.

"She can't hear!" I yelled.

"Go on, let her know we're here!" yelled Hilary.

The General's silver hair waved frantically on the wind. He was driving like a madman. He was smiling. The two great lights ahead lit the countryside. Then they seemed to shorten, and Harrod's stood like a pillar of light against the darkness. The silver leaves, the giant

[19] From *The Green Hat* by Michael Arlen. Copyright, 1924, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

trunk . . . in the lights of Iris's car. The stork screamed hoarsely, once, twice, thrice. . . .

"Iris!" Hilary sobbed. "Stop her, man! Stop her! Not that—"

"Iris, not that!" Sir Maurice whispered. "Child, not that!"

I was blind, sick. There was a tearing crash, a tongue of fire among the leaves of Harrod's. Our car had stopped. "Iris!" Sir Maurice whispered. "Iris!" Once again the great tree was lit by a shivering light, then from the darkness there came a grinding, moaning noise as of a great beast in pain. I stood beside Sir Maurice on the road. At the angle at which we had stopped, our lights did not fall on the throbbing wreck. He was staring into the darkness.

"But that death!" Hilary stammered. "That death!"

My foot touched something on the grass beside the road, and I picked up the green hat.

MICHAEL ARLEN, *The Green Hat*

Quantity. The most subtle of all the factors of time is *quantity*. Every speech sound, vowel or consonant, possesses an inherent length called *quantity*. *K* is quick and short, as are *p*, *b*, *t*, hard *g*; *m*, *n*, *s*, *ng* are long. Among the vowels, *oo*, *ou*, *a* as in *all*, *a* as in *father*, *o* as in *go*, are inherently long; *o* as in *got*, *a* as in *at*, *e* as in *met* are by nature short and quick.

In subtle interpretation, there are always problems in deciding whether to yield to the inherent quantities of the sounds as written or whether to do as one pleases about them. Even more important is the necessity for recognizing that quantities are important in developing the proper speech rhythm.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep: . . .

is a succession of sounds inviting the interpreter to brevity and alertness. Notice the short quantities in the following speech, as Petruchio announces his intention to woo Katherina, the shrew:

You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hall; my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

But to interpret Romeo's famous lines

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

with the short quantities that belong to Petruchio's speech would be to lose the lyrical beauty and rhythm of the lines.

Now here is the significance of quantity to the keen interpreter: if the passage which deals with ideas and sentiments suggesting a quick, sparkling rendition, is read slowly and with a drag, the meaning is lost. The same thing is true of the passage written for prolongation when it is read fast. Reverse the procedure in the passages above and disobey the signals; notice the effect of confusion and futility.

Giving proper value to sounds is one of the surest and most helpful tests of the worth of poetry. When the quantities as announced and offered fit the sense of the words and ideas, then the passage meets the strictest of all the tests of poetic worth. The words *moon, stars, love, dawn, trees, flowers, moan, groan, die, burn, grave, sorrow, calm, serene, dreams, drum* all fit beautifully with the length and duration of their sound. Such words as *hit, crack, tip, rush, fright, trip, butt, flash, bite, nip* all ask for speed. Now he who writes of dreamy things with *nip, hit,* and *rush,* or writes of lively and stirring things with *groan, dawn,* and *burn,* writes nonsense, or at least, non-sentiment. It is quite impossible to untangle such misalliances.

So one of the most penetrating studies an interpreter can make in rhythmical speech is to study how the quantity of the vowels and consonants matches with what the author is trying to express.

Exercises

I. The following poems use mostly long quantities:

[1]

SCARS [20]

There is a deep serenity in homely things—
  Wood dark with age and scarred with daily wear,
In rough coats wet with rain, in steaming muddy shoes,
  Or faces marked with old forgotten care.

They have the strong plain breath of earthiness about them.
  Their feel is like the coarse black bark of trees
That stand deep planted in the loam, that knew through ages
  The crackling storm or sunlit drone of bees.

Great souls there are who leap to flaming beauty
  In timeless, wind-swept realms behind the stars,
But he may know, who walks in homely places,
  The intimate serenity of scars.

GARRETA BUSEY

[2]

NIGHT AND LOVE

When stars are in the quiet skies,
  Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me, then, thy tender eyes,
  As stars look on the sea!

For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
  Are stillest when they shine;
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light
  Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
  Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep—
  Sweet spirit, meet me then.

There is an hour when holy dreams
  Through slumber fairest glide;
And in that mystic hour it seems
  Thou shouldst be by my side.

[20] From *The Bookman.* By permission of the author.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam:
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel and my dream!

OWEN MEREDITH

II. The following passages abound in short quantities:

[1]

WHY SO PALE AND WAN?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, if looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! This will not move,
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

[2]

THE CUPBOARD [21]

I know a little cupboard,
With a teeny tiny key,
And there's a jar of Lollypops
For me, me, me.

It has a little shelf, my dear,
As dark as dark can be,
And there's a dish of Banbury Cakes
For me, me, me.

[21] From *Poems* by Walter de la Mare. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.

I have a small fat grandmamma,
With a very slippery knee,
And she's the Keeper of the Cupboard
With a key, key, key.

And when I'm very good, my dear,
As good as good can be,
There's Banbury Cakes, and Lollypops
For me, me, me.

WALTER DE LA MARE

[3]

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;

And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR

[4]

ON A STILE [22]

I

With lavender sachet,
And ruffles of lace,
And a yellow poke bonnet
Cupping her face,
With pantalets peeping
Demurely below
A rustle of cretonne
Trim ankles to show;
With rosette of pansies
Upon her slim wrist,
And lips made of bud pinks
That ought to be kissed,
Cicily wandered
The asters among,
And pouted, "I'm tired
Of being so young!"
So she glanced cautiously
Round and about,
Lest Aunt Priscilla
Might be walking out.
Then she lifted her hoops
And she scampered a mile
'Til she came to the southerly
Side of a stile.

II

With coat-tails a-hanging
Sable and long,
With ivory hand leaning
On oaken cane strong,
And snug kerchief silkily
Muffling a cough,

[22] By permission of *Contemporary Verse.*

And silver hair handsome
If most were not off;
With knees crook'd and foot slow
But eye bright on tree
Where high in the top the best
Nuts used to be,
Captain Q. down the lane
Ruefully strolled,
And muttered, "I'm tired
Of being so old!"
So peering craftily
This way and that,
Lest Daughter was out
To see what he was at,
He flipped his stout cane
And he frisked him a mile,
'Til he came to the northerly
Side of a stile.

III

And Cicily climbed, and Captain Q. climbed,
And they sat side by side up on high!
The sun grew merry, the wind grew mild,
And a lark laughed out in the sky.

IV

Captain Q. sat him tight,
Captain Q. sat him bold,
And shouted, "I'm tired
Of being so old!"
"Tra la! I'm tired
Of being so young!"
Said C. And they swung
And they swung and they swung!

MARTHA OSTENSO

Rhythm and Metre. It is only through practice that the student of interpretation will learn the distinction between good and poor speech rhythms. Especially does this apply to the movement of poetry, for the interpretation of poetry has two time factors to worry the interpreter—rhythm and metre. Many people confuse the rhythm of poetry with the metre of poetry. If

you do not get the distinction between these two patterns, many things will go wrong with your interpretation.

Metre is a matter of regularity of strokes of the voice, a system of heavy and light, of long and short. It can always be represented by a system of marks that indicates this regularity and fixed order; that is, it can be broken into feet which are iambic, dactyllic, trochaic, etc. The reading of poetry with this regularity of beats is known as scansion: to read a line according to its metrical pattern is to scan it. Now the point is that in the interpretation of the printed page, scansion rarely makes good sense and proper feeling. Scansion is merely an artificial device for testing metrical forms to see whether the metre is made according to rule, and is not a means of communicating thought.

Thought is conveyed by rhythm—not by metre. What then is rhythm? No definition will ever identify positively what rhythm is; in a general way, we can say that rhythm is a blending of recurrent stressing and nonstressing of syllables into a flowing, continuous pattern or melody. Metre can be said to exist on the printed page, for it can be marked off by rule and one can predict what is coming next. It is the basic structure for rhythm, for the intricate patterns of cadence and of melody. To find rhythm, to locate it, to fingerprint it, is impossible because although it is inherent in the selection, it must strike a sympathetic response in the interpreter and must be identified with the interpreter's feeling. You have watched ballet troupes. There is always a basic pattern which is interpreted by various groups on the stage into different rhythms; finally these patterns are blended, as are melodies in a symphonic orchestration, into one intricate rhythmical pattern. Dance orchestras also provide a background pattern which dancing couples interpret according to the rhythms popular at the time or according to the dancers' inherent rhythms. Likewise from every line of poetry or prose, the interpreter may find several rhythmical patterns. If rhythm is latent and has never been developed in you, then you may have difficulty finding rhythm in any poem. This is characteristic of the person who says that he does not enjoy poetry. It must be repeated, however, that there is no interpretation in scanning metre, for all readers do it alike, and what all do alike is not interpretation.

Rhythm of vocal expression gives interpretation its most personal touch. Good rhythm conforms to no rule of its own, for it is always a matter of the interpreter's ingenuity, his versatility in employing a happy combination of all the principles that make up lively speech. "You are a poet if you read a poem well." The poetry is in the interpreter—and the hearer—or else there is none. Metre is like a church hymn sung by the congregation; rhythm is like the rendition of an artist giving expression to his inmost soul. Metre has no surprises; rhythm never gives away its secrets —it is one surprise after another and each one of them is a pleasure. It catches the audience off their guard and makes them glad. It titillates attention and interest by the everlasting uncertainty of what is going to happen next.

The interpreter needs no detailed study of prosody to interpret a poem well. In fact, some students could probably read "This is the forest primeval" with truer rhythmical sense if they had not been urged at various times to scan it. Overemphasis on scansion in the secondary schools distorts speech rhythm and is likely to tend towards monotonous, droning reading of poetry—yes, even to singsong. It takes experience to overcome this mechanical procedure. There may be value in being conscious of metrical pattern, but when that consciousness becomes paramount so that the interpreter reads in terms of iambs and dactyls—then interpretation has suffered its worst blow, for force is distorted, timing becomes mechanical, pitch is monotonous, quality becomes inflexible, and meaning is lost. When an interpreter says, "I was miserable listening to every one mutilate Shakespeare's iambic pentameter," he has lost, if he ever had it, the joy of Shakespeare's melody and rhythm. Any one who reads blank verse for the sake of blank verse instead of the meaning, does not have a realization of the author's aim. Certainly no author would say, "See how well I write blank verse," but rather, "Note how well I can gain rhythmical effects by using a framework of blank verse." No poet ever wrote blank verse for the sake of blank verse. Meter is not an end in itself but a means to an end. It should be considered a sort of convenience—a guidepost which shows the general movement of the poem, and from which various rhythmical patterns emerge. After all, as interpreters of poetry, we are

anxious to convey a rhythm to the listener,—and the rhythm we are working for is not a matter of scansion but rather a matter of muscles and glands. We live rhythmically, we move rhythmically, and we ought to be able to interpret rhythmically.

But just as each of us has varying speech cadences, so each of us may find a different rhythm in a poem. The poem which seems most rhythmical to you may not seem so to me, or at least, your rhythm may not be mine. You have all heard Kipling's "Mandalay" sung and interpreted many times, and almost every time you have heard it, you have experienced a different rhythm. But one interpretation you remember above all others, because it probably fits in with the cadences of your vocal expression. Many students complain that they cannot interpret Carl Sandburg because he has no rhythm. The trouble lies, of course, in the interpreter who is not able to adjust his speech rhythm to the symbols on the printed page. Have you ever heard a poet read his own poetry with an absolute lack of rhythmical expression? He evidently knows the rhythm, feels it, appreciates it, yet he seems to have difficulty in making his audience feel what he feels. His handicap lies in his inability to convey what he feels to his audience through rhythmical use of the voice and body. It is your task, as an interpreter to discover and to improve the variability of your vocal expression and to adapt those cadences to the meaning and for the pleasure of the audience.

Exercises

I. It would be difficult to find a poem that offers more opportunity to study the relationship of pause, tempo, and quantity to rhythm than Vachel Lindsay's *The Congo*. You will find when studying it, that it can be interpreted with many varieties of speech rhythm and melody: it can be chanted, it can be interpreted with a tom-tom rhythm, it can have a lively modern swing to it. If you wish to follow Vachel Lindsay's directions, then every stanza will have a different rhythm from the previous one —and there may be variations even within the stanza. Here is an outstanding example of how rhythm is within you; it is your opportunity to test your versatility and your ability to make use of

quality, force, and time in the development of a variable speech rhythm. Watch your bodily activity or general muscular control, for that will be the basis for your rhythm. Notice how *The Congo* cannot be successfully interpreted without an alert, spirited muscular tension which will shift with every change in mood and rhythm. Students of interpretative dancing have danced to the rhythms of *The Congo* as read by interpreters. Try it. Can you find the buck and wing rhythm, the voo-doo rhythm, the waltz rhythm, the cake-walk rhythm? Notice the changes necessary in resonance, attack, touch, pause, tempo, quantity to bring out variety in your rhythmical expression.

THE CONGO [23]

A Study of the Negro Race

I. Their Basic Savagery

Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room,	
Barrel-house kings, with feet unstable,	
Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table,	*A deep rolling bass.*
Pounded on the table,	
Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom,	
Hard as they were able,	
Boom, boom, BOOM,	
With a silk umbrella and the handle of a broom,	
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM.	
THEN I had religion, THEN I had a vision.	
I could not turn from their revel in derision.	
THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK,	*More deliberate. Solemnly chanted.*
CUTTING THROUGH THE JUNGLE WITH A GOLDEN TRACK.	
Then along that riverbank	
A thousand miles	
Tattooed cannibals danced in files;	
Then I heard the boom of the blood-lust song	
And a thigh-bone beating on a tin-pan gong.	
And "Blood!" screamed the whistles and the fifes of the warriors,	*A rapidly piling climax of speed and racket.*
"Blood!" screamed the skull-faced, lean witch-doctors;	

[23] Copyright, 1912, by The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission. (Only two of the three parts are given.)

"Whirl ye the deadly voo-doo rattle,
Harry the uplands,
Steal all the cattle,
Rattle-rattle, rattle-rattle,
Bing!
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM!" — *With a philosophic pause.*
A roaring, epic, rag-time tune
From the mouth of the Congo
To the Mountains of the Moon.
Death is an Elephant,
Torch-eyed and horrible,
Foam-flanked and terrible.
BOOM, steal the pygmies, — *Shrilly and with a heavily accented metre.*
BOOM, kill the Arabs,
BOOM, kill the white men,
HOO, HOO, HOO.
Listen to the yell of Leopold's ghost — *Like the wind in the chimney.*
Burning in Hell for his hand-maimed host.
Hear how the demons chuckle and yell
Cutting his hands off, down in Hell.
Listen to the creepy proclamation,
Blown through the lairs of the forest-nation,
Blown past the white-ants' hill of clay, — *All the O sounds very golden. Heavy accents very heavy. Light accents very light. Last line whispered.*
Blown past the marsh where the butterflies play:—
"Be careful what you do,
Or Mumbo-Jumbo, God of the Congo,
And all of the other
Gods of the Congo,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you."

II. Their Irrepressible High Spirits

Wild crap-shooters with a whoop and a call — *Rather shrill and high.*
Danced the juba in their gambling-hall
And laughed fit to kill, and shook the town,
And guyed the policemen and laughed them down
With a boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM. . . .
THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK,
CUTTING THROUGH THE JUNGLE WITH A GOLDEN TRACK. — *Read exactly as in first section.*

A negro fairyland swung into view,
A minstrel river
Where dreams come true.
The ebony palace soared on high
Through the blossoming trees to the evening sky.
The inlaid porches and casements shone
With gold and ivory and elephant-bone.
And the black crowd laughed till their sides were sore
At the baboon butler in the agate door,
And the well-known tunes of the parrot band
That trilled on the bushes of that magic land.

Lay emphasis on the delicate ideas. Keep as light-footed as possible.

A troupe of skull-faced witch-men came
Through the agate doorway in suits of flame,
Yea, long-tailed coats with a gold-leaf crust
And hats that were covered with diamond-dust.
And the crowd in the court gave a whoop and a call
And danced the juba from wall to wall.
But the witch-men suddenly stilled the throng.
With a stern cold glare, and a stern old song:
"Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you." . . .

With pomposity.

With a great deliberation and ghostliness.

Just then from the doorway, as fat as shotes
Came the cake-walk princes in their long red coats,
Canes with a brilliant lacquer shine,
And tall silk hats that were red as wine.
And they pranced with their butterfly partners there,
Coal-black maidens with pearls in their hair,
Knee-skirts trimmed with the jessamine sweet,
And bells on their ankles and little black feet.
And the couples railed at the chant and the frown
Of the witch-men lean, and laughed them down.
(Oh, rare was the revel, and well worth while
That made those glowering witch-men smile.)

With overwhelming assurance, good cheer, and pomp.

With growing speed and sharply marked dance rhythm.

The cake-walk royalty then began
To walk for a cake that was tall as a man
To the tune of "Boomlay, boomlay, Boom,"
While the witch-men laughed, with a sinister air,
And sang with the scalawags prancing there:

With a touch of negro dialect and

"Walk with care, walk with care,
Or Mumbo-Jumbo, God of the Congo,
And all of the other
Gods of the Congo,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you.
Beware, beware, walk with care,
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom.
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom,
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom,
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay,
Boom."
Oh, rare was the revel, and well worth while
That made those glowering witch-men smile.

as rapidly as possible toward the end.

Slow philosophic calm.

Vachel Lindsay

II. Watch the time element in the following poems. Notice that you will pause many places where there is no punctuation, and that you will use quantities that are long and short; notice too, that if you race through a poem, you are conveying little but a jumble of words. Be sure to give rhythmical expression and not metrical scansion. If you wish to be sure of the effect of rhythm and metre, try reading first by scansion; then see how the sense and thought are improved and how empathy is aroused when you interpret rhythmically.

[1]

A CERTAIN YOUNG LADY

There's a certain young lady,
Who's just in her hey-day,
And full of all mischief, I ween;
So teasing! so pleasing!
Capricious! delicious!
And you know very well whom I mean.

With an eye dark as night,
Yet than noonday more bright,
Was ever a black eye so keen?
It can thrill with a glance,
With a beam can entrance,
And you know very well whom I mean.

With a stately step—such as
You'd expect in a duchess—
  And a brow might distinguish a queen,
    With a mighty proud air,
    That says "Touch me who dare,"
And you know very well whom I mean.

With a toss of the head
That strikes one dead,
  But a smile to revive one again;
    That toss so appalling!
    That smile so enthralling!
And you know very well whom I mean.

Confound her! de'il take her!—
A cruel heart-breaker—
  But hold! see that smile so serene.
    God love her! God bless her!
    May nothing distress her!
And you know very well whom I mean.

Heaven help the adorer
Who happens to bore her,
  The lover who wakens her spleen;
    But too blest for a sinner
    Is he who shall win her,
And you know very well whom I mean.

WASHINGTON IRVING

[2]

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
  In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
  By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
  Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
  In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
  I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
  Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
  In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
  My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
  And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
  In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
  Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
  In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of a cloud by night,
  Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
  Of those who were older than we—
  Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
  Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
  In the sepulchre there by the sea—
  In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

[3]

MY STAR

All that I know
  Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
  (Like an angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
  Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
  They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!

Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled:
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

ROBERT BROWNING

[4]

THE LITTLE GREEN ORCHARD [24]

Someone is always sitting there,
In the little green orchard;
Even when the sun is high
In noon's unclouded sky,
And faintly droning goes
The bee from rose to rose,
Someone in the shadow is sitting there,
In the little green orchard.

Yes, and when twilight is falling softly
In the little green orchard;
When the grey dew distils
And every flower-cup fills;
And when the last blackbird says,
"What—what!" and goes her way—s-sh!
I have heard voices calling softly
In the little green orchard.

Not that I am afraid of being there,
In the little green orchard;
Why, when the moon's been bright,—
Shedding her lonesome light,
And moths like ghosties come,
And the horned snail leaves home:
I've sat there, whispering and listening there,
In the little green orchard.

Only it's strange to be feeling there,
In the little green orchard;
Whether you paint or draw,
Dig, hammer, chop, or saw;
When you are most alone,
All but the silence gone . . .
Someone is waiting and watching there,
In the little green orchard.

WALTER DE LA MARE

[24] From *Poems* by Walter de la Mare. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.

[5]

SEA-FEVER [25]

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship, and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

JOHN MASEFIELD

[6]

THINGS LOVELIER [26]

You cannot dream
  Things lovelier
Than the first love
  I had of her.

Nor air is any
  By magic shaken
As her first breath in
  The first kiss taken.

And who, in dreaming,
  Understands
Her hands stretched like
  A blind man's hands?

Open, trembling,
  Wise they were—
You cannot dream
  Things lovelier.

HUMBERT WOLFE

[25] Copyright, 1918, by The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.
[26] From *Kensington Gardens*. Reprinted by permission of Ann Wolfe.

[7]

FOR PASSERS-BY [27]

If ever I have the house I've planned
For my heart's dear and me,
It will stand on the top of a wooded hill
Beneath a live oak tree;
And you may pass on the road below
And look at my house and scoff,
And say, "Why, any winter wind
Could blow it off."

If ever I have a garden small
For my heart's love and me,
I'll spread it out on a sloping hill
Beside a live-oak tree;
And you may say: "Why, what a place
To make a garden plot!
The rain will wash it down the gulch
As like as not!"

If ever I light a candle tall
For my heart's heart and me,
I'll set it high on the casement ledge,
And you may pass and see,
And say: "Some one must *live* up there—
I can't imagine who—
It's just the sort of silly thing
Some folk would do!"

Now, if you pass at six o'clock
Upon the road below,
I may be talking with my dear,
And I shall never know.
But if it's only half-past five
I'm nearly sure to see,
And I shall whisper to myself,
"How they must envy me!"

ROBERTA RINEAR

[27] Reprinted by permission of the author and *Good Housekeeping*.

[8]

CUPID SWALLOWED

T'other day, as I was twining
Roses for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, midst the heap,
Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little desperate elf—
The tiny traitor—Love himself!
By the wings I pinched him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine, I plunged and sank him,
And what d'ye think I did?—I drank him!
Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with ten-fold glee;
And now this moment, with his wings,
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

LEIGH HUNT

[9]

SOME ONE [28]

Some one came knocking
  At my wee, small door;
Some one came knocking,
  I'm sure—sure—sure;
I listened, I opened,
  I looked to left and right,
But nought there was a-stirring
  In the still dark night;
Only the busy beetle
  Tap-tapping in the wall,
Only from the forest
  The screech-owl's call,
Only the cricket whistling
  While the dewdrops fall,
So I know not who came knocking,
  At all, at all, at all.

WALTER DE LA MARE

[28] From *Poems* by Walter de la Mare. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.

[10]

MESSMATES [29]

He gave us all a good-bye cheerily
At the first dawn of day;
We dropped him down the side full drearily
When the light died away.
It's a dead, dark watch that he's a-keeping there,
And a long, long night that lags a-creeping there,
Where the Trades and the Tides roll over him,
And the great ships go by.

He's there alone with green seas rocking him
For a thousand miles around;
He's there alone with dumb things mocking him,
And we're homeward bound.
It's a long, lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
And a dead, cold night that lags a-creeping there,
While the months and the years roll over him,
And the great ships go by.

I wonder if the tramps come near enough
As they thrash to and fro,—
Or the battleship's bells ring clear enough
To be heard down below.
If through all the lone watch that he's a-keeping there
And the long, cold night that lags a-creeping there,
The voices of the sailormen will comfort him.
When the great ships go by.

HENRY NEWBOLDT

[11]

LARRIE O'DEE

Now the Widow McGee,
And Larrie O'Dee,
Had two little cottages out on the green,
With just room enough for two pig-pens between.
The widow was young and the widow was fair,
With the brightest of eyes and the brownest of hair,
And it frequently chanced, when she came in the morn,
With the swill for her pig, Larrie came with the corn,
And some of the ears that he tossed from his hand
In the pen of the widow were certain to land.

[29] By permission. From *Poems: Old and New* by Henry Newboldt. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

One morning said he:
"Och! Misthress McGee,
It's a waste of good lumber, this runnin' two rigs,
Wid a fancy purtition betwane our two pigs!"
"Indade, sir, it is!" answered Widow McGee,
With the sweetest of smiles upon Larrie O'Dee.
"And thin, it looks kind o' hard-hearted and mane,
Kapin' two friendly pigs so exsaidenly near
That whiniver one grunts the other can hear,
And yit kape a cruel purtition betwane."

"Schwate Widow McGee,"
Answered Larrie O'Dee,
"If ye fale in your heart we are mane to the pigs,
Ain't we mane to ourselves to be runnin' two rigs?
Och! it made me heart ache when I paped through the cracks
Of me shanty, lasht March, at yez swingin' yer axe,
An' a bobbin' yer head an a-shtompin' yer fate,
Wid yer purty white hands jisht as red as a bate,
A-shplittin' yer kindlin'-wood out in the shtorm,
When one little shtove it would kape us both warm!"

"Now, piggy," says she,
"Larrie's courtin' o' me,
Wid his dilicate tinder allusions to you;
So now yez must tell me jisht what I must do:
For, if I'm to say yes, shtir the swill wid yer snout;
But if I'm to say no, ye must kape yer nose out.
Now, Larrie, for shame! to be bribin' a pig
By tossin' a handful of corn in its shwig!"
"Me darlint, the piggy says yes," answered he.
And that was the courtship of Larrie O'Dee.

WILLIAM W. FINK

[12]

WEENG [30]

(An Indian Slumber-song)

Hush! my baby, or soon you will hear
The Sleepy-eye, Wéeng-oosh, hovering near;
Out of the timber he will come,
A little round man as small as your thumb.

[30] From *Slow Smoke*. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers, and of the author.

Swinging his torch of a red fire-fly,
Out of the shadows old Sleepy-eye,
With sound of a ghost, on the wind will creep
To see if a little boy lies asleep;
Over your cheeks old Wéeng will go,
With feet as soft as the falling snow—
Tip-toe . . . . . tip-toe.

Hush! my little one, close your lids tight,
Before old Sleepy-eye comes to-night;
Hi-yáh! if he finds you are still awake,
He draws from his quiver a thistledown stake;
With an acorn for club he pounds on its butt,
Till Sleepy-eye hammers the open eye shut;
Then from his bundle he pulls out another,
Hops over your nose and closes the other;
Up and down with his club he will rap
On the open lid till he closes the gap—
Tap-tap . . . . . tap-tap.

If Wéeng-oosh comes at the end of this day,
And finds you asleep he will hurry away . . .
Do you hear him cry on the winds that blow?—
And walk on the earth as soft as a doe?—
To-and-fro . . . . . to-and-fro. . .
Hi-yáh! he has crept away from my lap!
For he found my little boy taking a nap.
Oh, weep no more and whisper low,
I hear the feet of Sleepy-eye go—
Tip-toe . . . . . tip-toe.

LEW SARETT

[13]

IF I EVER HAVE TIME FOR THINGS THAT MATTER [31]

If I ever have time for things that matter,
If ever I have the smallest chance,
I'm going to live in
Little Broom Gardens,
Moat-by-the-Castle,
Nettlecombe, Hants.

I'll take my ease and never, never hurry,
And sit for hours on the top of a stile,

[31] Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, and the author.

With a friend from
Wookey, Cress-on-the-Water,
Spennithorne-Baggot,
Bury Saint Gile.

Anything can happen, anything at all,
With faith and a moat and a castle wall.

With good Friar Tuck I'll roam through the heather,
Or shiver for a while by Windrush Rill,
With a headless knight from
Hangman's Hollow,
Or a jolly old ghost from
Traitor's Hill.

Then home to dusk through cowslip meadows,
And a seat on the settle when day is done,
A dish of tea and a
Pennyworth of cockles,
A muffin and a crumpet and a
Big Bath bun.

Why go to Liverpool, why go to Leeds,
Where nothing *could* happen that any one needs?

VILDA SAUVAGE OWENS

[14]

GUNGA DIN

You may talk o' gin and beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it:
But if it comes to slaughter,
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.
Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them black-faced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental *bhisti*, Gunga Din!
He was "Din! Din! Din!
You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!
Hi! slippery *hitherao!*
Water! Get it! *Panee lao!*
You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din!"

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind;
For a twisty piece o' rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows crawl,
We shouted "Harry By!"
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im cause 'e couldn't serve us all.
It was "Din! Din! Din!
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
You put some *juldee* in it
Or I'll *marrow* you this minute,
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done,
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waitin fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is *mussick* on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire,"
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside,
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!
It was "Din! Din! Din!"
With the bullets kickin' dust spots on the green,
When the cartridges ran out,
You could 'ear the front-files shout:
"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I sha'n't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' 'e plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water—green:
It was crawlin' and it stunk,

But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefullest to one from Gunga Din.
It was "Din! Din! Din!
'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;
'E's chawin' up the ground,
An' 'e's kickin' all around:
For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din!"

'E carried me away
To where a *dooli* lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died:
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.
So I'll meet 'im later on
At the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals,
Givin' drink to pore damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din
Yes, Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

RUDYARD KIPLING

[15]

THE BELLS

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!—
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future!—how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour,
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging

And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:—
And their king it is who tolls:—
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A paean from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the paean of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the paean of the bells:—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells.—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells:—

Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells:—
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

[16]

HOLLYHOCKS [32]

I have a garden, but, oh, dear me!
What a ribald and hysterical company:
Incorrigible mustard, militant corn,
Frivolous lettuce, and celery forlorn;
Beets apoplectic, and fatuous potatoes,—
Voluptuous pumpkins and palpitant tomatoes;
Philandering pickles trysting at the gate,
Onions acrimonious, and peppers irate;
And a regiment of hollyhocks marching around them,
To curb their mischief, to discipline and bound them.

Hollyhocks! Hollyhocks! What should I do
Without the morale of a troop like you!

Some lackadaisically yawn and nod;
Others, hypochondriac, droop on the sod;
Cabbage apathetic, parsnips sullen,
And peas downtrodden by the lancing mullein;
Boorish rutabagas, dill exotic,
The wan wax-bean, bilious and neurotic;
Dropsical melons, varicose chard,
And cauliflowers fainting all over the yard.
Thank heaven for the hollyhocks! Till day is done,
They prod them to labor in the rain and the sun.

Hollyhocks! Hollyhocks! Stiff as starch!
Oh, fix your bayonets! Forward! March!

LEW SARETT

[32] From *Wings against the Moon.* Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers, and the author.

III. Study the following dramatic passages for their phrasing, for their pauses, for their shift in tempo, for their quantities. Notice that as soon as you begin to apply technique in your study, your characters become fascinating personalities offering many possibilities for your artistic achievement:

[1]

MERCUTIO SPEAKS

A street. Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mercutio. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?
Benvolio. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.
Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so that he will sure run mad.
Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.
Mer. A challenge, on my life.
Ben. Romeo will answer it.
Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.
Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dar'd.
Mer. Alas, poor Romeo; he is already dead; stabb'd with a white wench's black eye; run through the ear with a love song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?
Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?
Mer. More than prince of cats. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song; keeps time, distance, and proportion; he rests his minim rests, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button; a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal *passado!* the *punto reverso!* the *hai!*
Ben. The what?
Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accent! "By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man!" . . . . Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *perdona-mi's,* who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring! O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in. Laura to his lady was a kitchen-wench, marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen and Hero hildings and harlots; This—be, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, *bonjour!* There's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy. . . .

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*

[2]

CAPULET'S DECISION

Juliet has just said farewell to Romeo, whom she has secretly married. She has been warned by the nurse that her mother, Lady Capulet, is on her way to Juliet's room. It is early morning.

Lady Capulet. Ho, daughter! are you up?

Juliet. Who is't that calls? It is my lady mother.
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Lady C. Why, how now, Juliet!

Juliet. Madam, I am not well.

Lady C. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Juliet. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

. . . . . .

Lady C. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Juliet. What villain, madam?

Lady C. That same villain, Romeo.

Juliet. (Aside.) Villain and he be many miles asunder.—
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;

And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.
Lady C. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

. . . . . .

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Juliet. And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
Lady C. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.
Juliet. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
Lady C. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
That gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.
Juliet. Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!
Lady C. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Capulet. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.
How now! a conduit? What, still in tears?
Evermore show'ring? . . .

. . . . . .

How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?
Lady C. Ay sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!
Capulet. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?
Juliet. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.
Capulet. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?

"Proud," and "I thank you," and "I thank you not";
And yet "not proud." Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!
Lady C. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?
Juliet. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
Capulet. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me!
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding!
Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
Capulet. And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.
Nurse. I speak no treason.
Capulet. O, God ye god-den.
Nurse. May not one speak?
Capulet. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.
Lady C. You are too hot.
Capulet. God's bread! it makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd;
Stuff'd as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer, "I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me."
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. *(Exit.)*

Juliet. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

Lady C. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *(Exit.)*

Juliet. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?

. . . . . .

Alack, alack, that heaven should practise strategems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the County.

. . . . . .

Juliet. Speak'st thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too; else beshrew them both.

Juliet. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Juliet. Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. *(Exit.)*

Juliet. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain,
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. *(Exit.)*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*

[3]

THE REFUSAL OF DE LEVIS [33]

De Levis has accused Ronald Dancy of stealing one thousand pounds from him when they were guests at the home of Charles Winsor. As a consequence De Levis has suffered social ostracism. The following scene takes place in the home of Mabel and Ronald Dancy:

Mabel. *(Going to door.)* Come in. *(De Levis comes in and stands embarrassed.)* Yes?

De Levis. *(With a slight bow.)* Your husband, Mrs. Dancy?

Mabel. He is in. Why do you want to see him?

De L. He came round to my rooms just now, when I was out. He threatened me yesterday. I don't choose him to suppose I'm afraid of him.

Mabel. *(With a great and manifest effort at self-control.)* Mr. De Levis, you are robbing my husband of his good name.

De L. *(Sincerely.)* I admire your trustfulness, Mrs. Dancy.

Mabel. *(Staring at him.)* How can you do it? What do you want? What's your motive? You can't possibly believe that my husband is a *thief!*

De L. Unfortunately.

Mabel. How dare you? How dare you? Don't you know that I was in our bedroom all the time with the door open? Do you accuse me too?

De L. No, Mrs. Dancy.

Mabel. But you do. I must have seen, I must have heard.

De L. A wife's memory is not very good when her husband is in danger.

Mabel. In other words, I'm lying.

De L. No. Your wish is mother to your thought, that's all.

Mabel. *(After staring again with a sort of horror, turns to get control of herself. Then turning back to him.)* Mr. De Levis, I appeal to you as a gentleman to behave to us as you would we should behave to you. Withdraw this wicked charge, and write an apology that Ronald can show.

De L. Mrs. Dancy, I am not a gentleman, I am only a—damned Jew. Yesterday I might possibly have withdrawn to spare you. But when my race is insulted I have nothing to say to your husband, but as he wishes to see me, I've come. Please let him know.

Mabel. *(Regarding him again with that look of horror—slowly.)* I think what you are doing is too horrible for words. *(De Levis gives her a slight bow, and as he does so Dancy comes quickly*

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in. The two men stand with the length of the sofa between them. Mabel, behind the sofa, turns her eyes on her husband, who has a paper in his hand.)

De L. You came to see me.

Dancy. Yes. I want you to sign this.

De L. I will sign nothing.

Dancy. Let me read it: "I apologize to Captain Dancy for the reckless and monstrous charge I made against him, and I retract every word of it."

De L. Not much!

Dancy. You will sign.

De L. I tell you this is useless. I will sign nothing. The charge is true; you wouldn't be playing this game if it weren't. I'm going. You'll hardly try violence in the presence of your wife; and if you try it anywhere else—look out for yourself.

Dancy. Mabel, I want to speak to him alone.

Mabel. No, no!

De L. Quite right, Mrs. Dancy. Black and tan swashbuckling will only make things worse for him.

Dancy. So you shelter behind a woman, do you, you skulking cur! *(De Levis takes a step, with fists clenched and eyes blazing. Dancy, too, stands ready to spring—the moment is cut short by Mabel going quickly to her husband.)*

Mabel. Don't Ronny. It's undignified! He isn't worth it. *(Dancy suddenly tears the paper in two, and flings it into the fire.)*

Dancy. Get out of here, you swine! *(De Levis stands a moment irresolute, then, opens the door, stands for a moment with a smile on his face, then goes. Mabel stands quite still, looking at her husband—her face expressing a sort of startled suspense.)*

Dancy. Well! Do you agree with him?

Mabel. What do you mean?

Dancy. That I wouldn't be playing this game unless—

Mabel. Don't! You hurt me!

Dancy. Yes. You don't know much of me, Mabel.

Mabel. Ronny!

Dancy. What did you say to that swine?

Mabel. That he was robbing *us*. Ronny—you—didn't? I'd rather know.

Dancy. Ha! I thought that was coming.

Mabel. Oh! How horrible of me—how horrible!

Dancy. Not at all. The thing looks bad.

Mabel. If *I* can't believe in you, who can? *(Going to him, throwing her arms round him, and looking up into his face.)* Ronny! If all the world—I'd believe in you. You know I would.

Dancy. That's all right, Mabs! That's all right! *(His face above her*

head, is contorted for a moment, then hardens into a mask.) Well, what shall we do?

Mabel. Oh, let's go to that lawyer—let's go at once!

Dancy. All right. Get your hat on. *(Mabel passes him, and goes into the bedroom. Dancy, left alone, stands quite still, staring before him. With a sudden shrug of his shoulders he moves quickly to his hat and takes it up as Mabel returns to go out. He opens the door; and crossing him, she stands in the doorway, looking up with a clear and trustful gaze as*

The Curtain falls.)

JOHN GALSWORTHY, *Loyalties*

[4]

THE DEATH OF DESDEMONA

A bedchamber in the castle: Desdemona in bed asleep; a light burning. Othello has come to kill Desdemona, because of Iago's false evidence concerning Desdemona's faithfulness to Othello.

Othello. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light.
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither: I'll smell it on the tree. *(Kisses her.)*
Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and that's the last;
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Desdemona. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemon?
Des. Ay, my lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to Heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
Des. Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No; heavens forfend! I would not kill thy soul.
Des. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Des. Then heaven
Have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart!
Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum!
Des. And yet I fear you; for you're fatal then
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know not,
Such guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Des. They are the loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.
Des. That death's unnatural that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still!
Des. I will so. What's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. O, Heaven, have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio

But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love; I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand,
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.
Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him. Send for him hither;
Let him confess the truth.
Oth. He hath confess'd.
Des. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath us'd thee.
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.
Des. O! my fear interprets. What, is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
Des. Alas! he is betray'd and I undone.
Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!
Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow: let me live to-night!
Oth. Nay, if you strive,—
Des. But half an hour!
Oth. Being done, there is no pause.
Des. But while I say one prayer!
Oth. It is too late. *(He smothers her.)*
Emilia. (At the door.) My lord, my lord! What, ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, so.
Emil. (Within.) What, ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. Who's there?
Emil. (Within.) O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!
Oth. Yes:—'tis Emilia.—By and by.—She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death,—
The noise was high. Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?—
I think she stirs again:—no. What's best to do?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife.
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. (Within.) I do beseech you
That I may speak with you, O good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia.
Soft; by and by.—Let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? *(Unlocks the door. Enter Emilia.)*
What's the matter with thee now?

Emil. O, good my lord, yonder's foul murder done!

Oth. What, now?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. O Lord, what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help! ho! help! O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done this deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself. Farewell!
Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell! *(Dies.)*

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell.
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!
Oth. Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
Emil. My husband!
Oth. Thy husband.
Emil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.
Emil. My husband!
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me on her first.
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Emil. My husband!
Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I say thy husband.
Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love!
My husband say that she was false!
Oth. He, woman;
I say thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! He lies to the heart.
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha!
Emil. Do thy worst!
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! Thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*

[5]

IN BRUTUS' TENT

Cassius. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Brutus. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cassius. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Brutus. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cassius. Chastisement!
Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius 'bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cassius. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Brutus. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cassius. I am.
Brutus. I say you are not.
Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.
Brutus. Away, slight man!
Cassius. Is't possible?
Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cassius. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
Brutus. All this! ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cassius. Is it come to this?
Brutus. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cassius. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say "better"?
Brutus. If you did, I care not.
Cassius. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Brutus. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cassius. I durst not!
Brutus. No.
Cassius. What, durst not tempt him!
Brutus. For your life you durst not.
Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means.—
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!
Cassius. I denied you not.
Brutus. You did.
Cassius. I did not. He was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Brutus. I do not, till you practice them on me.
Cassius. You love me not.
Brutus. I do not like your faults.
Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold.
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
Brutus. Sheathe your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope.
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.
Cassius. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Brutus. And my heart too!
Cassius. O Brutus!
Brutus. What's the matter?
Cassius. Have not you love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Brutus. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Caesar*

IV. Contrast the rhythmical cadences and patterns found in the following prose passages. Which selection do you enjoy the most from the point of view of rhythmical pleasure?

[1]

CHARITY

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

I Corinthians xiii

[2]

During May, 1944, when almost a million people were assembled in Central Park, New York City, to celebrate "I Am an American Day," Judge Learned Hand, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, addressed 150,000 newly naturalized citizens preceding their pledge of allegiance to the American flag:

WHAT IS THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY? [34]

We have gathered here to affirm a faith, a faith in a common purpose, a common conviction, a common devotion. Some of us have chosen America as the land of our adoption; the rest have come from those who did the same. For this reason we have some right to consider ourselves a picked group, a group of those who had the courage to break from the past and brave the dangers and the loneliness of a strange land.

What was the object that nerved us, or those who went before us, to this choice? We sought liberty; freedom from oppression, freedom from want, freedom to be ourselves. This we then sought. This we now believe that we are by way of winning.

What do we mean when we say that first of all we seek liberty? I often wonder whether we do not rest our hopes too much upon constitutions, upon laws and upon courts. These are false hopes; believe me, these are false hopes. Liberty lies in the hearts of men and women. When it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can save it. No constitution, no law, no court can even do much to help it. While it lies there, it needs no constitution, no law, no court to save it.

And what is this liberty which must lie in the hearts of men and women? It is not the ruthless, the unbridled will. It is not freedom to do as one likes. That is the denial of liberty, and leads straight to its overthrow. A society in which men recognize no check upon their freedom soon becomes a society where freedom is the possession of only a savage few; as we have learned to our sorrow.

What then is the spirit of liberty? I cannot define it; I can only tell you my own faith. The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure that it is right. The spirit of liberty is the spirit which seeks to understand the minds of other men and women. The spirit of liberty is the spirit which weighs their interests alongside its own without bias. The spirit of liberty remembers that not even a sparrow falls to earth unheeded. The spirit of liberty is the spirit of Him who, near two thousand years ago, taught mankind that lesson it has never learned, but has never quite forgotten: that there may be a kingdom

[34] By permission of Judge Learned Hand.

where the least shall be heard and considered side by side with the greatest.

And now in that spirit, that spirit of an America which has never been, and which may never be; nay, which never will be, except as the conscience and the courage of Americans create it; yet in the spirit of that America which lies hidden in some form in the aspirations of us all; in the spirit of that America for which our young men are at this moment fighting and dying; in that spirit of liberty and of America I ask you to rise and with me to pledge our faith in the glorious destiny of our beloved country—with liberty and justice for all.

JUDGE LEARNED HAND

[3]

AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON

A little while ago, I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of black Egyptian marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon—I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris—I saw him at the head of the army of Italy—I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tri-color in his hand—I saw him in Egypt in the shadow of the Pyramids—I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo—at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where Chance and Fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon

my knees and their arms about me. I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder, known as Napoleon the Great.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

[4]

AN APOLOGY FOR IDLERS

Extreme *busyness*, whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality; and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity. There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. Bring these fellows into the country, or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. They have no curiosity; they cannot give themselves over to random provocations; they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake; and unless Necessity lays about them with a stick, they will not even stand still. It is no good speaking to such folk: they *cannot* be idle, their nature is not generous enough; and they pass those hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious moiling in the gold-mill. When they do not require to go to the office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them. If they have to wait an hour or so for a train, they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see them you would suppose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with; you would imagine they were paralyzed or alienated; and yet very possibly they are hard workers in their own way, and have good eyesight for a flaw in a deed or a turn of the market. They have been to school and college, but all the time they had their eye on the medal; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

[5]

ICHABOD CRANE'S DELIGHT

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvelous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spell-bound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of

clover, bordering the little brook that whimpered by the schoolhouse, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way by swamp, and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination: the voice of the whippoorwill, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path, and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes;—and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe, at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill or along the dusky road.

WASHINGTON IRVING, *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*

Chapter XIV

VOCAL PITCH

Your voice, as we have said before, is a barometer of you and of your manner of living; it tells us much of how you feel about life and people; whether you are excitable and nervous; whether you are easy-going and calm; whether you are aggressive or timid. We know also that we like people according to the reactions they stir within us; and most of those reactions are caused by the sound of their voices. You have heard people say, "He has a positive personality"; you have heard others say, "He has no personality." Of course, we all agree that everyone has a personality; but some people are more attractive than others because they bring about pleasant responses in us through their facial expressions, their smiles, their way of moving, their manner of speaking. Others seem to have a negative personality because their faces reflect none of the joy of living and their voices are plaintive and colorless.

We know too that the quality of voice can have much to do with making personality attractive or displeasing; that volume or force can make a person sound agreeably animated or too decisive and too positive—or perhaps too indifferent and too weak; that the tempo of speech can make one persuasive and meaningful, or tiresome and boring. All of these factors are important in the interpretation of the printed page; but the element of voice which is the most sensitive indicator of your reactions, feelings, ideas, and attitudes is pitch. By discriminating use of slides, steps, key, and range, which are the various manifestations of pitch, the interpreter not only can give the obvious logical meaning, but also can stir up connotative and subtle emotional meanings.

What Is Vocal Pitch? Technically, pitch is the auditory sensation of the frequency of a vibrating object. In speech the vibrating objects are the vocal folds. The speed with which the vocal folds vibrate will determine the vocal pitch, or the highness and lowness of the voice. The vibrations are determined by the

length, thickness, and tension of the vocal folds. Those whose vocal folds are longer and thicker than average will have low-pitched voices, because there will be fewer vibrations per second; those whose folds are short and thin will have higher-pitched voices, because there will be more vibrations per second.

Young children usually have high-pitched voices until they reached the age of puberty. Sometimes the high pitch remains during adulthood. This may be due to failure of development of the laryngeal mechanism or may be due to failure of the child to adjust his resonators to the growth of the laryngeal musculature. Sometimes, in this adjustment period, the child will pass through a period of huskiness, showing a failure of approximation of the vocal folds or glottal edges. Often secondary teachers who need good male soprano voices in the glee club will try to prolong the soprano period, and are perturbed over the sudden lowering of the pupil's vocal pitch. There have been other teachers who have capitalized on "feminine–sounding" male comedians. Every male who has a high-pitched voice at the age of eighteen should find the reason for it, and seek the necessary therapy.

Optimum Pitch. The pitch level, or key, at which the voice operates with the greatest ease is called the optimum pitch. It is the most natural pitch for your particular vocal mechanism. When you phonate "ah," without imitation of another voice, you will probably use your optimum pitch. The optimum pitch for women is usually slightly higher than 256 double vibrations per second (middle C), and the optimum pitch for men is near 150 double vibrations, one octave lower. However, some people, through poor habits or bodily tensions, use a much higher pitch than is pleasant to the listener; others use a pitch level that is too low, so that speech becomes aspirate, or guttural, or indistinct. It must not be forgotten that the tension of the vocal folds is determined by the action of the intrinsic and extrinsic muscles of the larynx, whose tension is conditioned to a great extent by general bodily tension. Anyone—man or woman—who is frightened or who lives in a state of hypertension will have a voice that is pitched higher than the average normal range of pitch. If there is no organic dysfunction causing the high-pitched voice, the pitch *can* be lowered, but not by "stretching" the vocal folds as

often suggested. A muscle does not stretch; it is capable only of contraction, which is caused by a nerve stimulus. Relaxation merely means less contraction. Furthermore, in a state of contraction, a muscle becomes shorter and wider rather than "stretching." No contractibility at all means a "dead" muscle, caused either by injured or "dead" nerves. Relax the throat muscles and you will find that first you will have had to relax, to a certain extent, the general bodily tension.

Variability through Use of Slide, Step, Key. This highness and lowness is the beginning of vocal pitch changes which are so necessary for a good speech pattern, for man has learned to use pitch changes for carrying his finest and most subtle meaning. When he has intelligent ideas or delicate sentiments to express, he must exercise control and skill in changing the pitch. A voice that makes little use of pitch changes carries little meaning, unless the meaning to be carried is one of hopelessness and despair, or lack of interest. Minimum slides and inflections can become extremely monotonous. Although monotony can be due to lack of variety in force and in tempo, it is most evident when the same pitch pattern is repeated over and over. The person who continually lowers the inflection at the end of a phrase and the person who always raises the pitch at the end of a phrase are just as boring as the one who never bothers to use any inflections. Each pattern becomes monotonous and indicates a certain type of personality: the first will belong to a person who is dogmatic and overly certain; the second suggests one who is not too certain and seeks approval; and the last usually belongs to a person who leads a dull life. This monotony may also be due to slovenly habits, laziness, imitation, or tone-deafness. If this lack of variety of pitch changes is typical of the personal habits of the individual, mechanical exercises will not help much; the readjustment has to come from within. There can also be monotony due to too many variations in pitch; that is, a voice may travel up and down the scale with "too much ado." However, this is not common and is found usually in a person who talks an "infinite deal of nothing." Sometimes too many pitch variations will also give the impression that the speaker is "talking down" to his audience. The interpreter must be careful to hear what his voice does.

Upon the variability of pitch changes depends the melody of one's speech; that is, melody is a delicate combination of pitch changes—involving the use of slides, steps, and key. Melody, to be interesting, should be a smooth, rhythmical movement of the voice up and down the scale, making use of as much variability as is necessary for the best meaning. Melody shows how one feels, reveals the general condition of health and happiness one is enjoying. In other words, melody is an index of what is taking place within; it reports the condition of the speaker, the interpreter, the character. The plaintive person has a depressing melody due to monotonous and narrow pitch changes; the lively, happy-go-lucky person has a breezy melody that is very contagious, because of the variety of pitch changes. Good melody enlightens, charms by the use of correct pitch changes; poor melody bores by the wrong use of pitch changes. The speaker of personality, of temperament, always has a melody that is infectious and enjoyable.

Many people do not hear their own speech melody; some are offended when they are told their voices are monotonous and dull, lacking in verve and sensitiveness. Every would-be speaker and interpreter should have his ear tested for pitch discrimination. *The Seashore Measures of Musical Talent* might well be taken by prospective interpreters to ascertain how keen they are in this crucial matter. The person who is not sensitive to pitch variations in his own voice, who is not able to hear his own melody, is not a good critic of his own speaking and interpreting. The refinement of refinements, both in understanding literature and in expressing it, is found in the ability of the interpreter to use correct variations of pitch.

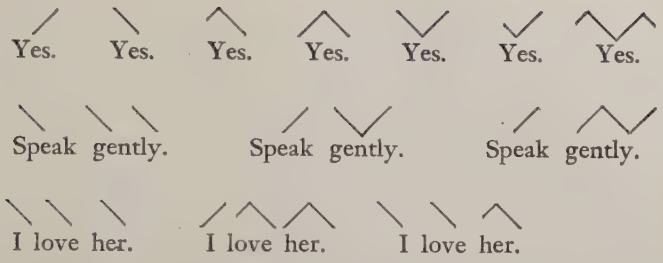
There are three ways in which pitch changes affect one's melody—and interpretation: by *slide*, by *step*, and by *key*. These three changes indicate the proportions of sense and feeling in the material. Slides, the upward and downward movements of the voice *within* the word or syllable, must be present in lively sense; steps, the upward and downward movements of the voice *between* words and syllables, are necessary to sense, but play an equally interesting part in feeling; key, the *level* of tone, strikes the emotional tone or mood.

(a) The Slide. There are many variations of slides in vocal

pitch, but the three classifications usually spoken of are the *upward* (/), the *downward* (\), and the *wave* (∧∨MW). The upward slide, if used correctly and with discretion, can give a very interesting lilt and melody to the voice; but it must be used, not exclusively, but in nice admixture with the downward slide. The upward slide, if overdone, gives the auditor an indecisive note. The person who is always apologizing or the one who is not quite sure of himself, employs a preponderance of upward slides. It is the slide of inconclusiveness, of hesitation. However, it must be remembered that most people use more upward than downward slides. The downward slide can be used too much, also. The meaning then becomes too dogmatic, too certain, too sure, too pedantic. The discriminating use of the downward slide, however, gives a sense of assurance, clinches the thought, and leaves a feeling of satisfaction. The wave, a combination of the upward and downward slides, can excite the most subtle and delicate meanings and add much to an interesting melody and rhythm. The gossip employs it—overtime; the sarcastic person gets most of his effects from the use of the wave; the actor is always using a combination of slides to provoke a new meaning for the audience. Slang phrases are tantalizing because of varied slides.

In a way, the mastery of pitch slides is the very essence of meaning in the spoken word. In sensible and informative reading, every syllable should have a slide or glide of the voice. This is not easily detectable in your own speech rhythm nor in the talk of those who hear you daily. But if you listen carefully to others, you can catch a slide in even the quickest syllables; while in the syllables held any length of time, the upward and downward movement will be easily apparent. A surer way of noting this phenomenon is to listen to a phonograph record, especially as it slows down. The more the sound drags, the more readily you can detect the slide in every syllable. The interpreter adds more to the meaning every time he uses a slide that indicates the intention of the writer. Note how the meaning has been changed in the following by various uses of the slides:[1]

[1] These marks are for demonstration purposes. It is not suggested that every word be diagrammed as above. Train your ear to hear these variations in slides.



It is possible in any group of words to find a score of meanings. Take the sentence, *I will go*, and see how many combinations of slides you can use for various meanings. Notice how the meaning is dependent upon the pitch changes. First you can mean, "I am leaving" (downward slide on *go* will give that meaning). Or you can mean, "I am determined to go whether you like it or not" (long upward slide on *will* makes this meaning possible). Then you can mean, "You expect me to go?" (The interrogation point added for punctuation is merely a way of advising the reader how to employ the slide. This meaning is accomplished by a long upward slide on *I* and short upward slides on *will* and *go*.) You should be able to find many more meanings.

As you become conscious of the possibilities of different pitch patterns, you increase your powers for getting and increasing meaning. The author of the material to be interpreted knows what he intends; this to him is the meaning. This intention he indicates as well as he can by proper rhetoric and composition, by placing words in the right order and by using understandable syntactical structure; and then he completes his task by the aid of punctuation, at best a tricky guide to the meaning intended.

When Lady Macbeth and Macbeth are debating the advisability of killing Duncan, the following dialogue takes place:

Macbeth. If we should fail?
Lady Macbeth. We fail. But, screw your courage to the sticking-place and we'll not fail.

Another Shakespearean editor has printed this text:

Macbeth. If we should fail?
Lady Macbeth. We fail! But screw your courage to the sticking-place and we'll not fail.

Now here are two clearly defined meanings. How is the difference made? Is it the punctuation? That seems reasonable. But we must remember that punctuation does not make meaning—it only records and suggests it. The real meaning is in the writer—or the speaker. You can see it is not in the words; for the words in the above dialogue are precisely the same, yet they have two very different meanings. In the first passage, the *fail* in Lady Macbeth's speech has a downward slide; in the second passage, *fail* has an upward slide—and therein lies all the difference in the intention and the meaning. Now what kind of slides can be used in the second *fail* in Lady Macbeth's speech? Observe that the same rule holds true—meaning can be intensified and made richer through proper slides.

This principle shows even more clearly in cases where the interpreter obviously gets the wrong meaning. For instance, nine out of ten novices in interpretation will interpret the following lines as if all they wanted was a quiet bar when *they* cross, no matter how much noise the bar makes for the rest of us:

> And may there be no moaning of the bar
> When I put out to sea.

This meaning is accomplished by a long downward slide on *I*. But it would be more civilized and more humane to give a short upward slide on *I* and longer upward slides on *put out*. Or try John V. A. Weaver's *Moonlight*, page 200. If the interpreter is careful to use an upward slide on the last word of the last line, he will keep his audience swathed in moonlight; if he hits *moonlight* with downward slides, he can expect his audience to drop back to earth. Try it:

> Gee!
> I just like to bet
> You could wash your soul clean
> In moonlight!

In Sarett's *Four Little Foxes*, page 282, the last phrase in each stanza indicates a softly persuading tone. Will you get it by using downward slides on the two words? Try various slides for the most effective meaning:

Go lightly, Spring, oh, give them no alarm;
When I covered them with boughs to shelter them from harm,
The thin blue foxes suckled at my arm—
Go lightly.

Slides or Song-Notes? Possibly the slide in interpretation can be understood better by knowing its opposite—the "song-note," which is held at one level, with no upward or downward movement. This is the typical use of pitch in singing, where the slide is the exception rather than the rule. Singing and speech are different chiefly in this matter of slide. In musical comedies and vaudeville acts you will now and then detect an actor or "singer" merely reciting instead of singing the words of a song. What is the difference? The "talking singer" uses slides; the singer keeps his notes level. The reverse effect is found in the intoning used by certain speakers: preachers and political orators seem to be the most common offenders. In fact, some people limit "oratory" to the chanting effect of the song-notes as against the conversational style which uses the speech-note.

Court criers and circus ballyhooers use song-notes; it is valuable for you, the interpreter, to imitate them only as you wish to portray that type of character. They probably use song-notes for the same reason that men speaking to large crowds in immense auditoriums or in the open air also incline to song-notes. The reason for this is worth marking: a slide involves greater exertion than a tone held on one level. In shouting, it is easier to hold the voice level than to slide; the louder the sound, the harder it is to run up and down the scale. Try this and you will readily get the point. So, a man straining his voice to be heard, saves himself much exertion by keeping up the volume and cutting out the slides. Accordingly, the "national convention" and "camp meeting" style of speaking is indirect, remote from the ordinary conversation of the audience, and more like a chant than intelligent conversation. Fortunately, the public address system is helping to rid the platform of the "song-note" speaker. However, he is still heard on Sunday mornings over the radio. The effect is rather ludicrous because the speaker and the audience *know* there is no need for indirectness over so intimate a means

of communication as the microphone. The speaker must learn to talk to the tune of the times.

This gliding motion of the voice is the very essence of speech sense. By omitting it or by reducing it, we impair the conversational ease of our speech; we sound "indirect," "affected," "unnatural," "stilted," and "monotonous." In declamatory and oratorical contests, these faults flourish as the green bay tree. A contest or exhibition of declamatory skill is rare indeed that is not made boresome by the stiltedness and indirectness that come from the failure to use slides with intelligence and meaning. Such speaking is termed "unnatural" because it does not sound sincere and genuine; it always gives the impression of a store window or a circus bill poster. It lacks the effect of the "first time over," a term used by actors to characterize this impression of natural, easy, direct interpretation of lines. When teachers of reading ask their orators, declaimers, and debaters in contests to be "more natural," they really mean, "use slides more intelligently." It cannot be emphasized too strongly that directness and simplicity and genuineness are achieved chiefly by the intelligent use of the slide.

In some schoolrooms the children are actually penalized for using lively changes of pitch; either the teacher or the other children promptly put in his place the child whose home training has made him capable of giving fine expression to his thoughts in speaking or reading. The same effect is current in America among people who make fun of foreigners, whose training has taught them that rhythmical speech is most of the time due to lively use of the slide. This is particularly notable in cultured Englishmen. The best way to imitate an Englishman is by using as wide a variety of pitch as possible, both in step and slide. Yet it is this very variety that gives point to the perspicacious criticism of the man who said, "The cultivated American speaks with distinctness; the cultivated Englishman speaks with distinction."

Exercises

Before you start these exercises, it should be suggested that you catalogue your assets and your liabilities as far as personality is

concerned. If your liabilities are many and your voice reflects the red side of the ledger, *no* exercises will change the slides in the voice until you adjust to situations and people in a more satisfactory manner. The exercising and changing has to begin within. It may be that you will have to change your way of living, of thinking, of making friends. This is true of all exercises for the voice, but mainly true of exercises for pitch. Monotone, listlessness, inertia are characteristic of people who are starved for friends and thoughts, and sometimes, for food. These mechanical exercises are perfunctory compared to the real exercise of personality and physical adjustment.

I

1. Vocalize the vowels, "ah," "oh," "oo," at your optimum pitch. Keep the throat muscles as relaxed as possible. Now vocalize the vowels at a higher pitch; then at a lower pitch than your optimum pitch.

2. Starting with a high level of pitch, practice downward slides with "ah," "oh," "oo,"; stop as soon as you feel strain.

3. Starting with the lowest level of pitch that you can manage comfortably, vocalize the vowels "ah," "oh," "oo" and slide upward to the highest pitch you have but without strain.

4. Starting at a low pitch with the vowels "ah," "oh," "oo" slide upward as high as you can without strain, and then slide downward again; the effect will be like a siren.

5. Repeat Exercise 4, but start at a high pitch, come down, and go up again.

6. Hum at a high level of pitch, and then sing down to the most comfortable low tone you can manage. The pattern will be like this:

mmmmmmm
ah
ah
ah
ah . . .

7. Hum at a high level of pitch and then lower your voice to your optimum pitch by saying "ah," sustain the "ah." The pattern will be:

mmmmmmm
.
.
.
ah . . . ah . . . ah

8. Repeat Exercise 7, but this time see if you can find a pitch a trifle lower than your optimum pitch or the pitch that you most frequently use. Be sure it is a relaxed tone and not strained. If your optimum pitch is too high, as decided by others, this exercise will lower the pitch of your voice. Care must be taken to find the tone with the least strain.

9. Hum at a high level of pitch, and then lower your voice to your optimum pitch by sustaining "ah"; then let your voice slide into a short simple sentence as "My name is Susie Smith." Monotone the sentence. Repeat continually with other sentences. As soon as you find your pitch rising, strike the high "mmmmm" again, and the lower "ah," and then follow with short sentences. The pattern will be:

mmmmmmm

.

.

.

ah . . . ah . . . ah . . . My name is Susie Smith.

10. Practice the following with as many different kinds of slides as you can:

Oh!	I like her.	Merry Christmas!
Hello.	No, really.	That's my story.
Yes.	You mean it?	Oh, so that's the way it is.
Oh, no!	I can't believe it.	Oh yes, I think so.
Oh, I see.	Strange, isn't he?	That's what you think.

11. Read this passage with as much variety in slides as you can:

The Loquacious Man is one who will say to those whom he meets, if they speak a word to him, that they are quite wrong, and *he* knows all about it, and that, if they listen to him, they will learn; then, while one is answering him, he will put in, "Do you tell me so?—don't forget what you are going to say"; or "Thanks for reminding me"; or "How much one gets from a little talk, to be sure!"; or "By-the-bye" —; or "Yes! you have seen it in a moment"; or "I have been watching you all along to see if you would come to the same conclusion as I did"; and other such cues will he make for himself, so that his victim has not even breathing-time.

12. Read a paragraph from a children's story, pretending the class is a group of children between the ages of five and seven years.

13. Imitate an Italian, a Frenchman, a Scandinavian, using the sentence, "America is a good land."

14. Standing behind a screen, imitate a radio artist; notice how much depends on quality, force, tempo—and pitch.

II. In the following passage from *Othello*, Iago is insinuating to Othello that Desdemona, Othello's wife, is unfaithful to him. Iago, if you will remember, is crafty and shrewd. Othello, in this passage, is unsuspecting at first. Consequently, the slides employed by the two characters are entirely different. Every line of Iago's speeches must have a double meaning. Notice the one word, "Indeed!" in line 11. Try various slides before you decide which slide carries the truest meaning. Do the same thing with "Think, my lord!" and "Honest, my lord?"

SUSPICION

Iago. My noble lord,—
Othello. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.
Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed!
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Honest! ay, honest.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord!
Oth. Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*

III. Now see what you can do with the slides in this selection from *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Remember that Cyrano is a poet, a philosopher, a wit; remember too, that any offense to Cyrano's enormous nose means death from Cyrano's sword. The Vicomte de Valvert has just witnessed the death of the Meddler because of his reference to Cyrano's nose. The Vicomte attempts to put

Cyrano in his place by telling him his nose is large. Here is Cyrano's answer:

WIT [2]

Ah, no, young sir!
You are too simple. Why, you might have said—
Oh, a great many things! Mon dieu, why waste
Your opportunity? For example, thus:—
AGGRESSIVE: I, sir, if that nose were mine,
I'd have it amputated—on the spot!
FRIENDLY: How do you drink with such a nose?
You ought to have a cup made specially.
DESCRIPTIVE: 'Tis a rock—a crag—a cape—
A cape? say rather, a peninsula!
INQUISITIVE: What is that receptacle—
A razor-case or a portfolio?
KINDLY: Ah, do you love the little birds
So much that when they come and sing to you,
You give them this to perch on? INSOLENT:
Sir, when you smoke, the neighbors must suppose
Your chimney is on fire. CAUTIOUS: Take care—
A weight like that might make you topheavy.
THOUGHTFUL: Somebody fetch my parasol—
Those delicate colors fade so in the sun!
PEDANTIC: Does not Aristophanes
Mention a mythologic monster called
Hippocampelephantocamelos?
Surely we have here the original!
FAMILIAR: Well, old torchlight! Hang your hat
Over that chandelier—it hurts my eyes.
ELOQUENT: When it blows, the typhoon howls,
And the clouds darken. DRAMATIC: When it bleeds—
The Red Sea! ENTERPRISING: What a sign
For some perfumer! LYRIC: Hark—the horn
Of Roland calls to summon Charlemagne!
SIMPLE: When do they unveil the monument?
RESPECTFUL: Sir, I recognize in you
A man of parts, a man of prominence—
RUSTIC: Hey? What? Call that a nose? Na, na—
I be no fool like what you think I be—
That there's a blue cucumber! MILITARY:
Point against cavalry! PRACTICAL: Why not
A lottery with this for the grand prize?

[2] From Brian Hooker's translation of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.

Or—parodying Faustus in the play—
"Was this the nose that launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?"
These, my dear sir, are things you might have said
Had you some tinge of letters, or of wit
To color your discourse. But wit,—not so,
You never had an atom—and of letters,
You need but three to write you down—an Ass.
Moreover,—if you had the invention, here
Before these folk to make a jest of me—
Be sure you would not then articulate
The twentieth part of half a syllable
Of the beginning! For I say these things
Lightly enough myself, about myself,
But I allow none else to utter them.

EDMOND ROSTAND, *Cyrano de Bergerac*

IV. The following scene between Rosalind and Orlando will need lively change in slides. Notice how broken the speech rhythm is:

ROSALIND AND ORLANDO

Orlando. Good-day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

. . . . . .

Rosalind. Why, how now, Orlando! Where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. . . . Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. . . .
Orl. How if the kiss be denied?
Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty and there begins new matter.
Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?
Ros. Marry, that should you if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.
Orl. What, of my suit?
Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am I not your Rosalind?
Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.
Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.
Orl. Then in mine own person I die.
Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. . . . Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.
Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.
Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.
Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.
Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Friday and Saturdays and all.
Orl. And wilt thou have me?
Ros. Ay, and twenty such.
Orl. What sayest thou?
Ros. Are you not good?
Orl. I hope so.
Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?
Orl. Pray thee, marry us.
Celia. I cannot say the words.
Ros. You must begin, "Will you, Orlando,"—
Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?
Orl. I will.
Ros. Ay, but when?
Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.
Ros. Then you must say, "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."
Orl. I take thee, Rosalind for wife.
Ros. I might ask you your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.
Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possess'd her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say "a day," without the "ever." No, no, Orlando. Men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry. . . .

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this. The wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

. . . . . .

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner. By two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove. My friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind; so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. *Exit Orlando.*

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate. . . .

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! . . . I'll tell thee, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*

V. Your slides must carry sympathy to the audience as you interpret the next poem:

ON SEEING TWO BROWN BOYS IN A CATHOLIC CHURCH [3]

It is fitting that you be here,
Little brown boys
With Christ-like eyes
And curling hair.

Look you on yon crucifix
Where he hangs nailed and pierced
With head hung low
And eyes a'blind with blood that drips
From a thorny crown . . . .
Look you well,
You shall know this thing.

Judas' kiss will burn your cheek
And you shall be denied
By your Peter—
And Gethsemane . . . .
You shall know full well Gethsemane . . . .

You, too, will suffer under Pontius Pilate
And feel the rugged cut of rough hewn cross
Upon your surging shoulder
They will spit in your face
And laugh . . . .
They will nail you up twixt thieves
And gamble for your little garments.
And in this you will exceed God
For on this earth
You shall know Hell—

O little brown boys
With Christ-like eyes
And curling hair
It is fitting that you be here.

FRANK HORNE

[3] From *The Book of American Negro Poetry*. Used by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., publishers, and of the author.

VI. This poem will test your ingenuity in securing varied slides:

I LIKE AMERICANS [4]

I LIKE Americans.
You may say what you will, they are the nicest people in the world.

They sleep with their windows open.
Their bath-tubs are never dry.

They are not grown-up yet. They still believe in Santa Claus.
They are terribly in earnest.
But they laugh at everything.

They know that one roll does not make a breakfast.
Nor one vermouth a cocktail.
I like Americans.
They smoke with their meals.

The Italians are nice.
But they are not so nice as the Americans.

They have been told that they live in a warm climate.
And they refuse to heat their houses.
They are forever sobbing Puccini.
They no longer have lions about, to prey on Christian flesh.
But they have more than a sufficient supply of certain smaller carnivora.
And if you walk in the street alone, somebody pinches you.

I like Americans.
They give you the matches free.

The Austrians are nice.
But they are not so nice as the Americans.

They eat sausages between the acts at the opera.
But they make you go out into the snow to smoke.

They are gentle and friendly. They will walk ten blocks out of their way to show you your way.
But they serve you paper napkins at the table.

[4] From *Distressing Dialogues*, published by Harper & Brothers. Copyright, 1924, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Copyright, 1922, 1923, by Conde Nast Publications, Inc.

And the sleeves of their tailored blouses are gathered at the shoulder.
But they don't know how to do their hair.

I like Americans.
They dance so well.

The Hungarians are nice.
But they are not so nice as the Americans.

They make beautiful shoes.
Which are guaranteed to squeak for a year.

Their native tongue is like a typewriter in the next room, and every word beginning with the shift-key.

Their wines are too sweet.

I like Americans.

They are the only men in the world, the sight of whom in their shirt-sleeves is not rumpled, embryonic, and agonizing.
They wear belts instead of suspenders.

The French are nice.
But they are not so nice as Americans.

They wear the most charming frocks in the world.
And the most awkward underclothes.

Their shoes are too short.
Their ankles are too thick.
They are always forgetting where they put their razors.

They have no street-corner shoe-shining palaces, where a man can be a king for five minutes every day.
Nor any Sunday supplement.
Their mail boxes are cleverly hidden slits in the wall of a cigar store.

They put all their cream into cheese.
Your morning cup of chickory is full of boiled strings.

If you want butter with your luncheon, they expect you to order radishes.
And they insist on serving the vegetables as if they were food.

I like Americans.
They make a lot of foolish laws.
But at least their cigarettes are not rolled by the government.
The material of which the French make their cigarettes would be used in America to enrich the fields.

In the city the French are delightful.
They kiss in the cafés and dine on the sidewalks.
Their dance halls are gay with paper ribbons and caps and colored balloons.
Their rudeness is more gracious than other people's courtesy.

But they are afraid of water.
They drink it mixed with wine.
They swim with wings.
And they bathe with an atomizer.
Their conception of a sport suit is a black taffeta gown, long gloves with fringe on, a patent leather hand-bag, and a dish-mop dog.
In the country they are too darned funny for words.

I like Americans.
They carry such pretty umbrellas.
The *Avenue de l'Opéra* on a rainy day is just an avenue, on a rainy day.
But Fifth Avenue on a rainy day is an old-fashioned garden under a shower.

The French are a jolly lot.
Their cities have no traffic regulations.
And no speed limit.
And if you get run over, you have to pay a fine for getting in the way.

But they have no ear drums.
Paris is the loveliest city in the world.
Until she opens her mouth.

Should the French go forth to battle armed only with their taxi horns, they would drive all before them.
I would liefer live in a hammock slung under the "L" at Herald Square than in a palace within ear-shot of the *Place de la Harmony*.

I like Americans.
They are so ridiculous.

They are always risking their lives to save a minute.
The pavement under their feet is red-hot.
They are the only people in the world who can eat their soup without a sound as of the tide coming in.

They sell their bread hygienically wrapped.
The Europeans sell it naked.
They carry it under the arm.
Drop it and pick it up.
Beat the horse with it.
And spank the children.
They deliver it at your apartment. You find it lying outside your door on the door-mat.

And European hotels are so hateful and irritating.
There is never an ash-tray in your bedroom.
Nor a waste-basket.
Nor a cake of soap.
No sweet little cake of soap all sealed in paper!
Not even a sliver left behind by a former guest.
No soap.
No soap at all.
And there's always a dead man in a blanket across the head of the bed.
And you can't get him out. He's tied there.
And the pillow-slips are trimmed with broken buttons.
That scratch your ear.

Then there are their theatres.
They make you tip the usher.
And pay for your program.
The signal for the curtain to rise is the chopping of wood off stage.

Then the railroad system.
Especially in France.
Have to get there forty-five minutes ahead of train time, or stand in the aisle all day.
Pay for every pound of trunk.
Never a soul in sight who knows anything about anything.
No place to sit.
No place to powder up.
And before they will let you into the station at all, they insist on your pushing two sous into a slot-machine.
When you have just had your pocket picked of the last sou you had in the world.
And are expecting your only husband on the express from Havre.

I like Americans.
They let you play around in the Grand Central all you please.
Their parks are not locked at sunset.
And they always have plenty of paper bags.
Which are not made of back numbers of *Le Rire*.

The English are nice.
But they are not so nice as the Americans.
They wear much too much flannel.

No matter with whom they are dancing, they dance a solo.
And no matter where they go, they remain at home.
They are nice. They keep the tea-set at the office.
But the Americans keep the dish-pan in the music-room.

The English are an amusing people.
They are a tribe of shepherds, inhabiting a small island off the coast of France.
They are a simple and genial folk.
But they have one idiosyncrasy.
They persist in referring to their island as if it were the mainland.

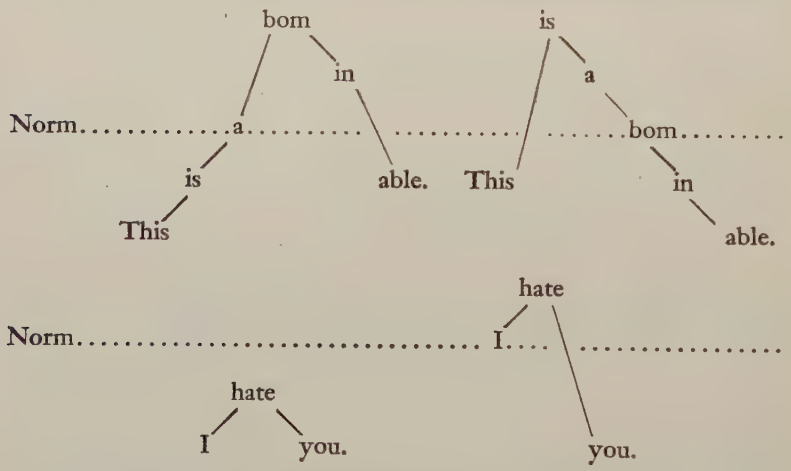
The Irish are nice.
But they are not so nice as the Americans.
They are always rocking the boat.

I like Americans.
They either shoot the whole nickel, or give up the bones.
You may say what you will, they are the nicest people in the world.

NANCY BOYD (EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY)

(b) The Step. The slide is the movement up and down *within* the word or syllable; the step is the change of pitch *between* words and syllables. These steps have much to do with meaning. The monopitch, which is characterized by very narrow steps, is dull and tiresome. However, it has its place many times in moods of intense hatred, sullenness, and sorrow. Sometimes it is an indication of a low degree of intelligence. Too many narrow steps will produce a very monotonous speech rhythm. On the other hand, there are some people who go to the opposite extreme in cultivating enormously wide steps: for instance, the story-teller

over the radio, or the neighborly gossip. Neither one of these extremes is valuable in good conversation; but the interpreter must be able to discriminate and to study them as "character types." In lively rhythmical speech, the voice makes wide steps repeatedly from the highest notes to the lowest notes and then quite as often employs steps that are barely perceptible. All intelligent speech uses variety in step and in slide. When there is a certain measure of abandon and spontaneity, pitch changes, both in slide and in step, are wide, almost to the limit of the voice's range. A typical example of how the meaning can be changed by the use of wide or narrow steps is shown in the following. The dotted lines may be considered the normal level of the voice. The space indicated between each syllable is the step; some intervals are narrow, others are quite wide, depending on the meaning:



Wide range of pitch is one of the sure ways of expressing keen exposition, lively narrative, and enthusiastic description. When you are speaking whole-heartedly, without restraint and fear of consequences, you tend to use wide steps. This is usually true in extreme anger, jealousy, or fear. But when you are beset with doubts, fears, or indifference, or are torn between two opinions or feelings, you are more likely to use narrow steps or a more level pitch. For instance, in extreme fear, the voice may sound

the whole gamut; whereas with a fear that is the result of two warring opinions or feelings, the voice tends to hold a more level tone. If you cry out (beside yourself) "They are killing me!" you may use the whole range of your voice. On the other hand, when Lady Macbeth finds that Macbeth has blundered in the plans for concealing the murder of Duncan, she is frightened and yet she wishes to correct the fatal mistake; so she says with a level voice, the very evenness of which shows the conflict within her, "Why did you bring those daggers from the room!"

In the same way, sentiments of serenity, love, adoration, solemnity are likely to employ narrow steps, because there is always a factor of restraint. One does not bark at the beauty of the moon or orate his devotion to his beloved—if he means what he says. Thus, Romeo, full of "rapture and a wild desire," yet fearful of being caught in the Capulet garden, cries out softly:

> Soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
> It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

Later:

> It is my lady, O, it is my love!
> O, that she knew she were!

Notice the effect you gain if you interpret the above lines with wide steps. Yet Portia explains earnestly and even eagerly, with the full gamut of her voice:

> The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath. It is twice blesst:
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
> 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
> The thronèd monarch better than his crown. . . .

However, Marcellus and Bernardo, repressed by fear, in the dead of night, and in sight of a ghost, speak almost on one level:

> *Marcellus.* Peace, break thee off! Look, where it comes again!
> *Bernardo.* In the same figure, like the King that's dead.
> *Marcellus.* Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
> *Bernardo.* Looks it not like the King? Mark it, Horatio.
> *Horatio.* Most like; it harrows me with fear and wonder.
>
> WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*

And the Psalmist sings with the effect of a chant:

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in.

If you would get the rule in its simplicity, try reading the ordinary Psalm or love poem as if you were wildly angry or intensely eager to explain something; and then try to explain something not easy to grasp by using the level tone of dreamy musing.

Exercise

Study the following selections for changes in steps. Notice that some passages like Gilbert's *Song* require wide steps, while others like *The Killers* need very narrow steps to carry over the most meaning.

[1]

SONG

If you're anxious for to shine in the high esthetic line as a man of culture rare,
You must get up all the germs of the transcendental terms, and plant them everywhere.
You must lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel phrases of your complicated state of mind,
The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind.
And everyone will say
As you walk your mystic way,
"If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for *me*,
Why, what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be!

Be eloquent in praise of the very dull old days which have long since passed away,
And convince them if you can, that the reign of good Queen Anne was Culture's palmiest day.
Of course, you will pooh-pooh whatever's fresh and new, and declare it's crude and mean;
For art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine.
And everyone will say
As you walk your mystic way,

"If that's not good enough for him which is good enough for *me*,
Why, what a very cultivated kind of youth this kind of youth must be!"

Then a sentimental passion of a vegetable fashion must excite your languid spleen,
An attachment *a la* Plato for a bashful young potato, or a not-too-French French bean!
Though the Philistines may jostle, you will rank as an apostle in the high esthetic band,
If you walk down Piccadilly, with a poppy or a lily in your medieval hand.
And everyone will say,
As you walk your flowery way,
"If he's content with a vegetable love which would certainly not suit *me*,
Why, what a particularly pure young man this pure young man must be!"

W. S. Gilbert, *Patience*

[2]

KILLERS [5]

I am singing to you
Soft as a man with a dead child speaks;
Hard as a man in handcuffs,
Held where he cannot move:

Under the sun
Are sixteen million men,
Chosen for shining teeth,
Sharp eyes, hard legs,
And a running of young warm blood in their wrists.

And a red juice runs on a green grass;
And a red juice soaks the dark soil.
And the sixteen million are killing—and killing and killing.

I never forget them day or night:
They beat on my head for memory of them;
They pound on my heart and I cry back to them;
To their homes and women, dreams and games.

[5] From *Chicago Poems* by Carl Sandburg. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.

I wake in the night and smell the trenches,
And hear the low stir of sleepers in lines—
Sixteen million sleepers and pickets in the dark:
Some of them long sleepers for always,

Some of them tumbling to sleep to-morrow for always,
Fixed in the drag of the world's heartbreak,
Eating and drinking, toiling . . . on a long job of killing,
Sixteen million men.

CARL SANDBURG

[3]

DILEMMA [6]

Gee, she's sweet! So sorta eyes wide open
And shiny, like the street-lights do at night
When rain is on the sidewalk. They's a somethin'
About the way her whole face has that light

Whenever she looks at me. It always says,
"I believe in you! Oh, I believe in you!"
That face like a little flower, starin' at me—
It scares me! What should I do? What *can* I do?

I tell her not to go and dream about me,
I ain't no fine guy, and I tell her so;
She keeps on thinkin' I'm just kiddin' her,
And answers back, "You can't fool me! I know!"

And just to think, that lovely dream about me
Has got to smash all up some awful day
When she finds out the way that I am really. . . .
It'll hurt her so. . . . I ought to get away

Where she can't never see me any more,
Before that dream and all that sweetness dies. . . .
But can I do it? Can I do without her?
Can I stand not seein' that lovin' in her eyes? . . .

JOHN V. A. WEAVER

[6] From *Finders* by John V. A. Weaver. By special arrangement with and by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

[4]

MY GARDEN [7]

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign:
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

[5]

A VAGABOND SONG [8]

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

BLISS CARMAN

[6]

NOCTURNE [9]

Now may, with soft surprise,
Sleep's so elusive spell
Fall on your lips, your eyes,
That I do love so well.

[7] From *Collected Poems*. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company.
[8] From *Songs of Vagabondia*. By permission of Small, Maynard & Company.
[9] From *R. H. L. Linebook, 1926*. By permission of Richard Henry Little.

Fold your unquiet hands
  Across your fair young breast,
And in the dim white lands
  Seek thy unbroken rest.

Now let me never know
  Through this, a little while,
Thy voice; let me forego
  The beauty of thy smile.

Stir not at all, at all;
  Be without memory here,
Till the first lark shall call
  Thee from thy slumbers, dear.

GEORGE CARROLL

[7]

THE GOLDEN FISH

Love is a little golden fish,
  Wondrous shy . . . ah, wondrous shy . . .
You may catch him if you wish;
He might make a dainty dish . . .
  But I . . .
  Ah, I've other fish to fry!

For when I try to snare this prize,
  Earnestly and patiently,
All my skill the rogue defies,
Lurking safe in Aimee's eyes . . .
  So you see,
  I am caught and love goes free!

GEORGE ARNOLD

[8]

IN CANADA [10]

You are dead.
The songs of birds are still as sweet,
The vagrant blue blossoms smile in the wheat
Cheerily, as when you were here
Long ago. Nay, but a year
Has passed. A year of days

[10] By permission of The Stratford Company, Boston.

Uncertain, long and dread always
Save for the hope that you would come
When peace stilled the cannon, hushed the drum.
Will peace come now to stop the shed
Of blood and tears, now you are dead?

You are dead.
Lilies nod in the prairie hay,
The wandering woodbines beckon gay,
The sky above is azure blue,
The sun gleams gold, as the day that you
Enlisted. Then war meant
A cross of honor; and I sent
You gladly. You won the cross
And died. What is my loss?
A trifling toll to the God of War,
And Hate and Strife thrive as before,
And you are dead.

ETHEL NICHOLSON

[9]

THE TRUST [11]

I have given you my dreams and you alone;
They are like figures in tapestry,
Faded, and dim, and visible to few,
Or like the strips of moonlight that have shown
On columns lying broken long ago;
The notes of cellos that are very low—
And rich; or shallow bowls of porcelain—
That catch and keep the sunlight through the rain
Fragile and beautiful.
I have given you
My dreams; Oh, hold them very tenderly.

EVELYN HARDY

[10]

CAPTAIN STRATTON'S FANCY [12]

Oh some are fond of red wine, and some are fond of white,
And some are all for dancing in the pale moonlight;
But rum alone's the tipple and the heart's delight
Of the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

[11] Copyright, 1924, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of *Scribner's Magazine* and the author.

[12] From *Collected Poems* of John Masefield. By permission of The Macmillan Company.

Oh some are fond of Spanish wine, and some are fond of French,
And some'll swallow tay and stuff fit only for a wench;
But I'm for the right Jamaica till I roll beneath the bench,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are for the lily, and some are for the rose,
But I am for the sugar-cane that in Jamaica grows;
For it's that makes the bonny drink to warm my copper nose,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are fond of fiddles and a song well sung,
And some are all for music for to lilt upon the tongue;
But mouths were made for tankards, and for sucking at the bung,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

And some are fond of dancing, and some are fond of dice,
And some are all for red lips and pretty lassies' eyes;
But a right Jamaica puncheon is a finer prize
To the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some that's good and godly ones they hold that it's a sin
To troll the jolly bowl around and let the dollars spin;
But I'm for toleration and for drinking at an inn,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are sad and wretched folk that go in silken suits,
And there's a mort of wicked rogues that live in good reputes;
So I'm for drinking honestly, and dying in my boots,
Like the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

JOHN MASEFIELD

(c) The Key. Key, or the level of tone, is an indicator of mood. It is distinctly a device to express emotions and feelings. There is always significance to the listener in the key that is being used, whether it is high, low, or medium. The level of tone should help to carry the author's intention. To maintain the same key for every bit of interpretation is to make sure of a monotonous speech rhythm. In general, high key is used for moods of serenity, gaiety, calmness, as in

Come back, come back, across the flying foam,
We hear faint far-off voices call us home.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

The very highest key, a shrill shriek, is for extreme rage and anger and fear—when one has lost control of oneself. When Emilia discovers that Othello has killed his innocent wife, she cries out, first, in a medium key, then in a high tone, and finally, in a shriek:

> Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
> As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
> As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—
> I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
> Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help! ho! help!
> The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

A middle key represents quiet repression, sincerity, sometimes indifference. It could be used very adequately in Thomas Gray's *Elegy*,

> The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
> The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
> The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
> And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

A low level is most expressive of pathos, solemnity, controlled hate, worship, despair. In the following excerpt from *Othello*, notice the contrast of Desdemona's voice, which strikes a high key, and Othello's voice, which employs a low level:

> *Desdemona.* Who's there? Othello?
> *Othello.* Ay, Desdemona.
> *Des.* Will you come to bed, my lord?
> *Oth.* Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemon?
> *Des.* Ay, my lord.
> *Oth.* If you bethink yourself of any crime
> Unreconcil'd as yet to Heaven and grace,
> Solicit for it straight.
> *Des.* Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?
> *Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
> I would not kill thy unprepar'd spirit;
> No; heavens forfend! I would not kill thy soul.
> *Des.* Talk you of killing?
> *Oth.* Ay, I do.
> *Des.* Then Heaven
> Have mercy on me!
> *Oth.* Amen, with all my heart!

Of course, one cannot be too certain in deciding what level is necessary to the meaning, but it should be the task of the interpreter to suit the key to the meaning. In the following poem, the first four lines call for a rather high key, with wide steps and slides; the next two need a medium key—or a level that is lower than the one used in the first lines—and narrow steps with upward slides; the last line must be given in a low key, with narrow steps and downward slides. Try it:

KNOWLEDGE [13]

I have seen flaming tulips
Potted in a jade green jar
Open scarlet lips
To the windowed sun and sky.

I have seen a strange gray thing
Creep up into their glowing. . . .

And so, I know that love can die.

PIERROT

To understand how ridiculous the poem becomes if incorrect slides and key are employed, interpret by using slides and steps and key that are the reverse of those suggested above.

"Inland" is an interesting poem to study for its changes in key. Here is one way of making use of various levels of key in this poem: try a medium key on the first two lines of each stanza, then a high key for the next four lines—and possibly a very low key on the last line. How can you interpret it, using a different scheme? Notice that as the mood changes, the key must change:

INLAND [14]

He used to talk of ships, and I remember,
Oh, I remember. . . .
Tall spars clustered in a drowsy, evening bay,
Clean winds calling, at white noon today;
Salt on the taffrail, foam at the bow,
And a singing at the windlass . . . how it all comes back now!
(Though I never saw the sea.)

[13] From *R. H. L. Linebook, 1926.* By permission of Richard Henry Little.
[14] By permission of the *Lyric West.*

I sweep the rooms, half dreaming
Of tides. . . .
  Slow breathing, languid giants sucking at the sands,
  Surging to the harbors of brilliant, tropic lands;
  An old black brig headed for the sunset's gold,
  Bringing back the red dawn stuffed in her hold.
    (His words!)

The six-year maple on his grave is sturdy,
Yet . . . yet . . .
  Night, all drenched with stars, and still we're outward bound,
  Oh, the creaking of the canvas is an eerie sort of sound,
  And I hear the tramping watch as I lie warm-bunked below
  Where the yellow slush lamp swings to and fro, to and fro.
    (Like that, his talk.)

I scour the kettles and hang up the wash,
But these pictures won't go out of my head:
  Full, white sails on a level twilight sea,
  A tired bark trailing to some port of mystery;
  Green waves a-glitter, . . . ships, ships, ships,
  And a laughing sailor man with red, remembered lips.
    (God! How I'm still missing him!)

JOAN DARETH PROSPER

Exercises

I. Be alert in selecting and in changing the key for the following selections. If you are not satisfied with a low key, try a high key or a medium one. Notice how many times you can intensify the meaning by a change in the level of your tone:

[1]

SPRING NIGHT [15]

The park is filled with night and fog,
  The veils are drawn about the world,
The drowsy lights along the paths
  Are dim and pearled.

Gold and gleaming the empty streets,
  Gold and gleaming the misty lake,
The mirrored lights like sunken swords,
  Glimmer and shake.

[15] Copyright, 1920, by The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.

Oh, is it not enough to be
Here with this beauty over me?
My throat should ache with praise, and I
Should kneel in joy beneath the sky.
O beauty, are you not enough?
Why am I crying after love
With youth, a singing voice, and eyes
To take earth's wonder with surprise?
Why have I put off my pride,
Why am I unsatisfied,—
I, for whom the pensive night
Binds her cloudy hair with light,—
I, for whom all beauty burns
Like incense in a million urns?
O beauty, are you not enough?
Why am I crying after love?

SARA TEASDALE

[2]

HIT [16]

Out of the sparkling sea
I drew my tingling body clear, and lay
On a low ledge the livelong summer day,
Basking, and watching lazily
White sails in Falmouth Bay.

My body seemed to burn
Salt in the sun that drenched it through and through,
Till every particle glowed clean and new
And slowly seemed to turn
To lucent amber in a world of blue . . .

I felt a sudden wrench—
A trickle of warm blood—
And found that I was sprawling in the mud
Among the dead men in the trench.

WILFRED W. GIBSON

[16] Copyright, 1916, by The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.

[3]

AT A WINDOW [17]

Give me hunger,
O you gods that sit and give
The world its orders.
Give me hunger, pain and want,
Shut me out with shame and failure
From your doors of gold and fame,
Give me your shabbiest, weariest hunger!—

But leave me a little love,
A voice to speak to me at the day's end,
A hand to touch me in the dark room
Breaking the long loneliness.
In the dusk of day-shapes
Blurring the sunset,

One little wandering, western star
Thrust out from the changing shores of shadow.
Let me go to the window,
Watch there the day-shapes of dusk
And wait and know the coming
Of a little love.

CARL SANDBURG

[4]

THE TURNING OF THE BABIES IN THE BED [18]

Woman's sho' a cur'ous critter, an' dey ain't no doubtin' dat.
She's a mess o' funny capahs f'om huh slippahs to huh hat.
Ef yo' tries to un'erstan' huh, an' yo' fails, des' up an' say:
"D' ain't a bit o' use to try to un'erstan' a woman's way."

I don' mean to be complainin', but I's jes' a-settin' down
Some o' my own obserwations, w'en I cas' my eye eroun'.
Ef yo' ax me fu' to prove it, I ken do it mighty fine,
Fu' dey ain't no bettah 'zample den dis ve'y wife o' mine.

In de ve'y hea't o' midnight, w'en I's sleepin' good an' soun',
I kin hyeah a so't o' rustlin' an' somebody movin' 'roun'.
An' I say, "Lize, whut yo' doin'?" But she frown an' shek huh haid,
"Hesh yo' mouf, I's only tu'nin' of de chillun in de bed.

[17] From *Chicago Poems* by Carl Sandburg. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.

[18] Used by permission of Dodd, Mead & Company.

"Don' yo' know a chile gits restless, layin' all de night one way?
An' yo' got to kind o' 'range him sev-al times befo' de day?
So de little necks won't worry, an' de little backs won't break;
Don' yo' t'ink 'cause chillun's chillun dey hain't got no pain an' ache."

So she shakes 'em, an' she twists 'em, an' she tu'ns 'em 'roun' erbout,
'Twell I don' see how de chillun evah keeps f'om hollahin' out.
Den she lif's 'em up head downwards, so' dey won't git livah-grown,
But dey snoozes des' ez peaceful ez a liza'd on a stone.

W'en hit's mos' nigh time fu' wakin' on de dawn o' jedgment day,
Seems lak I kin hyeah ol' Gab'iel lay his trumpet down an' say,
"Who dat walkin' 'round so easy, down on earf ermong de dead?"—
'Twill be Lizy up a-tu'nin' of de chillun in de bed.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

[5]

THE SHEEPHERDER [19]

Loping along on the day's patrol,
I came on a herder in Jackson's Hole;
Furtive of manner, blazing of eye,
He never looked up when I rode by;
But counting his fingers, fiercely intent,
Around and around his herd he went:

One sheep, two sheep, three sheep, four. . . .
Twenty and thirty . . . forty more;
Strayed—nine ewes; killed—ten rams;
Seven and seventy lost little lambs.

He was the only soul I could see
On the lonely range for company—
Save one lean wolf and a prairie-dog,
And a myriad of ants at the foot of a log;
So I sat the herder down on a clod—
But his eyes went counting the ants in the sod:

One sheep, two sheep, three sheep, four. . . .
Fifty and sixty . . . seventy more;
There's not in this flock a good bell-wether!
Then how can a herder hold it together!

[19] From *Slow Smoke*. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers, and of the author.

Seeking to cheer him in his plight,
I flung my blankets down for the night;
But he wouldn't talk as we sat by the fire—
Corralling sheep was his sole desire;
With fingers that pointed near and far,
Mumbling, he herded star by star:

One sheep, two sheep, three—as before!
Eighty and ninety . . . a thousand more!
My lost little lambs—one thousand seven!—
Are wandering over the hills of Heaven.

LEW SARETT

[6]

ANTWERP [20]

I

Gloom!
An October like November;
August a hundred thousand hours,
And all September,
A hundred thousand, dragging sunlit days,
And half October like a thousand years . . .
And doom!
That then was Antwerp. . . .
In the name of God,
How could they do it?
Those souls that usually dived
Into the dirty caverns of mines;
Who usually hived
In whitened hovels; under ragged poplars;
Who dragged muddy shovels, over the grassy mud,
Lumbering to work over the greasy sods. . . .
Those men there, with the appearance of clods
Were the bravest men that a usually listless priest of God
Ever shrived. . . .
And it is not for us to make them an anthem.
If we found words there would come no wind that would fan them
To a tune that the trumpets might blow it,
Shrill through the heaven that's ours or yet Allah's
Or the wide halls of any Valhallas.
We can make no such anthem. So that all that is ours
For inditing in sonnets, pantoums, elegiacs, or lays
Is this:
"In the name of God, how could they do it?"

[20] Reprinted by permission of the author.

II

For there is no new thing under the sun,
Only this uncomely man with a smoking gun
In the gloom. . . .
What the devil will he gain by it?
Digging a hole in the mud and standing all day in the rain by it
Waiting his doom,
The sharp blow, the swift outpouring of the blood,
Till the trench of grey mud
Is turned to a brown purple drain by it.
Well, there have been scars
Won in many wars . . .
Punic,
Lacedaemonian, wars of Napoleon, wars for faith, wars for honour, for love, for possession,
But this Belgian man in his ugly tunic,
His ugly round cap, shooting on, in a sort of obsession,
Overspreading his miserable land,
Standing with his wet gun in his hand . . .
Doom!
He finds that in a sudden scrimmage,
And lies, an unsightly lump on the sodden grass . . .
An image that shall take long to pass!

. . . . . .

V

And what in the world did they bear it for?
I don't know.
And what in the world did they dare it for?
Perhaps that is not for the likes of me to understand.
They could very well have watched a hundred legions go
Over the fields and between their cities
Down into more southerly regions.
They could very well have let their legions pass through their woods,
And have kept their lives and their wives and their children and cattle and goods.
I don't understand.
Was it just love of their land?
Oh poor dears!
Can any man so love his land?
Give them a thousand pities
And rivers and rivers of tears
To wash off the blood from the cities of Flanders.

FORD MADOX FORD

II. Dialogue offers a great opportunity to the interpreter for gaining flexibility in the change of slides, steps, and key. Make a careful and intensive study of one of the following scenes. Notice how the quality, force, and time of each character's speech rhythm vary, and how all combine with the pitch changes to give a distinctive melody to each character. Remember, too, that you cannot give a true picture of any character unless you know the background for the scene. Remember, also, that facial muscles are very important in carrying over delicate meanings:

[1]

THE WITCHES

A heath near Forres. Thunder. Enter the Three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
Second Witch. Killing swine.
Third Witch. Sister, where thou?
1. Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd. "Give me," quoth I.
"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
2. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
1. Witch. Thou'rt kind.
3. Witch. And I another.
1. Witch. I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay.
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid.
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.
2. Witch. Show me, show me.
1. Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. *(Drums within.)*

3. Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine.
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.
Enter Macbeth and Banquo.
Macbeth. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Banquo. How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
Macbeth. Speak, if you can. What are you?
1. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
2. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
3. Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter!
Banquo. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound fair? *(To the witches)* I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.
1. Witch. Hail!
2. Witch. Hail!
3. Witch. Hail!
First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
2. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.
3. Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none;
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
1. Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence, or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting. Speak, I charge you.
Witches vanish.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*

[2]

THE HEART INTEREST [21]

Elaine is helping Dick write a play so that they may raise the necessary funds to cover debts incurred by Dick's father. If the play is not sold, Dick intends to carry out his first plan: his own death so that insurance money may be collected. Elaine has decided that the play needs heart interest and that it would be better to act it out. So she turns to Dick:

Elaine. All right then. Begin.
Dick. Begin!
Elaine. Yes, lead up to the subject of your suddenly realized regard for me.
Dick. *(With conviction, seeing her plan.)* By Jove, you're wonderful.
Elaine. Yes, that'll do for a beginning.
Dick. But I mean it.
Elaine. And I'm talking about the play. Now say it again and I'll go on from there.
Dick. All right. *(The wind taken out of his sails, he says it in a perfunctory way.)* By Jove, you're wonderful.
Elaine. You must say it as if you mean it. It will put me in the mood.
Dick. By Jove, you *are* wonderful.
Elaine. Nonsense, Dick, don't be absurd.
Dick. *(She says it so naturally that he is again puzzled and drops out of his loverlike attitude.)* Say, are you acting now or not?
Elaine. Of course, I am.
Dick. It didn't seem possible, you said it so naturally.
Elaine. My dear Dick, we shall never get on at this rate. Will you try and forget everything but this play? We are trying to act a love scene; we need one desperately. Now, you and I are merely characters, have you got that?
Dick. Yes, I think so.

[21] Reprinted by permission of Samuel French.

Elaine. Well, try to remember it. Now we'll begin again. Go on— By Jove, you're wonderful.

Dick. Well, by Jove, you're wonderful.

Elaine. Nonsense, Dick, don't be absurd.

Dick. But you are and you know it, you're too intelligent not to know it.

Elaine. At any rate, I don't mind your thinking so.

Dick. It wouldn't prevent it if you did. You know that, too, don't you?

Elaine. (Softly.) You know, Dick, we really haven't time for this sort of thing.

Dick. Haven't we?

Elaine. Have we?

Dick. It may be the only time we'll ever have. Have you ever thought of that?

Elaine. Yes—no—no—I haven't, and I won't think of it. It's too terrible. Besides we must get on with our work.

Dick. Elaine, I've got to tell you—

Elaine. No, no, I—

Dick. Don't be afraid, it can't do you any harm; but I—I can't go on any longer—like this.

Elaine. Like this?

Dick. I can't seem to think any more about what we're trying to do; my heart is so full that my brain won't do its work.

Elaine. Please.

Dick. My heart's so full of you. Three days ago I hadn't even heard your name. It's not twenty-four hours since I first saw you coming through that door; and now like a flame that leaps from blackness you've flashed into all that I've ever read or dreamed that's beautiful, all that's ever fired my brain or warmed my heart, all my life, my soul,—my dear.

Elaine. Oh, Dick!

Dick. What I'm saying doesn't seem quite possible, does it? It's the sort of thing that simply doesn't happen; and yet it's true. It's the truest thing in all my life.

Elaine. Dick, please.

Dick. It isn't fair of me to speak like this, standing as I do under a provisional sentence of death.

Elaine. Oh!

Dick. But I can't help it. Loving you is the finest thing I've ever done in all my life, and I just can't bear the thought that you should never know. You see, it's a sort of bequest. I want to leave you the finest thing I have; do you mind?

Elaine. Do you mean it, Dick?

Dick. God knows I do.

Elaine. *(With an entire change of manner, very matter-of-fact.)* Well, I think we're doing very well so far.
Dick. *(Staggered.)* Doing well?
Elaine. I mean for the play. *(She makes it clear she's not quite sure whether he is in earnest or not and is going to take no chances.)*
Dick. The play. God!
Elaine. Oh, that's good. Dick, that's fine, you just keep to that pose. You see, I don't quite know whether you are sincere or just acting, but it's very effective.
Dick. *(Hopelessly.)* Do you think so?
Elaine. Yes; so then I go on—let's go back a moment. Dick, do you mean it?
Dick. *(With an effort repeating his former answer.)* God knows I do.
Elaine. Oh, Dick, I've wondered if you cared.
Dick. Didn't you know that I did?
Elaine. Sometimes I've hoped you did and then I've hoped that you didn't; because if you did care and things should go wrong it would make it so much harder for you to bear; and now you do care and it's too late to stop you.
Dick. Yes, it's too late, but you needn't be sorry.
Elaine. Sorry? Oh, my dear. Last night as I lay awake and watched the first faint gray creep into my room, it seemed as if I had never seen the dawn before. I went to the window and looked out at the brightening sky, and presently tears came to my eyes, and suddenly I knew; and then like a flood of glory the sun and my love rose together. *(He looks at her uncertainly a moment, starts to embrace her, then checks himself.)*
Dick. Excuse me, I think I had better write some of this down.
Elaine. Dick. I mean it.
Dick. Elaine.
Elaine. God knows I do.
Dick. Elaine.
Elaine. Now you see we've got our heart interest.

A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton, *The Big Idea*

[3]

THE QUEEN SUMMONS HAMLET

Hamlet has discovered that his father has been murdered by the man who now shares the throne with the Queen, Hamlet's mother. He has been called to the Queen's room.

Polonius. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him.
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,

And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.
Hamlet. (Within.) Mother, mother, mother!
Queen. I'll warrant you,
Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.
(Polonius hides behind the arras.)
Hamlet. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Hamlet. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Hamlet. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!
Hamlet. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Hamlet. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife;
But would you were not so! You are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.
Hamlet. Come, come, and sit you down. You shall not budge.
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
Polonius. (Behind.) What, ho! help, help, help!
Hamlet. (Drawing.) How now! A rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!
(Kills Polonius.)
Polonius. (Behind.) O, I am slain!
Queen. O me, what hast thou done?
Hamlet. Nay, I know not:
Is it the King?
Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Hamlet. A bloody deed! Almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king?
Hamlet. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
(Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.)
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortune.
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.
—Leave wringing of your hands. Peace! Sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damned custom have not braz'd it so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Hamlet. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths. . . .
. . . . . .

Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Hamlet. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on his brow.
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command,
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement: and what judgement
Would step from this to this?
. . . . . .

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more!
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grainèd spots
As will not leave their tinct.
Hamlet. Nay but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption . . .
Queen. O, speak to me no more!
These words like daggers enter in mine ears.
No more, sweet Hamlet!
Hamlet. A murderer and a villain!
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord! A vice of kings!
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Enter Ghost.

Hamlet. A king of shreds and patches,—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad!

Hamlet. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget! This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, amazement on thy mother sits.
O, step between her and her fighting soul.
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Hamlet. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Hamlet. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour, tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Hamlet. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Hamlet. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Hamlet. Why, look you there! Look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! *(Exit Ghost.)*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain.
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Hamlet. Ecstasy?
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have utter'd. Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will reword, which madness

Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.
Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Hamlet. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
And when you are desirous to be bless'd
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,
(Pointing to Polonius.)
I do repent: but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So again, good night.
I must be cruel only to be kind.
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*

[4]

MATT DENANT'S ESCAPE [22]

More than a year has passed since Matt Denant has been thrown in prison for killing a policeman in defense of a girl. The following scene is on the prison farm, Dartmoor, in a heavy fog. The stone wall of the field runs along the back and a stone wall joins it on the left. Matt Denant and a fellow convict are picking up the potatoes they have dug up earlier. They are but dimly seen in the fog, flinging the potatoes right and left into two baskets between them. They are speaking in low voices.

Matt. The poor blighter was dead, and I got five years for manslaughter.
Fellow Convict. Cripes! A cop! You were lucky not to swing, mate.
Matt. The girl stood by me like a brick. If she hadn't come forward—
F. C. Lucky there, too. Most of 'em wouldn't. They're too mortal scared. 'Ow much you got left to do?

[22] Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

Matt. Three years, if I behave like a plaster saint.
(He stops and straightens himself.)
F. C. I got four. I say, you're a torf, yn't you?
Matt. Toff! *(With a laugh.)* Item, one Oxford accent; item, one objection to being spoken to like a dog.
F. C. Hush! *(Jerking his thumb toward the wall.)* Fog don't prevent 'em hearin', blight 'em!
Matt. It's come up mighty sudden. Think it's going to last?
F. C. After a wet spell—this time o' year, when the wind's gone—yus. They'll be roundin' us up in a minute, you'll see—and 'ome to Blighty. Makes 'em nervous—fog. That's when you get the escapes.
Matt. No one's ever got away from here, they say.
F. C. There've been a good few tries, though.
Matt. Gosh! I'd like to have one.
F. C. Don't you do it, mate. You want clothes, you want money, you want a car, to give you a dawg's chance. And then they'd get you. This moor's the 'ell of a place. I say, you must 'ave hit that cop a fair knock!
Matt. Just an ordinary knock-out on the jaw. It wasn't that. He landed the back of his head on the Row rail. Poor devil! He wasn't married, luckily.
F. C. Luckily? Well, you never know about *that.* But get 'im off your chest, mate—'e wouldn't sit on mine—no more than an 'un did in the War. That's a good fair potato.
(The figure of a Warder is dimly seen coming along from the Right under the wall. He stops.)
Warder. No talking there! When you've finished that row, pick back the next and then stand by to fall in. Hear me? Answer, can't you?
F. C. Right, Sir! *(The Warder's figure is seen moving back.)* Nice man, ain't he? Wot'd I tell you? Early 'ome to tea.
Matt. *(Very low.)* Like a dog! Three more years—like a dog!
F. C. 'E's all right, reely. It's the fog. Fog makes 'em nervous; an' when a man's nervous I've always noticed 'e speaks like that.
Matt. Yes: well, *I* can't get used to it.
F. C. Too particular, you torfs—get too much corn when you're two-year-olds.
Matt. *(Sharp and low.)* *You* know the moor—where's Two Bridges?
F. C. There—a mile.
Matt. And Tavistock?
F. C. *(Pointing right back.)* Seven. Guv'nor—don't do it. There ain't a chance in a million. You'll only get pneumonium in this stinkin' wet, and they'll have you into the bargain, sure as eggs—bread and water, cells, and the rest of it.

Matt. I got out of Germany.

F. C. Out of Germany? Cripes! That was none so dusty!

Matt. They've got no dogs here now, have they?

F. C. Don't fancy they 'ave. But, Guv'nor, the whole countryside round 'ere's agynst you. They don't like convicts. Funny yn't it?

(They have reached the end of the row, and stop, stooping, with with their heads close together.)

Matt. Draw me a plan with this stick.

F. C. Blimy! *(Marking the earth.)* 'Ere's the main road, and 'ere's the cross road to Tavistock. 'Ere's the Inn at Two Bridges, and 'ere's Post Bridge. 'Ere's Bee Tor Cross, ten to twelve mile. Chagford up there, Moreton 'ampstead 'ere.

Matt. What's across the main road from Two Bridges?

F. C. Moor. A long bit o' wood about 'ere; then 'ambleton; then you drops into fields to Widecombe; then up, and more moor to Heytor and Bovey. There's rail at Bovey or Lustleigh, and much good that'll do you with everybody as eager to see you as if you was the Prince of Wyles! Out this way you got Fox Tor Mire—ruddy bad bog, that!

(A moment's silence while Matt studies the chart in the soil.)

Warder's voice. Hurry up with that last row—you two men!

(The fog grows thicker.)

Matt. (Smearing out the chart with his foot.) It's real thick now. Gosh! I'll have a shot!

(They move back, beginning the last row.)

F. C. (Jerking his thumb.) There's another blighter thirty yards out on the wall there. 'E'll shoot.

Matt. I know. I'm going over that wall in the corner, and then along under his nose on the near side. Ten to one he'll be looking out on the off side in this fog. If that chap there doesn't spot me, I'll get by.

F. C. You're mad, Guv'nor. They'll shoot at sight. And if they don' see you—in ten minutes I'll have finished this row, an' they're bound to know you're gone. You 'aven't the chance of a cock-louse.

Matt. All right, friend, don't worry! A bullet'd be a nice change for me. If I don't get one—I'll give 'em a run for their money.

F. C. Well, if you must go, mate— Strike the main road and run that way. In this fog they'll 'ave to take us back before they dare start after you. You'll find a scrap of a wood a bit beyond the river on the left side. Get into it and cover yourself with leaves till it's dead dark. Then you'll still be close to the road and you can myke shift in a stack or something till the morning. If you go wandering about the moor all night in this fog, you won't get nowhere, and you'll be done in stiff before dawn.

Matt. Thanks. Sooner the better, now— Never stop to look at a fence. Next time the steam's full on. *(Puts some potatoes in his pocket.)* Can you eat these raw? I ate turnips in Germany.

F. C. Never tried, Guv'nor. Tyke this. *(He holds out a slice of bread.)*

Matt. Thanks awfully. You're a good chap.

F. C. Wish you luck. Wish I was comin' too, but I 'aven't got the pluck, an' that's a fact.

Matt. Now! Turn your head the other way and keep it there. Remember me to Blighty. So long!

(He moves three steps away from his fellow convict, pauses a few seconds, then suddenly, stooping low, runs to the wall, and is over it like a cat. In the minute of silence that follows, one can see the Convict listening.)

F. C. (Counting the seconds to himself, up to twenty, in an excited murmur.) Gawd! 'E's past that blighter! *(Listens again.)* Gawd! 'E's orf! *(With realization of his fellow's escape comes an itch to attempt it himself.)* Shall I 'ave a shoot meself? Shall I? Gawd! I must!

(He has just turned to sneak off, when the Warder's voice is heard off Right.)

Warder. You, man, there! Where's your mate?

F. C. 'Ad a call, sir.

Warder. What d'you mean?

F. C. Went over that wall, Sir.

Warder. He's not there. Now then! Where is he?

F. C. No use arstin' me. I don't know where he is.

Warder. Come with me. *(He marches sharply along the wall back.)* Convict! Out there! Answer! Warder! You, Williams! Anyone passed you? Lost a man here!

Voice of Second Warder. No one's passed.

First Warder. Sharp, then! There's a man gone!

(Second Warder appears at the top of the wall.)

Second Warder. He must ha' got past *you*, then.

First Warder. Curse this fog! Fire a shot for warning. No, don't, or we'll have others running for it. Muster sharp and get off home and report—that's the only thing. Here, you! Keep your mouth shut. You know all about it, I bet.

F. C. Not me, Sir. 'E just said 'e 'ad a call to 'ave tea with the Duchess; an' I went on pickin' up, knowin' you was in an 'urry.

First Warder. Mind your lip! Come on, Williams. March, you!

JOHN GALSWORTHY, *Escape*

[5]

THE VISIT OF THE GENTLEMAN [23]

Morning, before the rehearsal. He *is striding thoughtfully up and down the room. He wears a broad, parti-coloured coat, and a prismatic tie. His derby is on the back of his head, and his face is clean-shaven like that of an actor. His eyebrows are drawn, lips pressed together energetically, his whole appearance severe and sombre. After the entrance of the gentleman he changes. His face becomes clown-like, mobile—a living mask.*

The gentleman comes in. He is dressed in black, and has an extremely well-bred appearance. His thin face is yellowish, like an invalid's. When he is upset, his colourless, dull eyes often twitch. He *does not notice him.*

Gentleman. Good morning, sir.

He. *(Turning around and looking at him absent-mindedly.)* Ah! It's you.

Gent. I am not late? . . .

He. No manners, please. What do you want? Tell me quickly, I have no time. . . .

Gent. In this suit, and with this face, you make a still stranger impression. Yesterday it seemed to me that it was all a dream; to-day . . . *you.* . . .

He. You have forgotten my name again? My name is He.

Gent. You are determined to continue talking to me like this?

He. Decidedly! But you are squandering your time like a millionaire. Hurry up!

Gent. I really don't know. . . . Everything here strikes me so. . . . These posters, horses, animals, which I passed when I was looking for you. . . . And finally, *you,* a clown in a circus! *(With a slight, deprecating smile.)* Could I expect it? It is true, when everybody there decided that you were dead, I was the only man who did not agree with them. I felt that you were still alive. But to find you among such surroundings—I can't understand it.

He. You said you have a son, now. Doesn't he look like me?

Gent. I don't understand?

He. Don't you know that widows or divorced women often have children by the new husband, which resemble the old one? This misfortune did not befall you? *(Laughs.)* And your book, too, is a big success, I hear.

Gent. You want to insult me again?

[23] Copyright, 1921, by the Dial Publishing Company, Inc.

He. (Laughing.) What a restless, touchy faker you are! Why were you trying to find me?

Gent. My conscience . . .

He. You have no conscience. Or were you afraid that you hadn't robbed me of *everything* I possessed, and you came for the rest? But what more could you take from me now? My fool's cap with its bells? You wouldn't take it. It's too big for your bald head! Crawl back, you book-worm!

Gent. You cannot forgive the fact that your wife . . .

He. To the devil with my wife! *(The gentleman is startled and raises his eyebrows.* He *laughs.)*

Gent. I don't know. . . . (He *laughs.)* Then *what* brought you to such a . . . step? Or is it that you cannot forgive me my success? But you always were so indifferent to glory. Or perhaps your indifference was only hypocrisy. And when I, a more lucky rival . . . .

He. (With a burst of laughter.) Rival! You—a rival!

Gent. (Growing pale.) But my book!

He. You are talking to me about *your* book? To me?

Gent. I am a very unhappy man. You must forgive me. I am deeply, irreparably, and infinitely unhappy.

He. But why? Explain it to me. You say yourself that your book is a tremendous success, you are famous, you have glory; there is not a yellow newspaper in which *you* and *your* thoughts are not mentioned. Who knows *me?* Who cares about my heavy abstractions, from which it was difficult for them to derive a single thought? You—you are the great vulgarizer! You have made my thoughts comprehensible even to horses! With the art of a great vulgarizer, a tailor of ideas, you dressed my Apollo in a barber's jacket, you handed my Venus a yellow ticket, and to my bright hero you gave the ears of an ass. And then your career is made, as Jackson says. And wherever I go, the whole street looks at me with thousands of faces, in which—what mockery—I recognize the traits of my own children. Oh! How ugly your son must be, if he resembles me! Why then are you unhappy, you poor devil? The police haven't caught you, as yet. What am I talking about? Is it possible to catch you? You always keep within the limits of the law. You have been torturing yourself up to now because you are not married to my wife. . . . What is the use of this self-torture, my friend? Get married. I died. You are not satisfied with having taken only my wife? Let my glory remain in your possession. It is yours. Accept my ideas. Assume all the rights, my most lawful heir! I died! And when I was dying *(making a stupidly pious face)* I forgave thee! *(Bursts out laughing.)*

Gent. And my pride?

He. Have you any pride? . . . Think of it. There was a time when I loved you a little, even thought you a little gifted! You—my empty shadow.

Gent. I am your shadow.

He. Oh, you are marvellous! What a comedy! What a touching comedy! Listen. Tell me frankly if you can; do you hate me very much?

Gent. Yes! With all the hate there is in the world! . . . I am respected and I am famous, yes? I have a wife and a son, yes. *(Laughs slowly.)* My wife still loves you: our favorite discussion is about your genius. She supposes you are a genius. My son—yes, he'll resemble you. And when, in order to have a little rest, I go to my desk, to my ink-pot, my books—there, too, I find you. Always you! Everywhere you! And I am never alone—never myself and alone. And when at night—you, sir, should understand this—when at night I go to my lonely thoughts, to my sleepless contemplations, even then I find your image in my head, in my unfortunate brain, your damned and hateful image!

He. What a comedy. How marvellously everything is turned about in this world: the robbed proves to be a robber, and the robber is complaining of theft, and cursing! *(Laughs.)* . . . Oh, what a marvellous comedy! Tell me, would you be relieved if I really had died?

Gent. Yes! I think so. Death augments distance and dulls the memory. Death reconciles. But you do not look like a man who—

He. Yes, yes! Death, *certainly!* . . .

Gent. . . . I do not dare to ask you—*(makes a grimace)* to ask you to die, but tell me: you'll never come back there? No, don't laugh. If you want me to, I'll kiss your hand. Don't grimace! I would have done so if you had died.

He. (Slowly.) Get out, vermin!

LEONID N. ANDREYEV, *He Who Gets Slapped*
(Gregory Zilboorg's translation.)

[6]

THE MURDER

It is late at night; Macbeth is in the death chamber. Lady Macbeth is waiting for him to greet her with the news that he has killed the King.

Lady Macbeth. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. Who's there? What ho!
Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My husband!
Macbeth. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macbeth. When?
Lady M. Now.
Macbeth. As I descended?
Lady M. Ay.
Macbeth. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macbeth. This is a sorry sight. *(Looking at his hands)*
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macbeth. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"
That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.
Macbeth. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen" the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
List'ning their fear, I could not say "Amen,"
When they did say "God bless us!"
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macbeth. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macbeth. Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—
Lady M. What do you mean?

Macbeth. Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house;
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macbeth. I'll go no more.
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt. *(Exit. Knocking within.)*
Macbeth. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.
Re-enter Lady Macbeth.
Lady M. My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. *(Knocking.)* I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed;
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. *(Knocking.)* Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts,
Macbeth. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
(Knocking.)
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*

III. The humor of the following selections will depend mainly upon your skill in the use of pause and inflection:

[1]

WE HAVE WITH US TONIGHT [24]

To some chairmen, perhaps quite naturally since talking is their business, lecturers do not seem like human beings, filled with human fears and standing in need of last-minute concentration. The war of nerves is supposed to hold no terrors for them. They are talking machines; sound tracks with bodies; the kind of offspring a Victrola might have if wedded to a windmill. Such an attitude, even though it puts you in the robot class, is flattering when, because of it, you suddenly find yourself miscast as a knight-errant.

In the automobile on the way to the auditorium you can tell when you will have to hoist your faded plume and rub the dust off your broken armor.

"Now, Belle, it's going to be all right," says the husband of the lady who is to present you and who has suddenly begun to keen in the front seat like a chorus of unhappy fisherwomen in an Irish play. "I know you will be fine. Won't Belle be fine, Mr. Brown?" Forgetting what you were trying to remember about your own speech, you bow to the inevitable. "Of course, she will. Don't worry. It's easy."

"But I can't! I won't go on." There is a pause. Then a sudden rally. "You see, I'm dreadfully scared, Mr. Brown, because this is the first time I have had to do this kind of thing. I wish I'd never gotten into it! I know it's silly, but I'm petrified. Henry, I'm *petrified!* I'm sure I'll disgrace you. I'll have to read it, even though I promised Grace this afternoon that I wouldn't. I tell you I'm PETRIFIED! I was scared at luncheon—but NOW! Oh, Henry! Henry, did you bring the aromatics?"

By this time the auditorium has been reached, and you have begun to feel as nervous about Belle as Belle does and as Henry does. Henry has disappeared, mopping his brow. "Good luck, girlie," he has said in parting. "Chin up! You couldn't be worse than Evelyn was." With that, Henry has gone to take his place out front. Belle has meanwhile been drawn to the mirror above the dressing table like an astronomer to the Milky Way. The drone of the audience through the curtains and the open door might appeal to an apiarist, but it unnerves Belle.

"My tummy! My tummy!" she sighs, with an expression usually reserved for the English Channel. "It's full of butterflies!"

Your one hope is that moths won't emerge.

"Now calm yourself, Mrs. Tremens," you say, patting her on the back as if she were a baby about to bring up a bubble, and trusting

[24] From *Accustomed as I Am* by John Mason Brown. Reprinted by permission of W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., publishers.

her husband will understand if he returns. "It'll soon be over. All things come to an end."

"No! No! No! It won't," she insists, opening her evening bag to spread a neatly written manuscript before her on the dressing table. "I knew it! I knew it! I can't remember a word of it, and I had it all by heart."

"May I help you?" you ask, putting your own notes in your suitcase and locking it. Suddenly an intern's calm descends upon you.

"Oh, I know it's silly, but would you?" Belle passes her manuscript to you in a hand quaking with palsy.

"Now, then, let's try it."

" 'Ladies and gentlemen,' " begins Belle, clearing her throat like a motorboat having a hard time getting started, and at last speaking in an astral voice, " 'Ladies and gentlemen—!' There! I told you. I haven't the vaguest idea what comes next."

" 'Ladies and gentlemen,' " you repeat, " 'the—' "

"No! No! Don't tell me," she insists. " 'The—the—' Now let's see. How could it go on from there?"

" 'Ladies and gentlemen,' " you say firmly, reading her script to her, " 'The Broadway theatre is a long way from here, but we are hoping it will be nearer to us to-night. It gives me great pleasure to introduce—' "

By now it is ten minutes after the announced starting time.

"Don't you think we really ought to get going?" you ask. "Why don't you just read it? No one will know."

"Never! Never!" says Belle. "I promised Grace I wouldn't. And anyway she said she'd kill me if I did."

Someone knocks timidly on the door. It is Henry. "Dear," says he, puffing from the dash up the aisle of the auditorium, the plunge down the stairs by the box office, the long run through the basement corridor, and the climb up the truncated steps leading to the stage, "Grace thinks you ought to begin. They're getting restless."

So out you go, forgetting Henry as he sits down to mop his face, and following Belle onto the stage to those chairs. For what seems an eternity, Belle remains seated, doing her best to resemble Queen Mary at the Durbar. You try to whisper a few nothings to her, to indicate how much at home you both are. But, in addition to palsy, Belle now seems to have developed a sudden and acute attack of deafness. After five repulses, which have entirely shaken your confidence and made the audience wonder what you could possibly have done to insult Mrs. Tremens in the wings, Belle at last rises. Swaying somewhat unsteadily, she advances to the lectern to grab hold of it as if it were a mast and she a sailor imperiled in a Conrad typhoon. Clutched in her hand you can see the manuscript of her introduction. In a moment or two she spreads this out before her and reaches in

her handbag with magnificent defiance for her tortoise-shell glasses.

A new peace—a calm decidedly outward—has descended upon her. Only to the speaker is Belle's fear now evident. He, after all, can see what the audience cannot. Though Belle's voice is firm when she starts off with "Ladies and gentlemen," and her hands are propped so that they cannot shake, Belle's back contrives to tremble beneath her tight satin skirt like Jello in the wind.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she begins, bowing right and left at the sheet of paper before her as if the whole audience were sitting on it. Thereafter she never lifts her eyes from her written speech until, with a very pained look, she has expressed the pleasure it has given her to introduce you. Whereupon, turning her head to the side of the stage where you aren't, she points to an empty chair, realizes her error, looks around in tragic confusion, smiles when she has at last spotted you, and rushes back to her seat to reread the manuscript, fearful lest she may have omitted part of it. Just as you step forward, murmuring, "You were fine; Henry will be very proud of you," Henry comes walking down the aisle to retake his place, still mopping his head, and having missed the big moment, when comparisons with Evelyn were in order.

JOHN MASON BROWN, *Accustomed as I Am*

[2]

WHAT TO DO[24a]

No matter how calm or nervous, conscientious or inspired, a chairman may be, he or she still presents one problem to the speaker to which neither the introducer nor the audience ever gives much thought. That is, what to do, where to look, how to act, while you are being introduced. It seems simple enough from the front.

A chair—one of those chairs—is near the center of the stage. According to the protocol of the platform, the one nearer the entrance is usually yours. Supposedly all you have to do is to walk from the wings to that chair and then sit down on it and wait. But that walk of no more than ten or fifteen feet can seem an eternity. It is apt to be one of the unremembered interludes in the life of any person who has ever taken it. Twenty boards can unite to form a plank. You are in a trance, doing a conscious act unconsciously, driven forward only by the motor of your pounding heart. Matters are not helped by your knowing there is always the chance that the chairman may forget which of the seats he had agreed to occupy and that the two of you may be caught playing "Going to Jerusalem" in public.

When, in some manner unknown to you, you have at last reached

[24a] From *Accustomed as I Am* by John Mason Brown. Reprinted by permission of W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., publishers.

your place, graver difficulties arise. The chair may be one of two kinds. Either its high back and its seat, though covered with petit point, may conceal boards so stiff that you are sure the committee must think your sacroiliac needs righting, or it is one of those low-set leather chairs which emits embarrassing noises as you sink down onto its air-filled cushions, and from the depths of which only a derrick can remove you. Once seated, you reach for the arms as if they were the hands of a long-lost friend. After you and the chairman have indulged in those preliminary whisperings, and both you and he have smiled broadly at jokes passed between you that neither of you has heard, the chairman rises to start his introduction.

Then your troubles begin in earnest. Even before he has finished saying "Ladies and gentlemen," you are apt to have crossed, uncrossed, and recrossed your legs so many times that you must look from out front as if you were trying to dance the Highland fling sitting down. Suddenly realizing that poise is desirable, you quiet your shins by wrapping your feet around the far-sprung legs of the chair.

"We have with us tonight—" the chairman goes on. By now you have begun to do strange things with your hands. You have patted them together as if at any moment you were about to applaud yourself. You have surveyed your fingers with a baby's wonder and an interest no manicurist has ever shown. You have bitten the knuckle of the right hand's middle finger until it is about to bleed. As the chairman continues, you have started that weird gesture known only to expectant lecturers, that act of public and dry libation in which you seem to wash the face (and every part thereof) with the hands but without benefit of soap and water.

These physical activities, these setting-down exercises, get you so warm before the real gymnastics of the evening have started that while the chairman is still trying to remember your occupation you have reached in despair for your handkerchief and begun waving it as if you were a morris dancer. Strangers in the rear of the auditorium have on occasion been so startled by what they have mistaken for friendly salutations that they have been known to wave back.

These are not the only betrayals of embarrassment which as a lecturer you try clumsily to control. There are others, and their causes are valid, very valid, indeed. When, for example, a frustrated biographer is at work on you, telling your life story in detail, should you appear as bored as the audience is? Or should you look surprised? When the place of your birth is mentioned, should your eyebrows arch with amazement into an "Is *that* so?" formation? When the college you remember slaving at is named, should you shake your head and whisper to yourself, "Well, well, well—do tell? So he went there?

How very interesting"? When the introducer insists you are a dramatic critic, and says that you see plays on Broadway, should you make it clear that you are more astounded than anyone else by all this, and mutter audibly, "Fancy that, Hedda. Fancy that"? And if he goes so far as to mention some of your books, should you set a good example by crying, "Well, I'll be!" and whipping out a notebook and a pencil to write down the titles?

On those rare occasions when the chairman gets his circulars mixed and has confused your case history with that of Eve Curie, John Mulholland, or Commander Byrd, is it or is it not forgivable for you to shake your head in gentle protest and indicate regretfully you have one, and only one, life to give to your country's lecture platform, and the introducer is taking it and someone else's in vain? Or should you play dead, exhibiting no more interest in the proceedings than a corpse does in the funeral oration he has provoked? When you are paid a compliment, every word of which drips with jasmine, honeysuckle, and unearned increment, and you feel diabetes sugaring your blood stream, should you show you have not forgotten *Veritas* was printed on your college shield by shouting, "No! No!"? Or should you meet kindness with kindness by crying, "A Daniel come to judgment! Yea, a Daniel!"?

Ought your eyes to be fixed on the footlights, the ceiling, the balcony, your wristwatch, or the introducer? And if upon the introducer, where? If he has struck a forensic attitude, should your eyes trace the outlines of his invisible toga? Or if she has struck a posture suggestive of Venus de' Medici, should your face express gratitude that she is better dressed than the original?

If a giggling friend is winking at you in the fifth row, should you wink back? Or should you try to achieve that faraway look at which certain lecturers excel in their moments of being introduced, when they make it clear that their minds are in the clouds, that they are first cousins to yogis, that the affairs of this world do not interest them, and that—intellectually, at least—they have not as yet made their entrances.

No matter how much being introduced may embarrass you, you miss the introducer at those organizations where he does not appear. He may, by the very nature of his job and yours, develop in you a new sympathy for the criminal who must face the judge while his sentence is being read. But mounting the scaffold alone can be agonizing. Even during the Reign of Terror the people who faced the guillotine did not have to operate it. Confessors were near to hold their hands, and executioners to bow their heads. However awful their deaths may have been, they were not suicides.

It is when you are placed in solitary, and are waiting for the signal to be given, that you become the victim of worse fears than have

ever paralyzed a chairman. It is after an experience of this sort that you are most apt to kneel down by your trundle at the hotel in the dark hours of night and thank God you are the kind of speaker who needs an introduction.

JOHN MASON BROWN, *Accustomed as I Am*

[3]

HENRY'S SARTORIAL DRIFTWOOD [25]

October 1st

The day started rainy, but by the time we reached Yeobridge this afternoon, the house and garden were floating in sunlight and looking so snug and pretty and delectable that I said I guessed I would not bother with going back to the womb. I nearly changed my mind, though, when we had had tea and I had to begin unpacking. Stuffing my own rudimentary wardrobe into the nearest drawer is a matter of five minutes, but Henry has a sense of property like Silas Marner and Andrew Mellon combined. You could probably (if he were not so thin) take a pound of flesh from Henry without encountering any more opposition than an absent-minded "Ouch!", but try to separate him from his high school chemistry notes or the scarf his sister made for him when she was eight years old, and you find yourself up against something.

He not only cherishes, but he has brought to Europe with him, such objects as a topographical felt hat, bought in the Tyrol by some distant relative and passed around the family like a hot potato—until it got to Henry. He has brought to Yeobridge with him eight black dinner ties, every one of which has apparently seen years of service on the town gibbet. He has brought two Tuxedos, both so old-fashioned that he looks like a heron in them and people stand still so as not to frighten him away. When I was packing the trunks in New York, I made one last heroic effort to wean him, but he gave me such a look of silent agony and reproach, even at the compromise proposal to leave the things behind in storage, that I was not proof against it.

Phyllis, however, did most of the unpacking. When we first arrived, she was so frightened of us that I thought she was going to cry, but I sent her around to the post office to buy some stamps and regain her composure, and by the time she returned, her natural instinct for running things had come irresistibly to the surface. She weeded out Henry's sartorial driftwood and silently stowed it in the attic; she whisked away part of Mrs. Turney's dark-green and dark-brown library and Mydaughter's French and German grammars to make

[25] From *With Malice Toward Some* by Margaret Halsey. Reprinted by permission of Simon & Schuster, Inc., publishers.

room for the books we had brought; she catechized me delicately on my ideas about housekeeping and appeared surprised and relieved to discover that I am innocent of any. Finally, after a suitable interim, she produced a dinner with magnificent roast beef and an omelet so light that we had to lay our knives across it and even then it struggled. We haled her in and complimented her fervently on the meal, which made her blush and look pleased, but also a little startled, as if she were not used to praise. It looks as if we have a paragon on our hands.

MARGARET HALSEY, *With Malice Toward Some*

[4]

HAY FEVER IN ENGLAND [26]

July 8th

I am face to face with the possibility that I have hay fever. My childhood was spent in all sorts of entangling alliances with ragweed and goldenrod, and if I sneezed, it kept the family in table talk for two weeks. But ever since the long walks we took in Stratford, I have suffered a sea change. My eyes itch in long crescendos, my nose tickles to madness, and my handkerchiefs are developing fins. Henry suggests a doctor, but I have a theory that germs and infirmities like to play the grandstand, and that if one can manage to ignore them, they will go sheepishly away. Besides, should it really be hay fever, there is very little a doctor can do at this late stage. What I need is a harbor master. Oh, well. I pin my hopes to its subsiding when I leave the gardens of Cambridge and get to the relative barrenness of London.

July 21st

I went to the doctor yesterday, to see about my hay fever, mechanically and without much hope of relief, an attitude which the worthy practitioner did little to change. His office, up two flights of stairs in a decayed region near Golden Square, is full of large, broody furnishings which make the room navigable only by persons of a very light draft. The doctor himself is gaunt as a totem pole. He wore an antiquated black suit, the lapels of which had been dragged together in a reluctant rendezvous just over his collarbone. When I rehearsed my ailment, he listened with an attention which seemed too mournful and elaborate for a trifling tale of catarrh. I felt ashamed not to have a life-size, three-dimensional illness to offer him, something with a

[26] From *With Malice Toward Some* by Margaret Halsey. Reprinted by permission of Simon & Schuster, Inc., publishers.

fair prospect of taking me off. After I had finished my apologetic plaint, he looked sadly up my nose and said in a stifled voice that there was nothing to be done for hay fever, if it were hay fever, but that I might try smelling salts.

"Well," I reflected, as I went down the stairs, "at least he didn't want to bleed me," so I worked my way out into Piccadilly Circus, where I found a drug store. I had had no experience of smelling salts, and coming from the shop into the street again, I uncorked the bottle, held it firmly under my nose, and drew a breath so deep as almost to suck in several little boys who were standing nearby. I do not know how I got home. The world was under water. A taxi wavered through the deeps and I have an impression I took it. When I could look about me once more, I saw that I had come home.

But the most outlandish part of the whole fantastic medication was that it wrought a cure. I suddenly noticed, while retailing the catastrophe to Henry, that fresh air was going boldly in and out of my nostrils as if it had the freedom of the city. Gingerly, with millimetric caution, I returned to the salts bottle. By last night, I was so perceptibly less rheumy that I think if I had sent out a dove, it would have come back with an olive leaf in its mouth, and this morning, except for an occasional reminiscent sniff, I was cured.

MARGARET HALSEY, *With Malice Toward Some*

[5]

UNIVERSITY DAYS [27]

I passed all the other courses that I took at my University, but I could never pass botany. This was because all botany students had to spend several hours a week in a laboratory looking through a microscope at plant cells. I never once saw a cell through a microscope. This used to enrage my instructor. He would wander around the laboratory pleased with the progress all the students were making in drawing the involved and, so I am told, interesting structure of flower cells, until he came to me. I would just be standing there. "I can't see anything," I would say. He would begin patiently enough, explaining how anybody can see through a microscope, but he would always end up in a fury, claiming that I could *too* see through a microscope but just pretended that I couldn't. "It takes away from the beauty of the flowers anyway," I used to tell him. "We are not concerned with beauty in this course," he would say. "We are concerned solely with what I may call the *mechanics* of flars." "Well,"

[27] First published in *The New Yorker*. From *My Life and Hard Times* (Harper & Brothers, publishers). Reprinted by permission of the author.

I'd say, "I can't see anything." "Try just once again," he'd say, and I would put my eye to the microscope and see nothing at all, except now and then a nebulous milky substance—a phenomenon of maladjustment. You were supposed to see a vivid, restless clockwork of sharply defined plant cells. "I see what looks like a lot of milk," I would tell him. This, he claimed, was the result of my not having adjusted the microscope properly, so he would readjust it for me, or rather, for himself. And I would look again and see milk.

I finally took a deferred pass, as they called it, and waited a year and tried again. (You had to pass one of the biological sciences or you couldn't graduate.) The professor had come back from vacation as brown as a berry, bright-eyed, and eager to explain cell-structure again to his classes. "Well," he said to me, cheerily, when we met in the first laboratory hour of the semester, "We're going to see cells this time, aren't we?" "Yes, sir," I said. Students to right of me and to left of me and in front of me were seeing cells; what's more, they were quietly drawing pictures of them in their notebooks. Of course, I didn't see anything.

"We'll try it," the professor said to me, grimly, "with every adjustment of the microscope known to man. As God is my witness, I'll arrange this glass so that you see cells through it or I'll give up teaching. In twenty-two years of botany, I—" He cut off abruptly for he was beginning to quiver all over, like Lionel Barrymore, and he genuinely wished to hold onto his temper; his scenes with me had taken a great deal out of him.

So we tried with every adjustment of the microscope known to man. With only one of them did I see anything but blackness or the familiar lacteal opacity, and that time I saw, to my pleasure and amazement, a variegated constellation of flecks, specks, and dots. These I hastily drew. The instructor noting my activity, came back from an adjoining desk, a smile on his lips and his eyebrows high in hope. He looked at my cell drawing. "What's that?" he demanded, with a hint of a squeal in his voice. "That's what I saw," I said. "You didn't, you didn't, you *didn't!*" he screamed, losing control of his temper instantly, and he bent over and squinted into the microscope. His head snapped up. "That's your eye!" he shouted. "You've fixed the lens so that it reflects! You've drawn your eye!"

Another course that I didn't like, but somehow managed to pass, was economics. I went to that class straight from botany class, which didn't help me in understanding either subject. I used to get them mixed up. But not as mixed up as another student in my economics class who came there direct from a physics laboratory. He was a tackle on the football team, named Bolenciecwcz. At that time Ohio State University had one of the best football teams in the country, and Bolenciecwcz was one of its outstanding stars. In order to be

eligible to play it was necessary for him to keep up in his studies, a very difficult matter, for while he was not dumber than an ox he was not any smarter. Most of his professors were lenient and helped him along. None gave him more hints, in answering questions, or asked him simpler ones than the economics professor, a thin, timid man named Bassum. One day when we were on the subject of transportation and distribution, it came Bolenciecwcz's turn to answer a question. "Name one means of transportation," the professor said to him. No light came into the big tackle's eyes. "Just any means of transportation," said the professor. Bolenciecwcz sat staring at him. "That is," pursued the professor, "any medium, agency, or method of going from one place to another." Bolenciecwcz had the look of a man who is being led into a trap. "You may choose among steam, horse-drawn, or electrically propelled vehicles," said the instructor. "I might suggest the one which we commonly take in making long journeys across land." There was a profound silence in which everybody stirred uneasily, including Bolenciecwcz and Mr. Bassum. Mr. Bassum abruptly broke this silence in an amazing manner. "Choo–choo–choo," he said, in a low voice, and turned instantly scarlet. He glanced appealingly around the room. All of us, of course, shared Mr. Bassum's desire that Bolenciecwcz should stay abreast of the class in economics, for the Illinois game, one of the hardest and most important of the season, was only a week off. "Toot, toot, tootooooooot!" some student with a deep voice moaned, and we all looked encouragingly at Bolenciecwcz. Somebody else gave a fine imitation of a locomotive letting off steam. Mr. Bassum himself rounded off the little show. "Ding, dong, ding, dong," he said, hopefully. Bolenciecwcz was staring at the floor now, trying to think, his great brow furrowed, his huge hands rubbing together, his face red.

"How did you come to college this year, Mr. Bolenciecwcz?" asked the professor. "*Chuffa, chuffa, chuffa chuffa.*"

"M'father sent me," said the football player.

"What on?" asked Bassum.

"I git an 'lowance," said the tackle, in a low, husky voice, obviously embarrassed.

"No, no," said Bassum. "Name a means of transportation. What did you *ride* here on?"

"Train," said Bolenciecwcz.

The Illinois game was won.

JAMES THURBER, *My Life and Hard Times*

[6]

HUNGAH [28]

When my sister and I were ten and eleven, our six aunts on the lace-curtain-Irish, or Farrel, side of the family got up a little fund to make their nieces cultured.

In their dreams, they could see, these amiable ladies who loved us so dearly, Eileen at the piano bringing tears to the eyes of her relatives with a splendid performance of "Narcissus," the selection where you cross your hands on the keyboard. They could see me, too, in their affectionate musings, spreading a fluffy organdie skirt for a polite curtsy to a parlor of admiring Farrels and Murphys and Flannigans, and then launching into a moving recitation of "Trees."

After all, our second cousins, the Murphy children, aged only eleven and twelve, could already recite "Trees" and play "The Rose of No Man's Land," not to speak of "Humoresque," on the piano. If the Murphys could be cultured, so, my aunts said grimly, could the McKenneys. If they had secret misgivings, they never said so. They started off the big culture program by getting Eileen a music teacher, a nervous, angular lady who wore her eyeglasses on a black ribbon and sniffled.

"One," she used to say, "two, three," and then a long sniffle, "four. One, two," then another short ladylike sniffle, "three, four."

The sniffles and the black ribbon for the eyeglasses fascinated my sister. She used to keep time to the sniffles instead of the counting, and as a result her scales went from bad to worse. Eventually, though, she learned to read simple sheet music. She also learned a bass which consisted mostly of fearful thumping and a rolling sound like kettledrums, all in the lowest octave of the keyboard. With this equipment, she was able to play "Chloe," a popular song of the early nineteen-twenties. She was never able to play anything except "Chloe," but she certainly could play that.

She used to stalk to the piano and seat herself firmly, with quite a thump, at the bench. Then, swaying largely from the waist, she picked up the melody, not without some difficulty. Finally, when the preliminaries were over, she burst into song, accompanying herself as she went along.

"Thr—ooo the bu-la-ck of night," Eileen used to intone a deep bass growl, "I got-tuh go whêah yew are."

The climax of the song, where the melody goes up, always used to baffle my poor sister, who, like myself, is absolutely tone-deaf and has never been able to carry a tune, even the simplest one, in her whole life. She solved the difficulty by simply pounding so hard in

[28] From *My Sister Eileen*, copyright, 1938, by Ruth McKenney. By permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., publishers.

the bass that she drowned herself out. Her voice emerged triumphantly just at the end: "I got-tuh go wheah yew are."

While Eileen was learning to play a bayou chant, I, too, was busy with culture. I was taking what my aunts thought were elocution lessons. These thoughtful ladies, after a solemn family conclave, had decided I should study public speaking because I stuttered over the telephone. I still do. It is very humiliating.

How my conservative, respectable aunts fell afoul of Madam DuLak and her Studio of the Voice I cannot imagine. Certainly she was not the teacher they thought she was. They hoped that I would learn how to recite "Trees." Madame DuLak told me the first time I met her that Joyce Kilmer "stank." That was the word she used. I was eleven years old, and I certainly was surprised to hear about Joyce Kilmer.

Madame DuLak had studied in Paris. She said so often. She had picked up a lot of fancy notions in gay old Paris, I gathered, not only about Joyce Kilmer but also about "recitations" and "elocution lessons."

"We are going," Madame DuLak intoned, in a rich, deep voice full of culture, that first morning our little class of six assembled, "to undertake the study of a litt-tul play which I rather" (she said "rawther," of course) "like. I shall assign and read the parts this morning. By next week you will have memorized your lines, and then we shall settle down for a winter's work."

I memorized my lines easily. My part consisted of the word "hunger." But do not imagine that I was a mere walk-on in this little play of Madame DuLak's. On the contrary, I was one of the leading characters. I was, in spite of my rotund figure, a hungry old beggar. I sat on the steps of what was supposed to be a cathedral. From the time the curtain went up until at last it went down, I sat on those steps, chanting the word "hunger" more or less at one-minute intervals. Sometimes I said it very loudly, drowning out the rest of the cast, and sometimes I was supposed to whisper it very softly, as background. It was a Greek-chorus idea.

The play was exceedingly symbolical. I was not supposed to be physically hungry, which was a good thing, considering my appearance; I was just supposed to be spiritually hungry. Madame DuLak used to urge me to put this difference into the reading of my lines, or, rather, line. I was a big girl for my eleven years, and I was often hungry in the good old-fashioned sense of wanting another piece of chocolate cake or second helping of chocolate pie. So when Madame DuLak would urge me on Saturday mornings to "Put some feeling into your part, Ruth," I would concentrate hard on something chocolate and howl, "Hun-gah!" with a fine frenzied note in my voice. Madame DuLak thought I was pretty good, on the whole. Of course

sometimes I forgot and said, "Hunger," and then Madame DuLak used to denounce me as a boor.

The rest of the pupils were also symbolical. The only other girl in the class, Betty Chippendale, was Vice. I wanted to be Vice myself; I got pretty tired of being a dirty old beggar yelling, "Hun-gah!" all the time. Vice was a nice, rich part. There weren't any lines in the part, to be sure, not even a one-word chant like my "Hun-gah," but Vice got to stroll up and down the stage, wiggling her hips, brushing against other characters with lewd gestures, and such like. Of course Betty was only thirteen years old, and although she wanted to be an actress when she grew up, her life had been rather restricted so far. So she had some difficulty in making her character study of Vice symbolical enough to suit Madame DuLak.

"No, no, Betty," Madame DuLak would say in her cultured voice, "you represent the dregs of humanity, you are the symbol of lust and ugliness. You must make your audience feel that as you move across the stage, you must put that into every gesture of your little finger."

"Yes, Ma'am," Betty would say. She took her work very seriously, and never got tired of walking up and down and being the symbol of lust and ugliness.

The boys were, variously, Greed and Power and Truth and Loving Kindness. Since this was a pretty modern morality play, Loving Kindness and Truth got licked to a frazzle at the curtain. Greed and Power beat them up and dragged them off bodily every Saturday morning. Vice tagged along to get in on the kill, and that left me still sitting on the cathedral steps. I had the last lines. "Hun-gah!" I bellowed. "Hun-gah! Hun-gah!" Curtain.

I think now that Madame DuLak must have written that remarkable play herself. Of course it had certain resemblances to other dramas of its genre, but that smashing finish—that was pure DuLak.

After the first three weeks, Madame DuLak decided we must have costumes for our rehearsals. The costumes, she said, would help us get into the feeling of our roles. My costume was wonderful. I made it myself, and it certainly was realistic. I wore an old, ragged, burlap sack with holes cut out for the arms. My legs were bare, and I had a pair of Father's old bedroom slippers tied on my feet with rope. This was only the beginning, however. I took off my hair ribbon, unbraided my pigtails, and systematically, with a comb, snarled and matted my long hair. Then I covered my face, arms, and legs with artistic smatterings of coal dust. The first time Madame DuLak saw me emerge from my dressing room in her little studio, she gave me the highest praise a make-up artist can get.

"Awk!" she said, blasted out of her usual cultured calm.

With the first soft breezes of spring, with the first robin, my aunts began to question me rather sharply about my elocution lessons. I ex-

plained as well as I could about the play, but I could see that they rejected my story as the simple fantasy of an imaginative child. They urged me to recite my part for them, but some inner instinct warned me off.

Finally, though, one of the Farrel family reunions came along. The Farrels had family reunions at the drop of a hat, and the Murphys, the Flannigans, the McKenneys, Aunt Susan Maloney with her brood, and assorted other in-laws turned up, ate prodigiously, and argued about politics. Our aunts felt that it was practically certain that the Murphy girls would play "The Rose of No Man's Land" and recite "Trees."

"This time," Aunt Molly said, with a dangerous glitter in her eye, "we'll show them that the Murphy girls aren't the only ones in the family who take lessons."

Eileen and I turned up at the family reunion bearing our stage properties. I brought my costume in a box, with a neat bag of coal dust, and Eileen brought the sheet music of "Chloe." We weren't nervous in the least. After dinner we retired upstairs to prepare for what we felt would be our triumph. Eileen gargled, and I repeated "Hun-gah, hun-gah" several times, to get in voice.

Downstairs we could hear Margaret Murphy playing "The Rose of No Man's Land," and very badly, too. She had to start over again several times. The applause, however, was generous.

When Cousin Rita Murphy began to recite "Trees," Uncle Wally went out to the kitchen, and we heard him say, "There is a limit to everything, Katie. Where do they keep the whiskey bottle around here?" Katie was the cook. We bridled. Uncle Wally would never walk out on our performances, we felt sure.

He didn't. Nobody did. They were frozen to their seats. We got, in fact, the most flattering kind of attention. Even Uncle Wally's jaws fell ajar.

Eileen played and sang first. Just as the final notes of her bass monotone chant, "I got-tuh go wheah yew are," and the final rumble of the piano died away, I burst dramatically through the door, shouting "Hun-gah! Hun-gah!" and shaking my matted and snarled locks at my assembled relatives. My grandmother Farrel, who always takes everything seriously, let out a piercing scream.

Ignoring the awed comments of the rest of the audience, I paced slowly over to the fireplace. "This," I said in stately tones, while my aunts stared at my coal-dust-streaked face, "is a cathedral. I am sitting on the cathedral steps." I sat down. There was a long pause. Then I put up my arms to the heavens.

"Hun-gah!" I shrieked. Grandma jumped and said audibly, "Mercy!"

I let another impressive silence fall. The Murphys, mother and

father and the two accomplished child Murphys, breathed heavily. Suddenly I plopped down on the floor, my face turned to the horrified audience.

"Hun-gah," I barely breathed. Eileen struck a soft chord in the bass.

"God!" Uncle Wally said. In the silence, everybody heard him, but they were too engrossed in my performance to be shocked. I rolled over, one limp hand trailing on the carpet.

"Hun-gah!" I whined. I lay on the floor several seconds, letting it sink in. Then I began to drag myself to my feet. My knee joints always cracked, and in the silence you could hear them clearly all over the room. Nobody said anything. Finally I was all the way up, and panting. I was supposed to pant. I was supposed to have some kind of a terrible disease, like leprosy. I lowered my head, inch by inch. In those days I had a double chin, and I couldn't get my head down very far, unfortunately. I sighed, heavily.

Then in a flat, sad voice I said, "Hun-gah."

Eileen struck a minor chord. I bowed. I stalked toward the door. Eileen rose gravely and followed me. At the door we bowed together.

"Well, for God's sake!" my Uncle Wally said, quite loudly. We waited for the burst of applause, but our relatives sat glued to their seats, staring at us. Finally Aunt Molly pulled herself together and started to clap. Everybody else clapped too, dutifully, and we retired with the sweet sound of applause in our ears.

There never was another family reunion like that one. We knew perfectly well we had electrified our dear relatives. As Eileen put it, "It was about time somebody stuck a pin in them." Anyway, Uncle Wally told us afterward that he liked us better than "Trees." He thought that we had done it on purpose, and maybe, as I look back on it, we did. Our approach to life was somewhat confused at ten and eleven.

After that, the Murphy girls had the field of culture, in our family, to themselves. It never did them any good, either.

RUTH MCKENNEY, *My Sister Eileen*

[7]

THE FINANCIAL STRUCTURE [29]

Mrs. Jones looked up from the newspaper she was reading and asked, in that bland way that gets so many husbands into trouble:—

"Walter, dear, what is a 'financial structure'?"

[29] Reprinted by permission of the author.

"A what?"

"A financial structure. It says here: 'Now that the Oceanic Bank Company has secured 75 per cent of the stock of the Plethoric Title and Mortgage Company, its financial structure is complete. The Oceanic Bank Company owns 100 per cent of the stock of the Oceanic Banking Company, 80 per cent of the stock of the Transatlantic Oceanic Company, and all but the directors' qualifying shares of the International Transatlantic Company. The Plethoric Title and Mortgage Company holds 90 per cent of the stock of the Balzac Trust Company, 100 per cent of the Premium Mortgage Company'—and a lot more of the same sort of thing, Walter. What does it mean?"

"Why, that's simple, my dear. What you have just read me is the financial structure you asked me about. In this day, when great combinations of capital are required to swing the vast transactions that—"

"But I don't understand it."

"I can explain very easily, Jessie. Let us suppose that we buy a small place in the country—"

"Oh! I should love to!"

"I am just supposing. Suppose, then, we buy a small place in the country—ten acres, let us say. You and I and Dorothy put our money together and buy it. We call it the Jooks Farming and Dairy Company, and we each put in $3333.33, and pay $10,000 for the place. That is simple, isn't it?"

"You couldn't get much of a place for $10,000."

"That's just the point. You couldn't. But we do it anyway. So we go out there and start a garden. We have beets and spinach and beans and corn. So we get along for a year. At the end of the year I say to you, 'Jessie, I think I'll buy a cow'; so I take my own money and pay a hundred dollars for a cow, and I call it the Jooks Cow Company. So there are now two companies—the Farming and Dairy Company, and the Cow Company. You understand that?"

"Certainly."

"Good! We now have a cow. But we could use a pig, so you take your own money and pay fifty dollars for a pig, and you call it the Jooks Pig Company. There are now three companies."

"I can see that."

"But Dorothy thinks a chicken can pick up a living on the place, so she buys a chicken for two dollars."

"I don't think one chicken would be enough. I think one chicken would be too lonely."

"All right! All right! Make it ten chickens—ten chickens for twenty dollars."

"If you wouldn't mind, Walter, I would rather have the chickens—I always did want to have chickens."

"Then you have the chickens. I am only trying to explain what a financial structure is, and—"

"And I'm sure Dorothy would rather not have the pig. Dorothy is always so dainty about things."

"All right! Let her have the cow. It makes no difference whatever. I'll have the pig, capital fifty dollars, and you have the chickens, capital twenty dollars, and Dorothy has the cow, capital one hundred dollars. So you call your chickens the Mrs. Jooks Chicken Company. There are now four separate companies, all independent and good going concerns. But when we have been operating another year, we find we could do better if we had more land and more stock to raise, so we look around. Next door to us are Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their son."

"How old is the son? It would be nice for Dorothy if he was—"

"Never mind that. The Smiths have organized much as we have. They own eight acres, and their raise cucumbers and peas and squash and corn, calling it the Smith Farming and Culturing Company. They have two cows, two hundred dollars, called the Smith Cow Company. They have no pig. They have five chickens, ten dollars, called the Smith Chicken Company. They have nine rabbits, nine dollars, called the Smith Rabbit Company. The Smiths are getting along well enough, but none too well. Smith and his wife and their son—"

"What is the son's name?"

"Algernon."

"It's queer that they gave him a name like that. I should never call a boy Algernon."

"Please! Please, Jessie! I'm trying to explain what a financial structure is."

"Well, I'm listening, Walter. I think I have a right to know something about my neighbors, if I'm going to live next door to them."

"Yes? Well, please let me go on. These Smiths, next door to us, are up-to-date people. They see that combining allied interests is the modern financial trend, so one day at dinner Mr. Smith says, 'Folks, this thing of having a lot of separate companies is getting us nowhere. The Smith Farming and Culturing Company proposes to buy out the Smith Cow Company, the Smith Chicken Company, and the Smith Rabbit Company. How about it? I will sell the Smith Cow Company to the Farming and Culturing Company—100 per cent of it.' "

"So, then, there is no more Smith Cow Company."

"But there is! Mr. Smith does not sell his cows; he keeps on running the cows; he remains Chairman of the Board of the Cow Company, and he only sells the stock of the Cow Company to the Smith Farming and Culturing Company. That is the way it is done, Jessie."

"I see."

"But when Mr. Smith turns to Mrs. Smith and Algernon, they look

at each other queerly. Mrs. Smith says, 'John, I forgot to tell you, but Algernon needed money for some new rabbit hutches, and I bought 80 per cent of the stock of the Rabbit Company, and that stock is now owned by the Chicken Company.' "

"Wait a minute, Walter. There were nine rabbits and Algernon sold 80 per cent. That left him—"

"One and eight-tenths rabbits. But Mrs. Smith was fond of her chickens, and she did not want to part with them entirely to the Farming and Culturing Company, so she proposed to sell to it 90 per cent of the chickens and rabbits she now owned. For the Farming and Culturing Company, Mr. Smith accepted that offer, which included 90 per cent of Mrs. Smith's five chickens, and 90 per cent of 80 per cent of Algernon's nine rabbits. In other words,—let us see—Algernon now had one and eight-tenths rabbits, the Mrs. Smith Chicken Company had one half a chicken and seventy-two one-hundredths of a rabbit, and the Smith Farming and Culturing Company has two cows, four and one-half chickens, and,—wait a minute,—yes, six and forty-eight one-hundredths rabbits. But of course, the Cow Company and the Rabbit Company now owned part of the Farm."

"Oh!"

"Which they got in exchange. And the Rabbit Company owned part of Mrs. Smith's chickens and part of Mrs. Smith's part of the farm."

"Oh!"

"Mr. Smith now thought the financial structure was complete, but what do you think we had been doing all this while, my dear?"

"Farming,"—after a moment of deep thought.

"No. Yes—farming, of course, but we had been building our financial structure in exactly the same way, Jessie. Financial structure building is the slogan of the day."

"I see I am going to lose some of my chickens. And I loved my chickens!"

"Oh, come now! We must be progressive, my dear. We must follow the trend of the times. As a matter of fact, you were the first to propose a deal. You said to Dorothy, 'The Mrs. Jooks Chicken Company will sell you 80 per cent of its chickens for stock in your Cow Company,' and the deal was made. The Cow Company now had eight chickens and your Chicken Company retained two chickens."

"I hope one was a rooster."

"We will say it was. For our financial structure building that makes no difference. But what was I doing? I went to Dorothy and proposed to buy 90 per cent of the Cow Company. She agreed, and the deal was made. My Pig Company now owned nine-tenths of the

cow, seven and two-tenths chickens, and the pig. But seeing that a farm could do better than a lot of separately managed concerns, the Jooks Farming and Dairy Company came to me—"

"You came to yourself?"

"I was president of the Farming Dairy Company, so I came to myself, as president of the Jooks Pig Company, and I bought 80 per cent of the Pig Company. I now owned, as the Farming and Dairy Company, seventy-two one-hundredths of a cow, five and seventy-six one-hundredths chickens, eight-tenths of a pig. You owned, as the Chicken Company—"

"Never mind, Walter, I see what is coming. You're going to buy 76 per cent of the Smith outfit—"

"Ninety per cent, to be exact. Ninety per cent, Jessie, thus bringing under one control—wait a minute! When the deal is completed, the Jooks Farming and Dairy Company would own—"

Late that night Mr. Jooks was still computing hundred-thousandths of a rabbit, and tens of thousandths of a chicken, and saying, "No! Eight and nine hundred and seventy-six thousandths from eleven and eight-four hundredths—no, that's not rabbits, that's cow—no, it couldn't be cow, there were only three cows; it's chickens. Hold on! I subtracted rabbits from pig here. Wait a minute, now—"

Mrs. Jooks had long since gone up to bed. At two o'clock Jooks crumpled up his papers and put them in the fireplace. He stole upstairs quietly and undressed as noiselessly as he could, but as he was putting on his pyjamas Mrs. Jooks opened her eyes. She lay quiet for a moment, getting awake.

"Walter?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Walter, I was thinking, before I went to sleep. I think fifty dollars is too much to pay for a pig. I think I'd rather have a cheaper pig and have more chickens."

"Yes?"

"And, Walter, I don't want to be in partnership with those Smiths. I want to own my own chickens myself."

She closed her eyes and a moment later, Mr. Jooks knew, by her deep breathing, that she was asleep. She had left him only about $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent of the bed. Very carefully, not to awaken her again and bring up the matter of financial structures, Mr. Jooks got into bed. He drew over himself $64\frac{3}{5}$ per cent of the bed covers. He fell asleep immediately, for he was feeling exceptionally well satisfied with himself—he had explained the higher finance to his wife.

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

[8]

WHY THE BIRDS ARE OF DIFFERENT COLORS [30]

Whateva you rub aginst in dis worl' some of it's gwine to stick to you, honey. An' what's mo' when folks looks at you, dey mos' gin-er'ly knows what you bin, and who you's bin a'sociatin' wid.

Dat's de way it worked wid de birds, an' it works de same way wid de res' of us.

When de Good Lawd made de birds in de beginnin' he made 'em all white, and dey all been white clean up to de time o' de big flood dat drownded all de critters 'ceptin' de ones dat ole Mr. Noah had wid him in de ark.

But, La bless you, it took a mighty sight o' water to drown everything in de whole worl', for de folks an' de critters dat wan't in de ark was a climbin' up on de fences, an' on de stumps an' on de trees an' on de hills an' on de mountains so dat de Good Lawd's obleege to have mo' water fo' to finish de business. De rain couldn't rain fast enough, so the Good Lawd had to bust up all de clouds, an' to bust holes in de skies, an' to bust up de rivers an' de ponds an' de seas to git enough water. An' all dis time de lightnin' was a flashin' an' a slambangin' aroun' an' de thunder was a rollin' an' a rumblin' an' a bumpin' aroun' in de sky, an' de wilderness was a howlin' fitten to skeer everybody to death dat wan't already skeered to death or drownded. But atter forty days and forty nights de water done give clean out, an' de storm's obleeged to stop cause de wan't no more water, an' no more thunder an' lightnin' ontil de Good Lawd could fine time to make some mo'. An' den de water begin to dry up, an' it kep' on a dryin' up ontil de ark scraped on de bottom an' settled down in de mud, an' da she was an' da she stayed.

Well, suh, mos' folks would a been powerful glad to git out o' dat 'ar ark, but old Cap'n Noah, he was mighty jubous about de weather. Atter all o' his troubles he didn't have no confidence in it no mo'. So he jis stick his head out thu' a hole in de side o' de ark an' pass de time o' day wid de Good Lawd, an' ax him how things was a gittin' along, and wedder it look like dey's a gwine to be any mo' rain 'fore mawnin'. An' de Good Lawd respon' dat dey's bin a change o' de moon an' de trouble an' de storm was all over, an' he could open de front do' an' put out de gangplanks an' let all de critters out, an' he could come out hisself an' res' de sole o' his foot. But ole Mr. Noah said he'd hatter 'scuse him 'cause it seem like it 'ud be safer under kiver o' de roof o' de ark in case dey was another shower in de night, an' bein' as he's bin a livin' thar mighty nigh a year, an' bein' he's got

[30] From *How and Why Stories* by John C. Branner. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.

de rumatiz powerful bad, it did seem a good deal better for him to stay inside whar it was dry dan to go out dar in all o' dat mud.

Atter a jowerin' an' a ruminatin' back an' fort nearly all day a tryin' to git ole Mr. Noah to open de do' an' come out, de Good Lawd see how de lan' lay. It seem like ole Cap'n Noah was mighty nervous about de rain an' de rumpus dat come along wid it, an' he done mek up his mine he ain't gwine to leave dat ar' ark till he git de promise o' de Good Lawd dat he won't drown 'em no mo'.

So den de Good Lawd scraped all de clouds out'n de whole sky an' pile 'em all up on one side o' de sky whar de sun could shine on 'em an' den he painted on de clouds de biggest an' de purtiest rainbow in de whole worl' wid all de different colors he could think of. An' de two ends o' de rainbow was on de sides o' de worl', an' de top of it retch nearly up to de top o' de sky. An' while he was a makin' of it, ole Mr. Noah an' all his chillen an' his gran'chillen was a peekin' out at de Good Lawd thu' de cracks in de sides o' de ark. But up in de attic o' de ark whar all de birds all roosted nex' to de rafters, de woodpeckers done pecked a lot o' holes all round under de edge o' de roof, an' de birds all had dey haids a stickin' out an' was a listenin' to de confabs, an' a watchin' what was a gwine on. Well, suh, when de Good Lawd got de rainbow all done finished, he wave his han' todes de big rainbow, an' he hollered to ole Mr. Noah, "DAH'S MY PROMISE!" Wid them words he retch over, he did, an' lif off de whole roof o' de ark, an' de birds dat had bin a roostin' in de attic rose all togedder in one big cloud, an' flew todes de big rainbow up in de sky. An' dey was all so glad, dat they crowded up onto de rainbow an' flew right spang through it, while it was all covered wid de colors o' dat fresh paint. An' all de birds dat flew again' de blue color come out blue birds, an' dem dat flew again' de red color come out red birds, and dem dat flew agin' de yaller color come out yaller birds. But some of 'em feel so happy dey sort o' wallered aroun' in de rainbow an' dey come out all striped and speckled wid de different kinds of colors. An' de hummin' birds dey flew so fast, an' darted into sich little holes dat dey got all de colors o' de whole rainbow on dey feathers. An' de birds dat flew on de other side o' de ark an' missed de rainbow or was scrouged out by de rest of 'em, dey all stayed white jis like dey was befor' dey come out'n de ark. An' all de birds in de whole worl' from dat time on bin colored des like de ones dat flew into de Good Lawd's big rainbow.

An' dat's what mek me tell you, honey, dat you better be careful what kind o' paint you rub aginst in dis worl', cause it's gwine to stick to you an' it's gwine to stick to your chillen too.

JOHN C. BRANNER

Chapter XV

CHORAL INTERPRETATION

We have been discussing individual interpretation—the re-creation and personalization of literature by the experiences of one interpreter. There is another form of interpretation called "choral reading," which involves the blending together of a number of voices to create a synchronized impression. Choral interpretation today is considered by some as an echo—but we should say a very distant echo—of the choral rendition of passages from Greek plays. The Greek chorus was a device used by the early dramatists to inform the audience of some action that had occurred, was occurring, or would occur, or to explain some motive. These choruses, interpreted with highly stylized movements, created mass effects.

Group Responses. Group activities or mass responses have always been a part of ceremonial rituals. The basis of primitive rituals was group pantomime, which gradually became rhythmical through mass activity. Because of the emotional excitement of the tribe in its supplications, cries became a part of the group movement, no doubt adding enjoyment and satisfaction to those taking part. Rhythm and repetition, which are basic in any ritual, probably gave impetus to increased fervor whether for war, victory, or religion. One can imagine how an ancient ceremonial might start quietly with only pantomimic expression, and gradually, with increased activity and emotional cries rise to a rhythmical climax. Chants and speech in unison no doubt evolved from these primitive ceremonials, which included supplications to the deity, incitations for revenge and war, lamentations for the dead, and celebrations of victory. Many people today get their religious experiences and inspiration from similar mass responses. This practice is psychologically sound and not to be discouraged. The singing of a hymn or the offering of a prayer in unison gives a church audience a united feeling. The Catholic Church has always employed the chant effectively and impressively. Today in

Protestant churches, the common practice of a mild and indifferent choral response in the ritual might change to one of great inspiration if an attempt were made to express meaning through beauty of expression rather than through half-hearted mumbling. An impressive reading of the Bible in chorus is not too difficult, for the literature of the Bible lends itself to such reading because of its rhythmical structure and the universal appeal of its message.

This group response will always bring fervor to those participating as well as to those listening. The medieval ballads and minstrel poetry were popular for their refrains because the audience was able to participate. The English ballad is not unlike the American cowboy or rancher ballad in which the refrain plays an important part in audience response. Today the enthusiastic and co-ordinated rhythmical cheering at athletic games follows the same pattern of vocalization: the leadership is supplied by some six or eight acrobatic leaders who try to motivate the crowd on the bleachers into synchronized responses. Without this mass cheering at a football game, for instance, there is supposed to be no "spirit," no loyalty to one's *alma mater*. The same type of response is found in square dancing, in the evangelist's service, and in Indian ceremonials. To participate in any one of these types of group response is to understand how enthusiasm can be increased through rhythm and repetition.

In addition to many anthologies of selections for choral reading, there have been some plays which have employed the choral response effectively. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* uses this device impressively; Toller's *Man and the Masses* reaches its climax through powerful choral responses. The radio sketch, "Listen to the People," in the chapter on radio interpretation, has been performed effectively with choral groups interspersed throughout an audience.

Synchronization of Parts. Choral interpretation presents a technique which must be learned if the interpretation is to be artistically done. The most difficult technique in group performances is the synchronization of all parts, the mass effects being highlighted by some individual performance. No matter how careful the director is, he will never be able to secure from a number of voices, the flexibility, warmth, or intimacy of one voice. The

effects will always be mass effects, as in a singing chorus—impressive but never highly personalized; the solo voice will always be the voice that the audience will wait for and enjoy the most. The chorus gives the background, the atmosphere, but never the true personality. In choral interpretation, however, it is important to try to secure maximum warmth, feeling, and understanding from a number of voices, instead of some unique arrangement of parts and voices that takes the attention away from the literature and its meaning.

Values. Group interpretation focuses attention on the control of the voice, which after all is a skill to be encouraged; it will aid you in *listening* to voices, your own included. It may develop rhythmical patterns for you which you would never otherwise experience. It may provide a stimulus for understanding literature, may make you realize that there are various ways of giving artistic interpretations of the printed page. You will enjoy group activity. You will have a chance to try your own interpretation on someone else and then listen to it. Your vocal pattern may improve in flexibility through the discipline of following other voices. Choral interpretation then may have a fourfold value:

1. It may be an artistic endeavor which involves polish and perfect synchronization of a group of voices.
2. It may be an exercise which will help those who are not too well-trained in the nuances of meaning or in rhythmical vocal variety.
3. It may be a means of motivation for those who do not usually enjoy poetry.
4. It may be an exercise that will give group enjoyment.

Types of Choral Response. Literature used for choral interpretation is arranged according to the various vocal responses from the group. It is effective sometimes to introduce a solo voice to carry some particular lines; or to start with several small vocal groups—each group taking certain lines—and finally build all the voices up to an ensemble climax; or to produce contrasts by using voices with different pitch levels and different resonant qualities. The typical response techniques used are as follows:

(1) Refrain. This type of response is used with poetry containing repetitive passages or refrains. The narrative is usually recited by one person or by a small group of voices, with the

refrain given by the entire group. Ballads, nursery rhymes, and narrative poetry offer the best media for this type of response by the choral group. "The Turtle and the Flamingo" is typical of the refrain response:

THE TURTLE AND THE FLAMINGO [1]

A lively young turtle lived down by the banks
Of a dark rolling stream called the Jingo;
And one summer day, as he went out to play,
Fell in love with a charming flamingo—
An enormously genteel flamingo!
An expansively crimson flamingo!
A beautiful, bouncing flamingo!

Spake the turtle, in tones like a delicate wheeze:
"To the water I've oft seen you in go,
And your form has impressed itself deep on my shell,
You perfectly modelled flamingo!
You tremendously A-1 flamingo!
You inexpressible flamingo!

"To be sure, I'm a turtle, and you are a belle,
And my language is not your fine lingo;
But smile on me, tall one, and be my bright flame,
You miraculous, wondrous flamingo!
You blazingly beauteous flamingo!
You turtle-absorbing flamingo!
You inflammably gorgeous flamingo!"

Then the proud bird blushed redder than ever before,
And that was quite *un-nec-es*-SA-*ry*,
And she stood on one leg and looked out of one eye,
The position of things for to vary—
This aquatical, musing flamingo!
This dreamy, uncertain flamingo!
This embarrassing, harassing flamingo!

Then she cried to the quadruped, greatly amazed:
"Why your passion toward *me* do you hurtle?
I'm an ornithological wonder of grace,
And you're an illogical turtle—

[1] From *Ballads and Other Verses*. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers.

A waddling, impossible turtle!
A low-minded, grass-eating turtle!
A highly improbable turtle!"

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS

(2) Sequence. The sequence response is employed in literature when it rises to a climax or when lines are cumulative in response. The lines are spoken by various groups or by solo speakers and finally the chorus enters to build a climax. The following poem offers excellent practice for solo work coordinated with group response:

THE CREATION [2]

(A Negro Sermon)

And God stepped out on space,
And He looked around and said,
"*I'm lonely—*
I'll make me a world."

And as far as the eye of God could see
Darkness covered everything,
Blacker than a hundred midnights
Down in a cypress swamp.

Then God smiled,
And the light broke,
And the darkness rolled up on one side,
And the light stood shining on the other,
And God said, "*That's good!*"

Then God reached out and took the light in His hands,
And God rolled the light around in His hands
Until He made the sun;
And He set that sun a-blazing in the heavens.
And the light that was left from making the sun
God gathered it up in a shining ball
And flung it against the darkness,
Spangling the night with the moon and stars.
Then down between
The darkness and the light
He hurled the world;
And God said, "*That's good!*"

[2] From *God's Trombones* by James Weldon Johnson. Copyright, 1927, by The Viking Press, Inc., New York.

Then God Himself stepped down—
And the sun was on His right hand,
And the moon was on His left;
The stars were clustered about His head,
And the earth was under His feet.
And God walked, and where He trod
His footsteps hollowed the valleys out
And bulged the mountains up.

Then He stopped and looked and saw
That the earth was hot and barren.
So God stepped over to the edge of the world
And He spat out the seven seas;
He batted His eyes, and the lightnings flashed;
He clapped His hands and the thunders rolled;
And the waters above the earth came down,
The cooling waters came down.

Then the green grass sprouted,
And the little red flowers blossomed,
The pine tree pointed his finger to the sky,
And the oak spread out his arms,
The lakes cuddled down in the hollows of the ground,
And the rivers ran down to the seas;
And God smiled again,
And the rainbow appeared,
And curled itself around His shoulder.

Then God raised His arm and He waved His hand
Over the sea and over the land,
And He said, "*Bring forth! Bring forth!*"
And quicker than God could drop His hand,
Fishes and fowls
And beasts and birds
Swam the rivers and the seas,
Roamed the forests and the woods,
And split the air with their wings.
And God said, "*That's good!*"

Then God walked around,
And God looked around
On all that He had made.
He looked at His sun,
And He looked at His moon,
And He looked at His little stars;
He looked on His world

With all its living things,
And God said, "*I'm lonely still.*"

Then God sat down
On the side of a hill where He could think;
By a deep, wide river He sat down;
With His head in His hands,
God thought and thought,
Till He thought, "*I'll make me a man!*"

Up from the bed of the river
God scooped the clay;
And by the bank of the river
He kneeled Him down;
And there the great God Almighty
Who lit the sun and fixed it in the sky,
Who flung the stars to the most far corner of the night,
Who rounded the earth in the middle of His hand;
This Great God,
Like a mammy bending over her baby,
Kneeled down in the dust
Toiling over a lump of clay
Till He shaped it in His own image;

Then into it He blew the breath of life,
And man became a living soul.
Amen. Amen.

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

(3) Antiphonal. Some literature lends itself to two-part or antiphonal response, in which the voices of one group are contrasted with the voices of another group. "John Brown's Body" depends on contrasting vocal qualities for its effectiveness:

JOHN BROWN'S BODY [3]

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.
He will not come again with foolish pikes
And a pack of desperate boys to shadow the sun.
He has gone back North. The slaves have forgotten his eyes.
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.

[3] From the *Selected Works* of Stephen Vincent Benét, published by Farrar & Rinehart. Copyright, 1941, by Stephen Vincent Benét.

Already the corpse is changed, under the stone,
The strong flesh rotten, the bones dropping away.
Cotton will grow next year, in spite of the skull.
Slaves will be slaves next year, in spite of the bones.
Nothing is changed, John Brown, nothing is changed.

"*There is a song in my bones. There is a song*
In my white bones."

I hear no song. I hear
Only the blunt seeds growing secretly
In the dark entrails of the preparate earth,
The rustle of the cricket under the leaf,
The creaking of the cold wheel of the stars.

"*Bind my white bones together—hollow them*
To skeleton pipes of music. When the wind
Blows from the budded Spring, the song will blow."

I hear no song. I only hear the roar
Of the Spring freshets, and the gushing voice
Of mountain-brooks that overflow their banks,
Swollen with melting ice and crumbled earth.

"*That is my song.*
It is made of water and wind. It marches on."

No, John Brown's body lies a-mouldering,
A-mouldering.

"*My bones have been washed clean*
And God blows through them with a hollow sound,
And God has shut his wildfire in my dead heart."

I hear it now,
Faint, faint as the first droning flies of March,
Faint as the multitudinous, tiny sigh
Of grasses underneath a windy scythe.

"*It will grow stronger.*"

It has grown stronger. It is marching on.
It is a throbbing pulse, a pouring surf,
It is the rainy gong of the Spring sky
Echoing,

John Brown's body,
John Brown's body.
But still it is not fierce. I find it still
More sorrowful than fierce.

"*You have not heard it yet. You have not heard*
The ghosts that walk in it, the shaking sound."

Strong medicine,
Bitter medicine of the dead,
I drink you now. I hear the unloosed thing,
The anger of the ripe wheat—the ripened earth
Sullenly quaking like a beaten drum
From Kansas to Vermont. I hear the stamp
Of the ghost-feet. I hear the ascending sea.

"Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!"

What is this agony of the marching dust?
What are these years ground into hatchet blades?

"*Ask the tide why it rises with the moon,*
My bones and I have risen like that tide
And an immortal anguish plucks us up
And will not hide us till our song is done."

The phantom drum diminishes—the year
Rolls back. It is only winter still, not spring,
The snow still flings its white on the new grave,
Nothing is changed, John Brown, nothing is changed
John . . . Brown . . .

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT, *John Brown's Body*

(4) Unison. Certain kinds of literature are best interpreted by the whole group rather than by part-grouping. "Prelude to Invasion" is most effective when interpreted in unison by a group of male voices:

PRELUDE TO INVASION [4]

From the Fathers of 1918 to the Sons of 1943

Withered now the poppies lie on Flanders Plain,
No longer white the crosses over us, long dead;
Yet in our mounds of earth we stir to guns again
That growl a prelude to your armored tread.

At their bright flame our white bones leap to life,
And o'er the grass-grown trench of yesteryear,
Our rust-red rifles lift to meet new strife
And battle once again the ancient fear.

The worm casts shake from poilu blue,
From mildewed brown that breasted long ago
The screaming steel that seeks you, too.
In the unchanged red horizon's glow.

Our quarrel with the foe,
Waged long ago,
Today is yours, but know
That when you come at last
To tread the old front line your fathers knew,
We shall be there in ghostly ranks,
Beneath our proud old battle flags,
To march again with you.

The fire on freedom's hearth still flames.
We fed it with our blood and yours,
With all the peaceful ways that we held dear—
The sounds of home,
Your first unfettered words,
The simple faith
Unmarred by any wraith of crooked cross,
The sturdy stride that marked free people's hope.

Some say we died in vain—
We did not die, if we can link our arms across the years
To march with you again,
To end the task that we forgot to do,
Like some unfinished chore,
When we were lads like you.

JOHN W. ALEXANDER

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Problems. The problems involved in group interpretation are not very different from the basic problems involved in individual interpretation. The meaning must be decided upon, rhythmical patterns must be studied, and the control of the voice must be emphasized. The difference lies in these principles:

1. You will not be able to use every piece of literature effectively for choral interpretation.
2. You may have to accept someone else's interpretation rather than your own.
3. You will have to learn to follow a director in order to secure group unity and co-ordination.
4. You will have to train your ear to listen for the blending of *all* voices.

(1) Selection of Literature. Prose or poetry of a highly personal nature should not be selected for choral interpretation. If the literature describes subjectively the emotions or feelings of one person, the selection certainly is not suitable choral material. Sincerity must be considered fundamental in any interpretation. A number of voices repeating in unison Milton's sonnet "On His Blindness" or Elizabeth Browning's sonnet "How Do I Love Thee?" would never be able to create the personal touch which is important to the meaning intended by the author. Neither is it possible to get delicate variations of vocal meaning from a number of voices. These sonnets should be interpreted and known, and appreciated by every student of interpretation but should never be ruined by choral reading. It is better to select literature that tells a story, that is objective in its treatment, and universal in its message. Literature that has narrative, dramatic, and entertainment qualities will lend itself to choric treatment. If poetry which carries a personal meaning is selected, care must be taken to use solo speaking effectively in combination with unison responses.

(2) Interpretation of Meaning. Finding the meaning that is most acceptable to members of the choral group is not always easy. As we have pointed out in earlier chapters, our experiences are not patterned after the experiences of anyone else in the group. We come from different home environments, different schools, different parts of the country. Our experiences vary;

our interpretations of identical experiences vary; our meanings of words vary according to our own particular reactions to our experiences; and our rhythmical patterns vary according to our training and our vitality. One way of arriving at a decision about the meaning to be expressed is to try several interpretations and then judge which is the most effective. Too often, meaning is sacrificed to a stylization of the mood. Instead of the mood adding to the meaning, the atmosphere or mood becomes an end in itself. Of course, in some literature, this is acceptable because some poems are enjoyable mainly for sound values. However, when a poem like Poe's "Annabel Lee" is interpreted only for the *m*, *n*, *ng* and *l* sounds, so that the voices take on a singing tone instead of a speech pattern or melody, then technique has gone askew, taste is lacking, and emphasis has been misplaced. Effects should not be worked for and strained after until the meaning of the literature is lost in a welter of prolonged vowels and a continuant hum on the nasal sounds, the technique of the radio "crooner" of several years ago.

(3) The Director. A choral group needs a director to make decisions about the techniques to be used and to criticize the blending of the voices. The director should have a fine sensitivity for artistic interpretation, must be sound-conscious, must understand rhythm, and most of all, should permit no display in the interpretation. It is wise to have several different directors within the group. There will be less tendency to concentrate on one certain technique, as so often is true of choral groups heard over the air. Many times it is possible to recognize groups as belonging to certain schools or directors because of the sameness of the arrangements and techniques. This stylization may be interesting for a time but after several performances, the interpretations become tiresome because they offer no surprises. Every poem is treated with the same techniques, and the techniques become more obvious than the meaning of the literature.

Care must be taken to think in terms of the literature to be read rather than the personal idiosyncrasies of the director. A group interested in choral reading must be alert to the fine distinctions of meaning and interpretation, and must train themselves for the light touch as well as for the sonorous effect, and must be sure

always that the literature is spoken instead of sung. Let it be said that any technique which heightens the "arrangement" of responses at the expense of the meaning of the poem should be discarded. "Arrangements" of responses described and explained in choral reading books tend to set up a stereotyped manner of procedure instead of a creative experience in which the meaning is understood and appreciated by those who are to interpret it. For that reason there are no "arrangements" given in this chapter. It is assumed that each group should have the experience of originating rather than of copying techniques. Certainly in a class of student interpreters there should be no better experience than leading a group into the meaning discussed and decided upon by the entire group. The execution of that interpretation in order to get the full meaning over to the audience is a satisfying and often an inspiring experience. Group response to the feeling, rhythmical pulsation, and meaning of the poem gives pleasure to those participating as well as to the audience.

(4) Training the Ear. Choral reading is one of the best exercises for controlling the voice, inasmuch as each member of the choir must control his vocal pattern to fit the general scheme that has been outlined by the group. The voices must produce a unified effect: unity of rhythmical pattern, of inflection and pitch, of timing, and of attack must blend with spontaneity and purpose. It is wise, during rehearsal, for each member of the choir to act as an audience occasionally in order to listen to the other voices—objectively. It is difficult for each member, while he is taking part in the chorus, to *hear* what his own voice is doing in relation to what other voices are doing.

Probably more vital than anything else in this kind of interpretation is the rhythmical unity of the speaking choir. The pulse, the recurring pattern, the pauses which mark the rhythm of the sentence, must be felt by the entire group, just as you feel the rhythmical pattern of square dancing, or the rhythm of a melody, or the rhythm of a squad of soldiers presenting arms. If a few of the group do not sense the rhythm, the movement of the interpretation will be marred. Every selection should be given with appropriate timing, and should never be slowed down by the performance of the choir. Consequently, the breathing patterns of

the group should be similar; the group must work as one, must breathe as one person, so that it is possible to pick up a phrase, even on a half beat, if necessary.

Pitch will be decided rather arbitrarily by the director or the person who is the acknowledged leader. Training in the discrimination of pitch, inflection, and slides will aid you, but most of all, your ear must hear the variations in the pitch used. For instance, all members must start with a key that has been established by the leader, or that at least blends with it. If one person is off key, or out of tune with the rest of the slides and inflections, the effect is disastrous.

One of the most difficult techniques is the control of the volume of each voice. If *one* voice is projected more than the other voices, the illusion of unity is destroyed. This problem becomes serious, especially if there is one person in the group who likes to hear his own voice sounding over other voices, or one who thinks that he is not performing to the best of his ability unless he can hear his own voice over the others. However, if the director works too hard at blending the voices, spontaneity easily may be lost. Each member of the chorus must hold himself responsible for an alertness and briskness of projection, but should never display his own voice. As soon as he joins a speaking choir, he should realize that his voice should *blend* with other voices. This does not mean that he has to wipe out all of his personality and make himself an automaton, but it does imply co-operation and co-ordination with others. Of course variety of force is just as important in this type of interpretation as in individual interpretation.

It is impossible for all voices to have the same resonant quality, but those whose quality is not so pleasing can learn to adjust their voices to the resonant tones of others. To be able to hear what others do with their voices always aids and stimulates those who are not so well equipped with vibrant tones—at least it should! Consequently, when high voices are used, the director must be sure that they are as pleasant and resonant as possible. Many students with high, thin voices will relax and produce better tones when they have the support of good tones from others, just as many of us can sing better when we sing in a chorus.

Articulation is important in choral interpretation, because the sounds from many voices must give the impression of coming from one voice. Articulation must not be slovenly, neither should it be overprecise. The group must agree on the sound-effects to be produced. If the rhythm of the line calls for an assimilation of words, each person should be cognizant of that elision. After all, the meaning is paramount, and meaning is not well expressed when every word becomes a unit in itself; on the other hand, sounds cannot be unified into meaning if several members start too soon or stop too abruptly, or skip over endings, or give the final *t* an extra sharp attack or an *s* more than its value, or become slouchy on medial sounds, calling *city* "cidy" or *little* "liddle."

Since articulatory exercises are sometimes helpful in attaining the agility and precision of muscular movements especially nececessary in choral interpretation, the following exercises are suggested. They will not serve as a panacea for all articulatory problems; neither will they be of much value unless they are integrated into your speech pattern. Exercises to be of the greatest good should be adjusted to the personality of the interpreter, and should not be offered as a pink pill for everyone. We must always remember that we are improving an individual, and not merely disembodied articulation. The factors involved in good articulation are always variable, depending mostly on the individual. However, these exercises may make you more aware of various sounds and may solve some of your articulatory difficulties.

Exercises

I. The following lists of words are for practice in accentuating differences in sounds that are often not distinguished carefully. You will find it interesting to add to these lists, using other combinations.

CONSONANTS

b — p

Initial	*Medial*	*Final*
buy — pie	bauble — pauper	rib — rip
baste — paste	bumble — bumper	cub — cup
ban — pan	bramble — hamper	robe — rope
bass — pass	thimble — pimple	mob — mop
bing — ping	probably — property	nab — nap
bite — pipe	robber — mopper	probe — prop
beak — peak	hobbling — hopping	crab — crap
bath — path	harbor — harping	slab — slap
beck — peck	embark — impart	drab — drop
bounce — pounce	rabid — rapid	sub — sup

b — m

Initial	*Final*
ban — man	rub — rum
ball — mall	cub — come
bake — make	robe — roam
bad — mad	dub — dumb
beet — meet	rib — rim
bug — mug	crab — cram
butter — mutter	sub — some
batter — matter	tab — tam
bow — mow	hub — hum
batch — match	drab — dram

f — v

Initial	*Medial*	*Final*
fine — vine	rifle — rival	fife — five
fast — vast	raffle — ravel	grief — grieve
face — vase	fifer — fiver	safe — save
feel — veal	leafing — leaving	half — halve
ferry — very	reefer — fever	leaf — leave
fan — van	baffle — gavel	waif — waive
fault — vault	effort — ever	strife — strive
few — view	wafer — waiver	belief — believe
fat — vat	briefer — beaver	thief — thieve
famish — vanish	gifted — giver	sheaf — sheave

v — w

Initial

vent — went
vine — wine
veer — we're
vest — west
vain — wane
vague — wake
veered — weird
verse — worse
vile — wile
vacant — wakened

v — wh

Initial

victual — whittle
vesper — whisper
vine — whine
vital — white
vat — what
vent — when
vile — while
veteran — whether
vim — whim
veer — where

w — wh

Initial

watt — what
wine — whine
wear — where
wick — whisk
witch — which
wit — whit
wet — whet
wail — whale
wile — while
weather — whether

w — r

Initial

wise — rise
weighs — raise
weeds — reeds
wide — ride
wing — ring
wage — rage
wane — rain
witch — rich
wait — rate
wore — roar

dr — tr

Initial

drain — train
drape — traipse
drag — trash
dram — tram
dread — tread
dress — tress
drive — trite
drift — trick
drink — trinket
droll — troll

r

Final

car — queer
mar — steer
par — peer
star — mere
bar — hear
dare — tore
fair — four
swear — lore
care — chore
bare — more

t — d

Initial

tuck — duck
toe — dough
tin — din
time — dime
try — dry
tear — dare
tank — dank
tart — dart
tug — dug
tire — dire
train — drain
tied — died

Medial

metal — medal
fattest — faddist
fitting — fiddle
brittle — riddle
bitter — bidder
butter — rudder
latter — ladder
better — bedding
twitter — twiddle
winter — window
shutter — shudder
witless — windlass

Final

tent — tend
meat — mead
meant — mend
fright — fried
late — laid
beat — bead
sent — send
great — grade
let — led
chart — chard
seat — seed
plot — plod

t — th

Initial

Ted	— thread
too	— threw
toe	— throw
tee	— three
tin	— thin
tie	— thigh
team	— theme
tank	— thank
tingle	— think
tick	— thick

t — ~~th~~

Initial

tease	— these
toes	— those
ten	— then
time	— thine
tat	— that
toe	— though
Thames	— them
'tis	— this
tear	— there
tusk	— thus

t — th

Final

debt	— death
boat	— both
pat	— path
heart	— hearth
oat	— oath
quote	— quoth
sheet	— sheath
rat	— wrath
toot	— tooth
welt	— wealth

d — ~~th~~

Initial and Medial

den	— then
doze	— those
disk	— this
dance	— than
dough	— though
fodder	— father
ladder	— lather
udder	— other

f — th

Initial

fin	— thin
fret	— threat
free	— three
five	— thrive
few	— threw
frank	— thank
fries	— thrice
fickle	— thickly

~~th~~ — th

Initial

that	— thatch
then	— thence
thus	— thrust
thy	— thigh
this	— thistle
though	— thorough
these	— themes
thou	— thousand

l — w

Initial

let	— wet
light	— wight
line	— wine
leave	— weave
life	— wife
leap	— weep
lit	— wit
lay	— way
leak	— weak
ledge	— wedge

l

Medial

dollar
scaler
killer
yellow
pillar
swallow
fellow
tallow
mellow
hello

tl — bl — kl — dl

Final

prattle	— freckle
bottle	— tickle
cattle	— crackle
little	— tackle
brittle	— heckle
hobble	— muddle
dabble	— middle
wabble	— cradle
cobble	— paddle
bauble	— cuddle

l Blends

gl	sl	pl	fl	cl	bl
glide	sleuth	place	fleece	clash	blow
glove	slide	please	fly	climb	blew
glossary	slouch	ply	flown	close	black
glue	slope	play	flag	clinch	blame
glimmer	slimmer	plaster	flight	cluster	bluster
gloaming	sleeve	plane	floss	clover	bloom
glade	slack	plant	flake	cling	blush
glance	slice	pleasant	flock	clock	blight
glowing	slant	planning	flinch	clutch	block
glamour	slump	plead	flea	clothes	bless

s — z

Initial	*Medial*	*Final*
sip — zip	tassle — dazzle	price — prize
sing — zinc	tussle — muzzle	trace — trays
seal — zeal	sissy — scissors	lice — lies
sue — zoo	hasten — hesitate	bus — buzz
sag — zag	passing — peasant	grace — graze
scissors — zithers	bristle — fizzle	fuss — fuzz

s — sh — tsh

Initial		*Final*	
sin — shin	— chin	mass — mash	— match
sip — ship	— chip	swiss — swish	— switch
sop — shop	— chop	muss — mush	— much
seat — sheet	— cheat	pass — passion	— patch
same — shame	— chain	lass — lash	— latch

tsh — dzh		sh — st	shr
Initial	*Medial and Final*	*Final*	*Initial*
choke — joke	rich — ridge	lash — last	shrill
cheap — jeep	such — smudge	crush — crust	shrimp
chunk — junk	much — fudge	mush — must	shrub
chest — jest	match — magic	mash — mast	shriek
chin — gin	pitch — pigeon	cash — cast	shrivel
chump — jump	crutch — drudge	rush — rust	shroud
chug — jug	latch — ledge	fish — fist	shrewd
cheer — jeer	hatch — hedge	gush — gust	shred
choose — juice	lunch — lunge	lush — lust	shrink
chilled — jilt	patch — pageant	thrush — thrust	shrew

s — z — sh — zh — dzh

precious treasure	skilled tacticians	casual persuasion
anxious dietician	shell-shocked soldiers	unusual composure
delicious sherbets	rash arrangements	crushing invasion
vicious expressions	shady assertions	soil erosion
audience appreciation	shark-infested ocean	additional expansions
harassed pediatricians	shiftless civilization	pleasurable admonitions

S Blends

Initial

st	str	sl	spl	sp	spr
stove	stream	slope	splash	special	spring
stay	strive	slide	spleen	spine	sprite
stop	stroke	slowly	splice	space	sprig
story	street	slouchy	split	spicy	sprout
star	strut	slice	splint	speak	spray
step	stray	slippery	splendor	spell	sprinkle
stitch	strike	sliver	splurge	spur	spread
steep	strength	sleuth	splinter	spar	sprawl

sk	skr	skw	sm	sn	sw
skip	scream	squeal	smell	snail	swing
scum	scroll	squeeze	small	snoop	swipe
scope	scribe	square	smoke	snow	swift
scan	scrub	squint	smoulder	sniff	swollen
scold	scratch	squeaky	smith	sneeze	sweep
scanty	scrawl	squelch	smite	snort	swish
scorch	script	squash	smack	sneer	switch
skate	scrape	squad	smelt	snub	swim

k — g

Initial		*Medial*		*Final*	
call	— gall	stacker	— stagger	tuck	— tug
cunning	— gunning	chicken	— chigger	back	— bag
crab	— grab	beckon	— beggar	kick	— gig
crow	— grow	racking	— raggy	pluck	— plug
coat	— goat	tricky	— trigger	pick	— pig
cut	— gut	bucking	— buggy	prick	— prig
came	— game	sacking	— sagging	luck	— lug
camel	— gamble	lucky	— lugging	stack	— stag
come	— gum	embarking	— embargo	buck	— bug

Final Blends

g — ng	n — ng	ng — ng-k	ng — ng-g
sag — sang	son — sung	wing — wink	long — longer
bag — bang	sin — sing	rang — rank	singer — single
lug — lung	pan — pang	ring — rink	hung — hunger
gag — gang	thin — thing	fang — flank	wing — mingle
tug — tongue	fan — fang	thing — think	swing — shingle
log — long	tan — tang	sung — sunk	strong — stronger
flag — flung	kin — king	king — kink	tang — tangle
hag — hang	ton — tongue	slung — slunk	fang — fangle
fag — fang	win — wing	bring — brink	ring — finger
rug — rung	ban — bang	bang — bank	rang — wrangle

k — ng-k	n — ng	ts — ks
wick — wink	eaten — eating	bets — becks
thick — think	bacon — baking	beats — beaks
brick — brink	beaten — beating	hats — hacks
back — bank	rotten — rotting	fetes — fakes
tack — tank	taken — taking	bats — basks
lick — link	loosen — loosing	dots — docks
kick — kink	proven — proving	pats — packs
truck — trunk	garden — guarding	debts — desks
black — blank	barren — bearing	tats — tasks
pick — pink	raven — raving	blots — blocks

sts — ks	ps — ks	dz — ts
masts — masks	whips — whisks	heeds — heats
wrists — risks	tips — ticks	toads — totes
lists — licks	steps — sticks	treads — tests
posts — pokes	stops — stocks	threads — threats
boasts — books	traps — tracks	reds — rests
crusts — crux	raps — racks	meads — meets
fists — frisks	lops — locks	breads — breasts
beasts — beaks	taps — tacks	rides — rites
bastes — basks	mops — mocks	bides — bites
tastes — tasks	saps — sacks	braids — baits

bd	gd	ld	vd	zd
bobbed	begged	mailed	dived	teased
grabbed	hugged	billed	heaved	seized
sobbed	tagged	cold	believed	buzzed
robed	bagged	held	raved	raised
scrubbed	tugged	mold	loved	oozed
robbed	pegged	called	shaved	roused
mobbed	sagged	crawled	served	sneezed
swabbed	bragged	scold	moved	paused
absorbed	clogged	spilled	arrived	closed
webbed	plugged	bawled	shoved	poised

ft	nt	st	sht
laughed	want	creased	pushed
coughed	sent	voiced	squashed
leafed	punt	pronounced	mashed
soft	paint	expressed	splashed
staffed	joint	missed	washed
scoffed	slant	caressed	cashed
puffed	quaint	passed	smashed
tuft	haunt	last	wished
golfed	point	most	lashed
loft	hunt	crossed	rushed

VOWELS

ĭ – ĕ – ă			ă – ŭ – ĭ		
pin	– pen	– pan	tack	– tuck	– tick
sit	– set	– sat	ham	– hum	– him
bill	– bell	– balance	bag	– bug	– big
pig	– peg	– package	fan	– fun	– fin
lid	– led	– lad	bat	– but	– bit
pick	– peck	– pack	dad	– dud	– did
rid	– red	– radish	lack	– luck	– lick
hid	– head	– had	pan	– pun	– pin
him	– hem	– ham	tan	– ton	– tin
pit	– pet	– pat	span	– spun	– spin
bit	– bet	– bat		ĭ – ĕ – ô	
mit	– met	– mat	bill	– bell	– ball
big	– beg	– bag	will	– well	– wall
tin	– ten	– tan	spill	– spell	– sprawl
bid	– bed	– bad	squill	– squelch	– squall

ŏ — ă — ŭ

cot	— cat	— cut
pod	— pad	— puddle
hot	— hat	— hut
shock	— shack	— shuck
cop	— cap	— cup
sod	— sad	— suds
rot	— rat	— rut
top	— tap	— tuft
pot	— pat	— putt
mop	— map	— muff

o͝o — ŭ — ŏ

put	— putt	— pot
book	— buck	— block
took	— tuck	— tock
look	— luck	— lock
stood	— stud	— stock
could	— cud	— clod
crooks	— crux	— crocks
shook	— shuck	— shock
nook	— knuckle	— knock
cook	— cluck	— clock

ă — ŏ — ô — ŭ

cat	— cot	— caught	— cut
tat	— tot	— taught	— tut
rat	— rot	— wrought	— rut
gnat	— not	— naught	— nut
sad	— sod	— sawed	— suds
hack	— hock	— hawk	— hung
tack	— tock	— talk	— tuck
pad	— pod	— pawed	— puddle

ā — ĕ — ă

tale	— tell	— tally
mate	— met	— mat
laid	— led	— lad
bait	— bet	— bat
bake	— beck	— back
pain	— pen	— pan
rain	— wren	— ran
main	— men	— man

ĕ — ē — ĭ — ŭ

net	— neat	— nit	— nut
bet	— beat	— bit	— but
pep	— peep	— pip	— pup
met	— meat	— mitten	— mutton
debt	— deed	— did	— dud
head	— heed	— hid	— huddle
sweat	— sweet	— swim	— swum
bread	— breed	— bid	— bud

ī — ŏ — ē

pipe	— pop	— peep
like	— lock	— leak
hide	— hod	— heed
tried	— trod	— treed
side	— sod	— seed
night	— not	— neat
wine	— wan	— ween
ride	— rod	— reed

ĭ — ô — oi — ā

ill	— all	— oil	— ale
till	— tall	— toil	— tail
kill	— call	— coil	— kale
spill	— sprawl	— spoil	— spade
bill	— ball	— boil	— bale
hill	— hall	— Hoyle	— hail
fill	— fall	— foil	— fail
pill	— pall	— point	— pale

û — ä — ē

purr	— par	— peer
fur	— far	— fear
spur	— spar	— spear
stir	— star	— steer
yearn	— yarn	— year
burn	— barn	— beard
cur	— car	— career
burr	— bar	— beer

ō — ô — o͝o			ŏ — ou			ŏ — ō — o͞o		
coal	— call	— could	crop	— crowd		cod	— code	— cooed
bowl	— bawl	— bull	shot	— shout		shod	— showed	— shooed
pole	— pall	— pull	rot	— rout		rot	— wrote	— root
loan	— lawn	— look	trot	— trout		calm	— cold	— cool
boat	— bought	— book	dot	— doubt		cot	— coat	— coot
shoal	— shawl	— should	pot	— pout		palm	— poll	— pool
hold	— hauled	— hood	spot	— spout		not	— note	— nude
know	— gnaw	— nook	got	— gout		rod	— road	— rude

o͝o — ou		o͞o — ū		o͞o — ŭ		o͝o — o͞o	
prude	— proud	food	— feud	mood	— mud	foot	— food
croon	— crown	pooh	— pew	noon	— nun	pull	— pool
dune	— down	coo	— cue	food	— flood	full	— fool
tune	— town	whose	— hues	shoot	— shut	look	— Luke
broom	— brown	moo	— mew	tube	— tub	could	— cooed
moon	— noun	flu	— few	soon	— sun	should	— shooed
mousse	— mouse	booty	— beauty	boot	— but	stood	— stoop
loose	— louse	who	— hew	root	— rut	good	— glued

II. In good speech, the word must become part of a series of words, or a unit which usually follows a rhythmical pattern. In this exercise, try to *apply* the agility you may have acquired from the preceding exercise:

[1]

JOHN WELLINGTON WELLS

My name is John Wellington Wells,
I'm a dealer in magic and spells,
  In blessings and curses,
  And ever filled purses,
In prophecies, witches, and knells.
If you want a proud foe to "make tracks"—
If you'd melt a rich uncle in wax—
  You've but to look in
  On the resident Djinn,
Number seventy, Simmery Axe.

We've a first-rate assortment of magic;
  And for raising a posthumous shade,
With effects that are comic or tragic,
  There's no cheaper house in the trade.

Love-philtre, we've quantities of it!
And for knowledge, if any one burns,
We're keeping a very small prophet, a prophet
Who brings us unbounded returns:

For he can prophesy
With a wink of his eye,
Peep with security
Into futurity,
Sum up your history,
Clear up a mystery,
Humor proclivity
For a nativity;
He has answers oracular,
Bogies spectacular,
Tetrapods tragical,
Mirrors so magical.
Facts astronomical,
Solemn or comical;
And, if you want it, he
Makes a reduction on taking a quantity!

Oh! If any one anything lacks,
He'll find it all ready in stacks,
If he'll only look in
On the resident Djinn,
Number seventy, Simmery Axe!

He can raise you hosts of ghosts,
And that without reflectors;
And creepy things with wings,
And gaunt and grisly spectres;
He can fill you crowds of shrouds,
And horrify you vastly;
He can rack your brains with chains,
And gibberings grim and ghastly!

Then, if you plan it, he
Changes organity,
With an urbanity
Full of satanity,
Vexes humanity
With an inanity
Fatal to vanity,
Driving your foes to the verge of insanity!

Barring tautology,
In demonology,
'Lectro biology,
Mystic nosology,
Spirit philology,
High-class astrology,
Such is his knowledge, he
Isn't the man to require an apology!

Oh! My name is John Wellington Wells,
I'm a dealer in magic and spells,
  In blessings and curses,
  And ever filled purses,
In prophecies, witches, and knells.
If you want a proud foe to "make tracks"—
If you'd melt a rich uncle in wax—
  You've but to look in
  On the resident Djinn,
Number seventy, Simmery Axe.

W. S. Gilbert, *The Sorcerer*

[2]

THE MODERN MAJOR-GENERAL

I am the very pattern of a modern Major-General,
I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral;
I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical,
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;
I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical,
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical;
About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news,
With interesting facts about the square of the hypotenuse.
I'm very good at integral and differential calculus,
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous.
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

W. S. Gilbert, *The Pirates of Penzance*

[3]

HOW JACK FOUND THAT BEANS MAY GO BACK ON A CHAP [5]

Without the slightest basis
For hypochondriasis,
  A widow had forebodings which a cloud around her flung,
And with expression cynical
For half the day a clinical
  Thermometer she held beneath her tongue.

Whene'er she read the papers
She suffered from the vapors,
  At every tale of malady or accident she'd groan;
In every new and smart disease,
From housemaid's knee to heart disease,
  She recognized the symptoms as her own!

She had a yearning chronic
To try each novel tonic,
  Elixir, panacea, lotion, opiate, and balm;
And from a homeopathist
Would change to an hydropathist,
  And back again, with stupefying calm!

She was nervous, cataleptic,
And anemic, and dyspeptic:
  Though not convinced of apoplexy, yet she had her fears.
She dwelt with force fanatical,
Upon a twinge rheumatical,
  And said she had a buzzing in her ears!

Now all of this bemoaning
And this grumbling and this groaning
  The mind of Jack, her son and heir, unconscionably bored.
His heart completely hardening,
He gave his time to gardening,
  For raising beans was something he adored.

Each hour in accents morbid
This limp maternal bore bid
  Her callous son affectionate and lachrymose good-bys.
She never granted Jack a day
Without some long "Alackaday!"
  Accompanied by rolling of the eyes.

[5] From *Grimm Tales Made Gay* by Guy Wetmore Carryl. Reprinted by permission of the author and Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers.

But Jack, no panic showing,
Just watched his beanstalk growing,
  And twined with tender fingers the tendrils up the pole.
At all her words funereal
He smiled a smile ethereal,
  Or sighed an absent-minded "Bless my soul!"

That hollow-hearted creature
Would never change a feature:
  No tear bedimmed his eye, however touching was her talk.
She never fussed or flurried him,
The only thing that worried him
  Was when no bean-pods grew upon the stalk!

But then he wabbled loosely
His head, and wept profusely,
  And, taking out his handkerchief to mop away his tears,
Exclaimed: "It hasn't got any!"
He found this blow to botany
  Was sadder than were all his mother's fears.

The Moral is that gardeners pine
Whene'er no pods adorn the vine.
Of all sad words experience gleans
The saddest are "It might have beans."
  (I did not make this up myself:
  'Twas in a book upon my shelf.
  It's witty, but I don't deny
  It's rather Whittier than I.)

GUY WETMORE CARRYL

These articulatory exercises should have given you some appreciation for sound-formation, singly and in combination with other sounds. If you are now "sound-conscious," you are ready to start with group interpretation. The following suggestions for practice may help you:

1. Begin with a group that does not exceed twenty voices.
2. Decide whether the voices are *light* (high, clear tones) or *dark* (low, deep tones); then break these groups into smaller groups, if necessary, by identifying *light*, *medium light*, *medium dark*, and *dark voices*.
3. Form in two short lines rather than one long line; or form in a wedge shape, or in a two-row semi-circle. It is easier to gain group feeling and to secure unity if the shoulders of the members are touching.

4. Start with a nursery rhyme or a refrain verse, or with a poem that has a swinging rhythm.
5. Repeat the selection over and over very softly; gradually give it more power and vitality. Make the selection part of your experiences; become familiar with it.
6. Read the selection for rhythm and movement.
7. Listen to several members of the group read the selection as they would interpret it.
8. Repeat the poem together, trying several interpretations to see which one seems most logical and most impressive.
9. Avoid elaborate arrangements; meaning can be lost in obvious technique.
10. Listen to the voices of the other members; listen to your own voice.
11. Do not indulge in vocal gymnastics.
12. Do not intone; think in terms of the meaning—and *speak!*
13. Be sure that *your* voice is not the discordant one.
14. Co-ordinate and time your responses to those which have just been made, whether solo or group response.
15. Remember the solo voice must keep within the rhythmical pattern established by the other interpreters.
16. Be conscious of the timing and rhythmical patterns while you are waiting for your group to respond to another group.
17. Keep out mannerisms and excess movements.
18. Avoid a "dead-pan" expression; but be sure also that your face is not excessively expressive in comparison to the others.
19. Be sincere and alert.

Exercises

I. Practice on a rhyme, such as the following, for precision. Be sure to keep your tones brisk and spontaneous.

[1]

THE MILITARY MOTHER GOOSE [6]

(Revised European Edition.)

Mary, Mary, cautionary,
How does your garden grow?
Under a bombproof shelter,
All in a barbed wire row.

[6] Reprinted by permission of the author and the Chicago *Tribune.*

Deedle, deedle dumpling, our son John
Goes to bed with his uniform on;
All-steel helmet and field gray pants,
And that's the latest crisis at a glance.

To market, to market to buy a sandbag,
Home again, home again, ziggety-zag;
To market, to market, a gas mask to fit,
Home again, home again, lickety-split.

Taffy was a soldier,
Taffy could salute,
And all the little children
Admired his parachute.

Dink-a-dunk-dank,
Three men in a tank,
And who do you think they be?
The captain, the gunner,
The signal runner.
Pip, pip! Time out for tea!

DOW RICHARDSON

[2]

THE FAMILY FOOL

Oh! a private buffoon is a light-hearted loon,
If you listen to popular rumour;
From morning to night he's so joyous and bright,
And he bubbles with wit and good humour!
He's so quaint and so terse, both in prose and in verse;
Yet though people forgive his transgression,
There are one or two rules that all Family Fools
Must observe, if they love their profession.
There are one or two rules,
Half-a-dozen, maybe,
That all family fools,
Of whatever degree,
Must observe if they love their profession.

If you wish to succeed as a jester, you'll need
To consider each person's auricular:
What is all right for B would scandalise C
(For C is so very particular);

And D may be dull, and E's very thick skull
  Is as empty of brains as a ladle;
While F is F sharp, and will cry with a carp
  That he's known your best joke from his cradle!
    When your humour they flout,
      You can't let yourself go;
    And it *does* put you out
      When a person says, "Oh,
  I have known that old joke from my cradle!"

If your master is surly, from getting up early
  (And tempers are short in the morning),
An inopportune joke is enough to provoke
  Him to give you, at once, a month's warning.
Then if you refrain, he is at you again,
  For he likes to get value for money;
He'll ask then and there, with an insolent stare,
  "If you know that you're paid to be funny?
    It adds to the tasks
      Of a merryman's place
    When your principal asks,
      With a scowl on his face,
  If you know that you're paid to be funny?"

Comes a Bishop, maybe, or a solemn D.D.—
  Oh, beware of his anger provoking!
Better not pull his hair—don't stick pins in his chair;
  He don't understand practical joking.
If the jests that you crack have an orthodox smack,
  You may get a bland smile from these sages;
But should they, by chance, be imported from France,
  Half-a-crown is stopped out of your wages!
    It's a general rule,
      Though your zeal it may quench,
    If the family fool
      Tells a joke that's too French,
  Half-a-crown is stopped out of his wages!

Though your head it may rack with a bilious attack,
  And your senses with toothache you're losing,
Don't be mopy and flat—they don't fine you for that,
  If you're properly quaint and amusing!
Though your wife ran away with a soldier that day,
  And took with her your trifle of money;

Bless your heart, they don't mind—they're exceedingly kind—
They don't blame you—as long as you're funny!
It's a comfort to feel
If your partner should flit,
Though *you* suffer a deal,
They don't mind it a bit—
They don't blame you—so long as you're funny!

W. S. GILBERT, *The Yeomen of the Guard*

[3]

THE QUANGLE WANGLE'S HAT

On the top of the Crumpetty Tree
The Quangle Wangle sat,
But his face you could not see,
On account of his Beaver Hat.
For his Hat was a hundred and two feet wide,
With ribbons and bibbons on every side,
And bells, and buttons, and loops, and lace,
So that nobody ever could see the face
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

The Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
"Jam, and jelly, and bread
Are the best of food for me!
But the longer I live on this Crumpetty Tree,
The plainer than ever it seems to me
That very few people come this way,
And that life on the whole is far from gay!"
Said the Quangle Wangle Quee.

But there came to the Crumpetty Tree
Mr. and Mrs. Canary;
And they said, "Did you ever see
Any spot so charmingly airy?
May we build a nest on your lovely Hat?
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!
Oh, please, let us come and build a nest,
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

And the Golden Grouse came there,
And the Pobble who has no toes,

And the small Olympian bear,
  And the Dong with a luminous nose.
And the blue Baboon who played the flute,
And the Orient Calf from the Land of Tute,
And the Attery Squash, and the Bisky Bat—
All came and built on the lovely Hat
  Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

And the Quangle Wangle said
  To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
"When all these creatures move
  What a wonderful noise there will be!"
And at night by the light of the Mulberry moon
They danced to the Flute of the Blue Baboon,
On the broad green leaves of the Crumpetty Tree,
And all were as happy as happy could be,
  With the Quangle Wangle Quee.

EDWARD LEAR

II. The following poems are for general practice in choral interpretation:

[1]

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

The sun was shining on the sea,
  Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
  The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
  The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
  Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
  After the day was done—
"It's very rude of him," she said,
  "To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
  The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
  No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
  There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand:
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it *would* be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:

And all the little Oysters stood
  And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
  "To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
  Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
  And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
  "Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
  And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
  They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
  "Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
  Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
  We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
  Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
  A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
  "Do you admire the view?

"It was so kind of you to come!
  And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
  "Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
  I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
  "To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
  And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
  "The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

LEWIS CARROLL

[2]

GIUSEPPE'S SONG

Rising early in the morning,
We proceed to light the fire,
Then our Majesty adorning
In its workaday attire,
We embark without delay
On the duties of the day.

First, we polish off some batches
Of political despatches,
And foreign politicians circumvent:
Then, if business isn't heavy,
We may hold a Royal *levée*,
Or ratify some Acts of Parliament.
Then we probably review the household troops—
With the usual "Shalloo humps!" and "Shalloo hoops!"
Or receive with ceremonial and state
An interesting Eastern potentate.
After that we generally
Go and dress our private *valet*—
(It's a rather nervous duty—he's a touchy little man)—
Write some letters literary
For our private secretary—
He is shaky in his spelling, so we help him if we can.
Then, in view of cravings inner,
We go down and order dinner;

Then we polish the Regalia and the Coronation Plate—
  Spend an hour in titivating
  All our Gentlemen-in-Waiting;
Or we run on little errands for the Ministers of State.

  Oh, philosophers may sing
  Of the troubles of a King;
Yet the duties are delightful, and the privileges great;
  But the privilege and pleasure
  That we treasure beyond measure
Is to run on little errands for the Ministers of State.

After luncheon (making merry
On a bun and glass of sherry),
  If we've nothing in particular to do,
We may make a Proclamation,
Or receive a deputation—
  Then we possibly create a Peer or two.

Then we help a fellow-creature on his path
With the Garter or the Thistle or the Bath
Or we dress and toddle off in semi-state
To a festival, a function, or a *fete*.
  Then we go and stand as sentry
  At the Palace (private entry),
Marching hither, marching thither, up and down and to and fro,
  While the warrior on duty
  Goes in search of beer and beauty
(And it generally happens that he hasn't far to go).
  He relieves us, if he's able,
  Just in time to lay the table,
Then we dine and serve the coffee, and at half-past twelve or one,
  With a pleasure that's emphatic,
  We retire to our attic
With the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done!

  Oh, philosophers may sing
  Of the troubles of a King,
But of pleasures there are many and of worries there are none;
  And the culminating pleasure
  That we treasure beyond measure
Is the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done!

W. S. Gilbert, *The Gondoliers*

[3]

THE DWARF [7]

"Now, Jinnie, my dear, to the dwarf be off,
That lives in Barberry Wood,
And fetch me some honey, but be sure you don't laugh,—
He hates little girls that are rude, are rude,
He hates little girls that are rude."

Jane tapped at the door of the house in the wood,
And the dwarf looked over the wall,
He eyed her so queer, 'twas as much as she could
To keep from laughing at all, at all,
To keep from laughing at all.

His shoes down the passage came clod, clod, clod,
And when he opened the door,
He croaked so harsh, 'twas as much as she could
To keep from laughing the more, the more,
To keep from laughing the more.

As there, with his bushy red beard, he stood,
Pricked out to double its size,
He squinted so cross, 'twas as much as she could
To keep the tears out of her eyes, her eyes,
To keep the tears out of her eyes.

He slammed the door, and went clod, clod, clod,
But while in the porch she bides,
He squealed so fierce, 'twas as much as she could
To keep from cracking her sides, her sides,
To keep from cracking her sides.

He threw a pumpkin over the wall,
And melons and apples beside,
So thick in the air that to see them all fall,
She laughed and laughed, till she cried, cried, cried;
Jane laughed and laughed till she cried.

Down fell her teardrops a pit-apat-pat,
And red as a rose she grew;—
"Kah! kah," said the dwarf, "is it crying you're at?
It's the very worst thing you could do, do, do,
It's the very worst thing you could do."

[7] From the *Collected Poems* of Walter de la Mare. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.

He slipped like a monkey up into the tree,
  He shook her down cherries like rain;
"See now," says he, cheeping, "a blackbird I be,
  Laugh, laugh, little Jinnie, again–gain–gain,
    Laugh, laugh, little Jinnie, again."

Ah me! what a strange, what a gladsome duet
  From a house in the deeps of a wood!
Such shrill and such harsh voices never met yet
  A-laughing as loud as they could, could, could,
    A-laughing as loud as they could.

Come Jinnie, come dwarf, cocksparrow, and bee,
  There's a ring gaudy-green in the dell,
Sing, sing, ye sweet cherubs, that flit in the tree;
  La! who can draw tears from a well, well, well,
    Who ever drew tears from a well!

WALTER DE LA MARE

[4]

THE POBBLE WHO HAS NO TOES

The Pobble who has no toes
  Had once as many as we;
When they said, "Some day you may lose them all,"
  He replied, "Fish fiddle de-dee!"
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink
Lavendar water tinged with pink;
For she said, "The World in general knows
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes!"

The Pobble who has no toes,
  Swam across the Bristol Channel;
But before he set out he wrapped his nose
  In a piece of scarlet flannel.
For his Aunt Jobiska said, "No harm
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm;
And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes
Are safe–provided he minds his nose."

The Pobble swam fast and well,
  And when boats or ships came near him,
He tinkledy-binkledy a bell
  So that the world could hear him.

And all the Sailors and Admirals cried,
When they saw him nearing the further side,
"He has gone to fish, for his Aunt Jobiska's
Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!"

But before he touched the shore,
The shore of the Bristol Channel,
A sea-green Porpoise carried away
His wrapper of scarlet flannel.
And when he came to observe his feet,
Formerly garnished with toes so neat,
His face at once became forlorn
On perceiving that all his toes were gone!

And nobody ever knew,
From that dark day to the present,
Whoso had taken the Pobble's toes,
In a manner so far from pleasant.
Whether the shrimps or crawfish grey,
Or crafty Mermaids stole them away,
Nobody knew; and nobody knows
How the Pobble was robbed of his twice five toes!

The Pobble who has no toes
Was placed in a friendly Bark,
And they rowed him back, and carried him up
To his Aunt Jobiska's Park.
And she made him a feast, at his earnest wish,
Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish;
And she said, "It's a fact the whole world knows,
That Pobbles are happier without their toes."

EDWARD LEAR

[5]

THE YARN OF THE NANCY BELL

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he;
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said:

"O elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
However you can be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun his painful yarn:

" 'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel;
So we drawed a lot, and accordin', shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshiped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

" 'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom;
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,—
I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I;
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can—and will—cook *you*?'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

" 'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell;
' 'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see!

. . . . . .

"And I never grin, and I never smile,
And never larf or play,
But sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:—

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

W. S. GILBERT

[6]

DRINKING SONG

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty,
Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer, whose dimples we prize,
And now to the maid who has none, sir,
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to her that is merry.

Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together.

Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

[7]

EARTH FEVER [8]

I must down to the earth again, to the fruitful earth and the weeds,
And all I need is a catalogue and a handful or so of seeds,
And a wet rain, and a sunny sun, and an early waking,
And a crouching on the good earth and a poor back breaking.

I must down to the earth again, for the call of the teeming soil
Is a spring call (and it will call) that is answered by just toil,
And all I ask is a sudden shower with a rainbow vying
And a daisy spray and a rose bloom and the seedlings trying.

I must down to the earth again, to the quiet pastoral life,
To the farmer's way and to nature's way that is peaceful and without strife;
And all I ask is a yielding garden though it won't be all clover,
And a noisy city and the bright lights when the short summer's over.

UNKNOWN

[8]

HEINZ VON STEIN

Out rode from his wild, dark castle
The terrible Heinz von Stein
He came to the door of a tavern
And gazed on its swinging sign.

He sat himself down at a table,
And growled for a bottle of wine;
Up came with a flask and a corkscrew
A maiden of beauty divine.

[8] Reprinted by permission of the Chicago *Tribune*.

Then, seized with a deep love-longing,
He uttered, "O damosel mine,
Suppose you just give a few kisses
To the valorous Ritter von Stein!"

But she answered, "The kissing business
Is entirely out of my line;
And I certainly will not begin it
On a countenance ugly as thine!"

Oh, then the bold knight was angry,
And cursed both coarse and fine;
And asked, "How much is the swindle
For your sour and nasty wine?"

And fiercely he rode to the castle
And sat himself down to dine;
And this is the dreadful legend
Of the terrible Heinz von Stein.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

[9]

THE MAN IN THE MOON [9]

Said the Raggedy Man on a hot afternoon,
"My!
Sakes!
What a lot o' mistakes
Some little folks makes on the Man in the Moon.
But people that's been up to see him like Me,
And calls on him frequent and intimutly,
Might drop a few hints that would interest you
Clean!
Through!
If you wanted 'em to—
Some actual facts that might interest you!

'O the Man in the Moon has a crick in his back.
Whee!
Whimm!
Ain't you sorry for him?
And a mole on his nose that is purple and black;
And his eyes are so weak that they water and run

[9] From *Rhymes of Childhood*, by James Whitcomb Riley, copyright, 1890. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

If he dares to *dream* even he looks at the sun,—
So he jes' dreams of stars, as the doctors advise—
My!
Eyes!
But isn't he wise—
To jes' dream of stars, as the doctors advise?

"And the Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear—
Whee!
Whing!
What a singular thing!
I know! but these facts are authentic, my dear,—
There's a boil on his ear; and a corn on his chin,—
He calls it a dimple,—but dimples stick in—
Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know!
Whang!
Ho!
Why certainly so—
It might be a dimple turned over, you know!

"And the Man in the Moon has a rheumatic knee,
Gee!
Whizz!
What a pity that is!
And his toes have worked round where his heels ought to be.
So whenever he wants to go North he goes South,
And comes back with porridge crumbs all round his mouth,
And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan,
Whing!
Whang!
What a marvellous man!
What a very remarkably marvellous man!

"And the Man in the Moon," sighed the Raggedy Man,
"Gits!
So!
Sullonesome, you know!
Up there by himself since creation began!—
That when I call on him and then come away,
He grabs me and holds me and begs me to stay—
Till—well, if it wasn't for *Jimmy-cum-Jim*,
Dadd!
Limb!
I'd go pardners with him!
Jes' jump my job here and be pardners with him!"

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

[10]

THE PIRATE DON DURKE OF DOWDEE [10]

Ho, for the Pirate Don Durke of Dowdee!
He was as wicked as wicked could be,
But oh, he was perfectly gorgeous to see!
The Pirate Don Durke of Dowdee.

His conscience, of course, was as black as a bat,
But he had a floppety plume on his hat,
And when he went walking it jiggled—like that!
The plume of the Pirate Dowdee.

His coat it was crimson and cut with a slash,
And often as ever he twirled his mustache,
Deep down in the ocean the mermaids went splash,
Because of Don Durke of Dowdee.

Moreover, Dowdee had a purple tattoo,
And stuck in his belt where he buckled it through
Were a dagger, a dirk and a squizzamaroo,
For fierce was the pirate Dowdee.

So fearful he was he would shoot at a puff,
And always at sea when the weather grew rough,
He drank from a bottle and wrote on his cuff,
Did Pirate Don Durke of Dowdee.

Oh, he had a cutlass that swung at his thigh,
And he had a parrot called Pepperkin Pye,
And a zigzaggy scar at the end of his eye,
Had the Pirate Don Durke of Dowdee.

He kept in a cavern, this buccaneer bold,
A curious chest that was covered with mould,
And all of his pockets were jingly with gold!
Oh jing! went the gold of Dowdee.

His conscience, of course, it was crook'd like a squash,
But both of his boots made a slickery slosh
And he went through the world with a wonderful swash,
Did Pirate Don Durke of Dowdee.

[10] Reprinted by permission of *Child Life* and the Mildred Plew Meigs Estate.

It's true he was wicked as wicked could be,
His sins they outnumbered a hundred and three,
But oh, he was perfectly gorgeous to see,
The Pirate Don Durke of Dowdee.

MILDRED PLEW MEIGS

[11]

TARANTELLA [11]

Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?
And the tedding and the spreading
Of the straw for a bedding,
And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees,
And the wine that tasted of tar?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
(Under the dark of the vine verandah)?
Do you remember an Inn, Miranda,
Do you remember an Inn?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
Who hadn't got a penny,
And who weren't paying any,
And the hammer at the doors and the din?
And the Hip! Hop! Hap!
Of the clap
Of the hands to the twirl and the swirl
Of the girl gone chancing,
Glancing,
Dancing,
Backing and advancing,
Snapping of the clapper to the spin
Out and in—
And Ting, Tong, Tang of the guitar!
Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?

Never more;
Miranda,
Never more,
Only the high peaks hoar;

[11] From *Sonnets and Verse* by Hilaire Belloc. Reprinted by permission of Robert M. McBride & Company, publishers.

And Aragon a torrent at the door.
No sound
In the walls of the Halls where falls
The tread
Of the feet of the dead to the ground.
No sound:
Only the boom
Of the far Waterfall like Doom.

HILAIRE BELLOC

[12]

COOL TOMBS [12]

When Abraham Lincoln was shoveled into the tombs, he forgot the copperheads and the assassin . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.

And Ulysses Grant lost all thought of con men and Wall Street, cash and collateral turned ashes . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.

Pocahontas' body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a red haw in November, or a pawpaw in May, did she wonder? does she remember? . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs?

Take any streetful of people buying clothes and groceries, cheering a hero or throwing confetti and blowing tin horns . . . tell me if the lovers are losers . . . tell me if any get more than the lovers . . . in the dust . . . in the cool tombs.

CARL SANDBURG

[13]

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

[12] From *Cornhuskers* by Carl Sandburg. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc.

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

LEIGH HUNT

[14]

GOLDEN SLUMBERS KISS YOUR EYES

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise,
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

THOMAS DEKKER

[15]

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
  Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
  Wind of the western seas!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
  Blow him again to me;
While, my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
  Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON, *The Princess*

[16]

THE TRUANTS [13]

Ere my heart beats too coldly and faintly
To remember sad things, yet be gay,
I would sing a brief song of the world's little children
Magic hath stolen away.

The primroses scattered by April,
The stars of the wide Milky Way,
Cannot outnumber the hosts of the children
Magic hath stolen away.

The buttercup green of the meadows,
The snow of the blossoming may,
Lovelier are not than the legions of children
Magic hath stolen away.

The waves tossing surf in the moonbeam,
The albatross lone on the spray,
Alone know the tears wept in vain for the children
Magic hath stolen away.

In vain: for at hush of the evening
When the stars twinkle into the grey,
Seems to echo the far-away calling of children
Magic hath stolen away.

WALTER DE LA MARE

[17]

QUEEN VICTORIA [14]

Queen Victoria's
statue is
the work of her
daughter Beatrice.

[13] From the *Collected Poems* of Walter de la Mare. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., publishers.
[14] From *Kensington Gardens*. Reprinted by permission of Ann Wolfe.

The shape's all wrong,
and the crown don't fit,
but—bless her old heart!
she was proud of it.

HUMBERT WOLFE

[18]

THRUSHES [15]

The City Financier
walks in the gardens,
stiffly, because of
his pride and his burdens.

The daisies, looking
up, observe
only a self-
respecting curve.

The thrushes only
see a flat
table-land
of shiny hat.

He looks importantly
about him,
while all the spring
goes on without him.

HUMBERT WOLFE

[19]

THE GRAY SQUIRREL [16]

Like a small gray
coffee-pot,
sits the squirrel.
He is not

all he should be,
kills by the dozens
trees, and eats
his red-brown cousins.

[15] From *Kensington Gardens*. Reprinted by permission of Ann Wolfe.
[16] From *Kensington Gardens*. Reprinted by permission of Ann Wolfe.

The keeper, on the
other hand
, who shot him, is
a Christian, and

loves his enemies,
which shows
the squirrel was not
one of those.

HUMBERT WOLFE

[20]

THE LILAC [17]

Who thought of the lilac?
"I," dew said,
"I made up the lilac
out of my head."

"She made up the lilac!
Pooh!" thrilled a linnet,
and each dew-note had a
lilac in it.

HUMBERT WOLFE

[21]

PSALM 23

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

[17] From *Kensington Gardens*. Reprinted by permission of Ann Wolfe.

[22]

PSALM 24

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.
Lift up your head, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

[23]

PSALM 150

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.
Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.
Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.
Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.
Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.
Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

[24]

BLESSED ARE THEY

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

MATTHEW 5:3-10

[25]

GLORY TO GOD

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.
And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.
And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.
For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.
And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.
And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,
Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

LUKE 2:8-14

III. Bring to class nonsense rhymes that would be suitable for choral interpretation.

IV. What other selections in this text could be read for choral interpretation?

Chapter XVI

RADIO INTERPRETATION

The Radio Voice. Although the voice is extremely important as a medium in platform interpretation, it will never secure the attention which is focused on it in radio reading. Before a visible audience, the interpreter uses facial expression, bodily action, and voice; before a loud speaker audience, he may use the body and the voice, but the voice is the only medium which carries the intended meaning to the ever-fluctuating and invisible audience. The radio audience rely entirely on what they hear—and what they hear is the voice, sometimes aided by sound effects.

For that reason, the person behind the voice, whether an announcer, a news commentator, a dramatic artist, a comedian, or a sports announcer, should know his own voice. All stations prefer trained voices to untrained ones. The radio performer knows that his voice must be distinctive; he knows that he must project his personality by means of his voice. Sometimes, through practice and training, he will succeed, but it is not so simple and easy as the average radio enthusiast thinks. To those who have studied interpretation, there is little that is new about reading for the radio. Radio directors will tell you that good radio is a matter of understanding the script—of getting an impression of the content —and then of deciding how the meaning can best be presented so that the material is easy to listen to, whether the purpose is to inform, to interest, to convince, or to entertain. Consequently, no matter what type of program is offered over the air, the interpretation of lines is involved—not merely rote reading—but an interpretation which shows understanding of the meaning, control of vocal flexibility, and consideration of an audience.

The radio voice is under intense scrutiny. Many listeners are not conscious of disliking a radio voice; they merely know that they do not like a certain speaker and analyze no further. To others, however, even the smallest vocal defect is noticeable and becomes an important reason why they flick the dial to another

station. The audience can afford to be critical because competition among programs is so keen. And if the radio voice reveals saccharine smugness, condescension, or too much histrionic display, the listener can always remove the offender.

We have been told many times by radio directors that the radio audience will not tolerate a voice unless it *seems* natural; in other words, the artist must give an impression of being spontaneous and sincere. To do this requires the same technique which we have discussed earlier: the ability to conceal technique, to create an illusion by a mastery of the instruments used. In radio interpretation, the tools are the voice and the microphone; the object is to hold the audience, which although not seen, certainly should be visualized. To read into a microphone, without getting the "feel" of an imaginary audience, is to fail. It is more difficult than talking to a visible audience, because, as he speaks, the radio performer gets no cues as to audience reaction. The interpreter on the platform continually searches his audience for signs of approval or disapproval. A deft platform artist can often change the tenor of his program if he sees that his audience does not approve; a radio artist can never change his program once he is on the air.

Control over the Air. In broadcasting, the interpreter should realize that the microphone will transmit noises which show lack of control, such as gasps, coughs, clearing of the throat, rattling of papers, rustling of clothing, sniffling, kicking of the microphone stand, and vocal blasting. In the process of amplification, the sensitive microphone usually accentuates peculiar vocal qualities and eccentricities, such as lip-smacking and glottal clicking, sibilants that whistle or hiss, nasal snorts, uncontrolled or heavy breathing, nasal tones, high voices, and evidences of vocal tension. Just as the microphone may amplify vocal defects, it may also make good voices sound better than they are; vibrant tones may be amplified into even more resonant tones.

One of the first vocal factors to be mastered in broadcasting is volume. Most directors believe that the reader should use a normal voice rather than subdued soft tones. There are some radio artists who like to use soft tones and talk directly into the microphone, thus producing a feeling of intimacy with the audience.

If soft tones are used, the control will shift from the performer to the operator in the master control room, where instruments are calibrated so that the volume can be kept within certain established limits. Some directors believe it is better for the interpreter to exercise the control because the vocal effects will show less distortion and will sound more natural, and the voice will have more vitality and more spontaneity.

There must be no blasting of the microphone, no sudden and unexpected high peaks of volume. This is the same control which most stage directors strive for when they urge their actors to keep their voices within a certain range of volume. It is very disturbing, and sometimes very funny, when one member of a cast always vocalizes above the volume range of every other actor in the play. A good radio director will know how to determine what voices, distances, and procedures will work most effectively before the microphone. "Mike technique" comes only with actual experience in broadcasting.

Freedom from too much tension is a requisite of radio interpretation. Tension of the jaws will very likely produce nasal, harsh, or metallic tones. The throat muscles must have the proper relaxation also. Control of breathing is more necessary over the air than in ordinary interpretative situations, because any slight intake of breath due to fright or nervousness can easily be heard by the radio audience, just as the tiniest whisper can be recorded.

Vocal flexibility and variety on the radio should be obtained through inflection and tempo rather than through volume. Shadings of meaning, as we know, are carried by inflections. Because of the intimacy of the radio programs, these delicate meanings are often more successfully transferred to the radio audience than to an audience in an auditorium.

Tempo must be controlled. We know that tempo depends upon the material to be presented and also on the emotional tensions of the performer. However, no radio program director ever loses sight of the fact that the audience must have time to understand, and that rapidity is not too often successful in carrying meaning unless the audience is alert, as in the reception of a basketball game. Furthermore, an attempt at fast tempo may cause hesitancy, repetitions, errors, higher pitch than normal, and in-

articulate speech. On the other hand, if speech is too slow, the audience may become impatient and tune in on another station. Where there are no visual attractions, the voice must hold the interest.

Opinions vary as to how much bodily action should enter into the broadcast. Inasmuch as visible action and voice normally co-ordinate to create emotional response, the body is as much a part of the interpretation over the air as it is on the platform before a visible audience. A smile or a frown can be "heard" over the air, because they change the quality of the voice. Whether the performer wills it or not, general bodily action determines what the voice does. Voice and visible action are not separable. It is true, however, that the radio interpreter cannot use broad gestures or sweeping movements, because the microphone distance must be kept constantly in mind; but he can co-ordinate bodily action and voice to carry meaning over the microphone. The tense, strained body of the sports announcer—every muscle alert for the unusual to happen—gives the proper tension and excitement to his voice. His action and his voice work as one unit.

Articulation. Slovenly articulation is taboo on radio programs, unless it happens to fit the personality of a character being presented. If a characterization calls for a Missouri drawl, or "wuz" for "was," or "settin" for "sitting," we can accept it as part of the personality to be portrayed; but, except when used for such specific ends, careless articulation is never heard in good radio interpretation. Inappropriate overpreciseness of utterance may be equally objectionable.

Pronunciation. Radio announcers generally use pronunciations which are common to various regions rather than those which are peculiar to a certain part of the country. Not only must the pronunciations be correct, but they must sound natural for the voice uttering them. Above all, there should be no hesitation or repetition of unusual words. Words should fit personalities as clothes do. They must "belong," either through habit or through conscious practice. In these days, many pronunciations are being established by radio announcers and news commentators; probably the radio is doing more to establish standard pronunciation than any dictionary has ever done. What is heard will be used.

Radio Technique. Everyone interested in radio agrees that "good radio is good showmanship"; and good showmanship means control of technique. In developing radio technique, the interpreter should remember that radio directors are particular about the following general principles:

1. Be comfortable before the microphone, which should be adjusted to the proper height.
2. Keep the right distance from the microphone. If you are too close or too far away, the vocal effects may be distorted.
3. Move and stand quietly. Do not cough into, touch, or kick the microphone.
4. Avoid extraneous personal mannerisms, such as coughing, clearing the throat, and gasping for breath—unless the lines call for such action.
5. Hold the script loosely together, so that you can drop each page softly to the floor, after reading it. Inexpensive paper is less noisy than bond paper.
6. Be careful to give other performers their chance; keep quiet while they are reading, and do not get in their way before the microphone.
7. Keep alert to the reading of other characters; remain in character; watch cues so that the illusion of a real incident is preserved.
8. Control the projection of your voice: if your tones are too soft, your voice may lack vitality and carrying power; if your tones have too much volume, you will blast the microphone. Do not project your voice as if you were talking in an auditorium.
9. Control bodily tension: too little tension will not give the impression of spontaneity; too much will cause tightening of the vocal muscles which may result in a harsh, nasal voice.
10. Gain smoothness by distinct and natural articulation rather than by overprecise articulation, by certainty of pronunciation, and by avoiding careless repetition of words.
11. Strive to get attention immediately.
12. Work for sincerity and spontaneity by:
    recalling the purpose of the broadcast.
    remembering you have an audience.
    thinking of the meaning of the script.
    phrasing and grouping according to the meaning.
    using brief pauses to accentuate, support, and reinforce meaning.
    thinking your way through the material rather than reading mechanically.
    watching emphasis.

trying to get the meaning over rather than worrying about finishing on time. (The timing should be carefully checked beforehand.)
using inflections that will carry the best meaning.
timing for interest, laughs, and thought.
avoiding the same key or pitch at the beginning of every sentence.
varying the stress at the beginning of sentences, paragraphs, and stanzas.
varying the length of phrases, when possible.
avoiding the same key of the last lines of the person preceding you.
varying the speech rhythm so that a set pattern is not repeated over and over.

Types of Broadcasting

Announcing. It is often thought that announcing is one of radio's easiest assignments, that anyone who has a good voice can announce. This is not true; more than anyone else the announcer is tempted to use the same stereoptyped speech pattern every time. So much of what he reads is repetition, that he can easily sound insincere. It is his difficult task to avoid monotony, to strive to be direct, to give the message thoughtfully rather than thoughtlessly. His role is similar to that of the professional actor who must repeat the same performance for weeks and still sound sincere. He must sound confidential without being smug, intimate without being sentimental. His voice must be accepted by the masses as well as by the cultured; he cannot be too precise, too casual, too commonplace, or too undignified; he must establish a personality that listeners will remember. He must sound vitally interested if he would interest his audience. If he ever forgets that he has an audience with likes and dislikes, he probably will deteriorate into an automaton.

As an interpreter, the announcer thinks of the meaning of the words on the script before him; he tries to create the mood and stimulate interest in what he is reading. This involves interpretation of the lines rather than mere reading as if from the minutes of the last meeting. The announcer is attempting more than to convey information; he is trying to secure attention. The reading, therefore, must be conversational but also compelling. It should

be a wise procedure for announcers to practice interpreting all kinds of literature—informative, spectacular, comic, dramatic, or commercial—in order to train their voices in flexibility and variety of tone for various programs. The announcers are really the supersalesmen of the air.

David Ross, winner of the 1932 gold medal awarded by the American Academy of Arts and Letters for effective announcing, summarizes the important characteristics of the announcer:

1. A clear speaking voice.
2. An ability to enlist the voice in the service of good speech.
3. A knowledge of the tonal quality of words and their psychological effects beyond their dictionary meaning.
4. An announcer must first understand his continuity thoroughly before he can speak it intelligently.
5. He must understand the effect of understatement as well as emphasis.
6. He must never try to inflate by false accentuation what is essentially a simple, homey phrase to the proportions of grandeur. The phrase will die of pomposity.
7. He must remember that he is talking to live human beings who have loved, struggled, laughed, dreamed, despaired and hoped; therefore his work before the microphone must reflect his human experience so that his audience will recognize it as real.
8. He must bear in mind that the cheap wisecrack is as offensive as the direct insult.
9. An announcer must know when he knows not, and make it his business to find out.
10. If the announcer expects to be received into the homes of his hearers, he must come with credentials of grace, sincerity and warm fellowship, and these may be found in the voice.[1]

Milton Cross aptly writes, "An announcer's voice must be healthy, well-dressed, and cheerful."

Waldo Abbott, in his *Handbook of Broadcasting*, concludes:

The qualities that make the best announcers are personality, charm, naturalness, sincerity, conviction, enthusiasm, spontaneity, accuracy, culture, and salesmanship, to which add a dash of voice with an excellent vocabulary and you have an ideal radio announcer. . . . To be accepted by the radio listener, the announcer must avoid all forms of

[1] From the New York *Times*, November 13, 1932. Reprinted by permission of the author and the New York *Times*.

affectation, such as gushing, evangelical exhortation, pleading sweetness, aggressive overemphasis, spiritual ecstasy, and the overprecise pronunciation that results in an obvious division of words into its syllables. The three "E's" of the radio announcer have been said to be Egoism, Enthusiasm, and Elocutionary It.[2]

News Commentating. Personality on the air is well demonstrated in the flash of news. Although news commentators are interested in giving information, radio audiences have discovered that news can be delivered in a number of ways, depending on the personality of the one broadcasting. Many of us have learned that we like our news interpreted in one way better than in another. We may find one voice more distinctive, more authoritative, more direct. Some like the dramatic touch, the enhancing of facts by a spectacular vocal manner. Others like to relax and listen to a voice that soothes. All of us hope for the electric experience caused by an exciting news flash which has just reached the desk of the news commentator. It is then that the broadcast reaches a dramatic climax, that the tension of the commentator becomes a reality as it is transmitted to us through the ether. One well-known commentator has remarked that although he tries not to be nervous, it always is an exciting experience to him to know that he is broadcasting to millions, and that he is announcing news of great importance. He concludes that he has yet to have his first broadcast when he was not excited by the possibilities in the use of the time allotted to him over the air.

Interviews and Round-Table Discussions. The voice of one being interviewed may play a secondary part before the microphone; usually the personality to be interviewed is important enough to attract and hold attention, regardless of his voice. The elements of surprise, of human interest, of intimately meeting an important personality may compensate for a poor voice. However, interviews often provide an interesting study of the contrast between the announcer's trained voice and the untrained voice of the one being interviewed.

Round table discussions must carry the impression of spontaneity and sincerity so necessary to all radio programs. Care

[2] Reprinted by permission of the McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., publishers.

should be taken to identify the voices for the audience by calling the members of the forum by name as often as seems feasible. Although these programs give the impression of being impromptu, they are usually rehearsed carefully so that there may be a progression of ideas which will culminate before the end of the program. The technique of giving the illusion of impromptu discussion must be carefully worked out mainly through selection of ideas. Sometimes, in a rehearsal period, actual discussion by members is taken down and then worked over for general smoothness and emphasis. Then the participants have to interpret these scripts in the actual broadcast. If the discussions are extemporaneous, there must be a master-hand in charge, so that ideas will progress and conclusions will be reached.

Sports Announcing. Probably in no other type of radio program is there greater empathy felt by listeners than in the announcing of sports events. The rapidity of the game, the excitement of visualizing the ball as it passes from one team to another, the thrill of a basket or a touchdown, are captured by the audience through one voice which is tensely, quickly, but surely describing the action of the game and the excitement of the onlookers. In such a broadcast, the audience does not want a lukewarm, casual voice that carries no thrill of the contest. The sports announcer is in reality playing a dramatic role, more dramatic than any other role because of the shifting action and the impromptu climaxes. Consequently the sports announcer must know his game, he must be fluent, alert, and observing, and he must have a sense of dramatic values.

Poetry Reading. NBC in 1937 discovered that music occupied first place in radio time, with literature running a close second. Their survey showed that 19% of the literature was poetry, 21% was comedy, and 60% was drama. It is recognized that the radio could be a great force in bringing poetry back to its original setting of being read aloud for enjoyment, instead of being printed to be studied.

The microphone enhances the interpretation of poetry, because so many delicate meanings can be brought out in the intimacy of radio. The establishment of mood and atmosphere is simpler over the air than it is in an auditorium, because the voice

can be used without strain. The pitch of the voice can be kept low, the rhythm of the poetry will not have to be slowed down because of the size of the hall, the tones can be as soft as the poetry demands.

A program of poetical selections should follow the same plan that an interpreter would use for a platform audience: the poetry should center around a unifying theme, and the author and his poetry should be well known to the interpreter so that interesting sidelights can be used to point up the interpretation. Music may give continuity, establish mood, and climax the program. However, the interpretation should not fall into the rhythmical patterns of the music and thus be sung over the microphone.

The radio interpreter should remember that the audience will consist of teachers, ministers, business men and women, laborers, farmers, housewives—old and young. The poetry should be chosen with the realization that it should not be too mystical, too involved for the audience to understand or the interpreter to read. Poetry with familiar themes and moods will always attract listeners. The first selection should hold attention and the last should make the audience wish to listen in again next time.

Comedy. The most successful radio comedy uses the familiar to interest the audience; the more closely the plot ties up with the experiences of the audience, the better it will be liked. Frequently, the appeal is through "hokum": exaggeration of types and characterizations, nasal voices, plaintive voices, infantile voices, hearty guffaws, repetition of the same phrases, events, entrances, and exits. Radio comedy is like vaudeville comedy, which also is built upon vocal gymnastics and stock incidents.

The technique of good timing is one of the necessary assets of the comedian on the air. Timing, as we have mentioned before, can make or break a joke or a "gag," for it can kill a laugh that is ready to break out or it can touch off hilarious laughter. A "gag" is merely a time-worn joke which has been modernized for new situations and new characters, and depends on split-second timing for its effect. No one can explain how to gauge the correct timing because it is like rhythm—it must be felt or sensed by the performer. Of course, if a comedian has built up a reputation for himself, he has less to worry about because an expectant audi-

ence will laugh no matter what the interpreter does. It is good psychology, however, to be sure of the first laughs, for once laughter has started, the program will usually develop a cumulative effect and become uproarious. The story has been told of how Mark Twain, who always delighted his audience, rose to give a serious speech at a dinner and announced in his first sentence that he was going to give a serious speech for the first time in his life. His remark evoked a roar of laughter, which continued throughout his speech: the more serious he became, the more the audience laughed.

Drama. There are certain handicaps in producing radio drama which are not experienced on the stage; but sometimes instead of making the direction more difficult, radio drama simplifies the director's problems. The director can set his drama anywhere, suggesting by conversation and by sound effects the desired atmosphere; the imagination of the audience supplies the stage setting. The mere mention of a cozy fireplace or a glowing fire satisfies the audience; a few grunts and puffs as one works in an imaginary garden, and the picture is complete for the radio listeners—perhaps more complete than any which the most competent stage director can give the audience. The radio director does not have to worry about how well entrances and exits are accomplished, about action being duplicated too many times, about crosses and position and balance on the stage, about lighting, costumes, color; but he does have to worry about getting his story over through sound effects.

He uses dialogue and sound effects to suggest action; he revamps his story to cut down on the number of characters so that the drama may be followed easily; he uses repetition to be sure that his audience will not miss important ideas; he uses characters of different sex, age, experience, and taste to achieve interesting vocal effects; he usually begins his story in the midst of action, which, because of time limitations, is quick-moving and climactic. He suggests entrances by sound effects—by the voice, by the slam of a door, or by the rattling of the doorknob; he gives the impression of distance by various positions before the microphone. The desired illusion is completed by contrasting voices. The director is careful to choose voices that do not sound too much

alike and that typify the characters in the script. The hero can be shorter than the heroine; he may be tall, thin, and gawky or he may be short, fat, and roly-poly; he may have red or gray hair. No one cares how he *looks*, if he *sounds* right. Sounding like the part is the crux of the actor's success or failure in radio drama.

Spontaneity and sincerity in the conversational flow are necessary to create the impression of movement and reality. However, no radio drama will keep the same pace for all characters, but will vary the tempo to give contrast. Since phrases and sentences must sound conversational, the speech rhythm will shift and change; inflections will indicate specific meaning, while pitch level and quality will suggest character-types. If a character is introduced and described by another character, as he often is, with statements like: "You remember Harry—well, he'll be here soon; slightly aged since his tragedy, but still the same old Harry" —the person taking the part of *Harry* must use the quality of voice, the pitch, the inflections, and the tempo which best suit the description.

In the final analysis, the radio director probably depends on the selection of contrasting and appropriate voices more than on any other factor to put over his drama; because, first, the audience must not be confused, and secondly, the audience must be convinced that the characters are real. The rest of the reality comes if the characters pick up cues, keep alert during the program, remain in character, and interpret lines effectively rather than mechanically.

In any kind of radio program, the control of the voice and of all sound effects is necessary. One can have many ingenious mechanical effects, but unless the voices create the meaning, give the continuity of the action, and stimulate the imagination, the program fails. The sound effects are secondary to the vocal sounds, and become a part of the total visualized picture by providing the atmosphere for the interpreters—and the audience. However, the listeners not only control the types of programs through their purchase of the advertised product, but they are keenly critical of what they hear.

The discerning student, after attempting the interpretation of various types of literature before different audiences, will discover

that the interpreter's technique is based upon the same principles whether in personal, choral, or radio interpretation. He must always know the meaning of the literature to be interpreted and he must know how to use his voice effectively to create the meanings for an audience.

Exercises

I. Analyze radio voices:

1. What announcers' voices sound the most interesting to you?
2. Which comedy voices are the most original?
3. Which voices are the most sincere?
4. Which voice is the most rapid and the best articulated?
5. Which voice would you like to sound like?
6. Which feminine voices appeal to you?
7. What comedy programs do you not like? Why not?
8. What program is most thrilling? Is it because of the voices, the sound effects, or the story?
9. Which voices would you like to take off the air?
10. Which radio drama has the best contrasting voices?

II. Imitate behind a screen: a certain comedian; a certain announcer; a certain sports reviewer; a certain dramatic character.

III. The following scripts have been given over the air. These can be practiced with radio casts working behind a screen so that the class can hear but cannot see the characters.

[1]

I HAVE NO PRAYER [3]

(Music setting scene of desert, down and continuing behind:)

ANNOUNCER. We are somewhere in North Africa. The time: yesterday, today, tomorrow . . .

(Music up, down and continuing behind:)

JOE. A prayer? Are you guys nuts? What do I know about prayers. All right, so he was my friend, so what? I don't know how to pray! *(Down slightly.)* Okay. We'll sorta stand around his grave and I'll just talk, but it won't be a prayer. I—uh—I knew Jake just about as long as you guys did. He got to Texas for opera-

[3] From *Free World Theatre: Nineteen New Radio Plays.* Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.

tional training when I did—and when you guys did. *(Fade.)* I remember that day. . . .

(Music out. Wind sighing, continuing behind:)

COMMANDING OFFICER. I guess there is little to say to you men. You know why you're here. You five are to be the crew of the latest in armored equipment. The six weeks at this field you are to learn to work together—so get to know each other. *(Fade.)* That's all men.

(Music behind:)

JOE. Remember, Jake—get to know each other. Five of us—and if five strange hound dogs meeting each other for the first time could shake hands, that's the way we shook. *(Fade.)* Remember, Jake. . . .

(Music out. Wind sighs behind:)

JOE. Joe Kelly's my name.

JAMES. How do you do, Sergeant. I'm James Adams.

LEM. Me—I'm Lem Jackson.

SAM. Sam Jones is my name.

JAKE. My name is Jake Cracow. Hello.

(Music continuing behind:)

JOE. I didn't like you, Jake. I didn't think much of the other three, either. Not my kind of guys. I didn't think so then—and I was sure of it that night. *(Fade.)* Remember that night . . .

(Music out. Sound of five men sitting around. We hear a succession of nervous coughs.)

JAMES. *(Fade-in.)* Well, the five of us have been sitting around here for the last ten minutes. C.O. said we had to get acquainted, so here goes. I suggest we simply tell each other all about ourselves—at least the pertinent facts: I'll start. James Adams—born in the suburbs of Boston, Massachusetts. Went to Harvard. I had a couple of hundred flying hours before I joined up—flying private planes. I got washed out a couple months after that—eyes went bad. I can't say I exactly like the change, but here I am and, unless a miracle happens to my eyes *(Fade.)*, here I stay.

(Music behind:)

JOE. James Adams here started the ball rolling. Yeah, true confessions—and then Sam. . . .

(Music behind:)

SAM. *(Fade-in.)* I got the name Detroit because Detroit's the only place I've ever known. Me, I didn't get washed out anywhere. I wanted to be here because inside of that tin buggy, like the fellow calls it, is a radial engine, and, if I do say so myself, there's nothing in the book I don't know about radials! *(Fade.)* I wonder if they sell beer around here.

(Music behind:)

JOE. Then Lem. . . . .

(Music goes on. Hold chord:)

LEM. Ah guess that the only thing different about me is Ah never was more'n ten miles away from the place where Ah was born for twenty-one years—so anything that happens to me in this man's war is new—brand new! Only machinery Ah know anything about is an old Fohd, model T, mah pappy used to have. *(Fade.)* But Ah guess that won't do much good around heah, will it?

(Music goes on:)

JOE. Then you, Jake. . . .

(Hold chord:)

JAKE. So then I went to Northwestern University to get my Master's degree. Biology. It's about the only thing in life I'm interested in. That sounds funny in view of the fact of where I am now—but —but since we're supposed to be talking frankly, there's the truth. What good a Master's degree in biology is going to do driving a tank, I don't know, but maybe I'll be able to do this squad some good. *(Chuckles.)* Hey, I've talked enough! It's your turn, Sergeant Kelly. How about you?

JOE. *(Brusquely.)* I'm from New York and I'm Irish and let's go to sleep—we got work to do tomorrow!

(Music goes on:)

JOE. Five guys: a longnose from Harvard who looked as if he was born wearing soup and fish; a cockeyed mechanic with dirt and grease under his nails; a Hebe from Chicago; a Methodist farmer kid from the South with a thin face like he was hungry most of the time—and me. Five different guys—yeah, different. . . .

OFFICER. *(Filter.)* The six weeks at this field you are to learn to work together.

JOE. Okay! Okay! You're in the army now! Guys you'd never be with, you're *with!* Okay!

(Music goes into tense action. Sound of tank and continuing back:)

JOE. You're in a tank with those four guys, and their names happen to be Jake and Lem and Sam and James Adams. And you're in a tank and you gotta be a team 'cause you're in the army now! Yeah!

(Music building on time motif:)

JOE. And a couple of days go by!

(Music, time motif:)

JOE. And a couple of more!

(Music, time motif:)

JOE. And then it's a couple of weeks—and a couple more . . .

(Music hits chord:)

JOE. And one day riding along in that tank, a funny thing happens. . . .

(Music out. Fade-in of tank rolling along, continuing behind:)

JIM. *(Calling out above rumble of mechanism, slight echo.)* Enemy objective thousand yards right.

JOE. *(Back.)* Thousand right—full speed ahead!

JAKE. *(Back.)* Full speed ahead!

JIM. Range seven fifty.

JOE. Ready for firing, Lem!

LEM. Ready!

JOE. Steady ahead, Jake!

JAKE. Okay, Joe!

JOE. Steady! Fire!

(Seventy-five gun goes off.)

SAM. A hit! It's a hit! *(Fade.)* A hit!

(Sound fades quickly with above. Music behind:)

JOE. Yeah, it happens! All at once you *like* being with these guys! You can't figure it out, but you like being with them! Yeah, you who all your life had been full of words like Hunkie and Dago and Wop and Sheenie. . . . Yeah, you who had always thought that anybody who had any more schooling than you had was a fathead, that anybody who was a farmer was a hick, that anybody who didn't live right around where you'd always lived wasn't quite right! All of a sudden you were forgettin' all those things, and—an' likin' these guys. . . . And you can't figure it out! *(Music hits attention chord:)* And all at once you're not rollin' a tank over Texas—you're to heck and gone and you don't know quite how it happened! *(Sound of tank behind.)* You're in Africa—rollin' over the sand in Africa—and the same guys are with you—and the old iron buggy makes the same noise—but it's not the same . . . *(Music goes into something planting war:)* 'Cause the objective is *real* now—the Nazi objective—and you can't see 'em, but you know they're some place up ahead because the radio buzzing in your ears is tellin' you. . . .

VOICE. *(British, through headphones.)* They're over the ridge, Americans. Get them!

JOE. So you give the order. This is it! Let's get 'em, guys! Yeah, guys! Four guys—*your* guys! And the tank shakin' underneath you and your heart's bangin' inside of you. *(Music hits chord:)* And then the second funny thing happens! You're not five guys in the belly of that iron thing but *one* guy—one guy drivin' it, and the same guy sightin' down the gun, and the same guy standin' by to load it, and the same guy at the machine gun, and the same guy watchin' through the turret—one guy—*one* guy—and he's a scared guy, and a mad guy, and a guy like ice, and he's not a Methodist or a Jew or a Catholic or a Protestant or a guy with no God. He's one fightin' guy and he's goin' to beat back the

Nazi or die tryin'! *(Music builds to climax, then down and continuing quietly behind:) (Quietly.)* You were the one who died tryin', JAKE. And we buried you here and now I'm supposed to say a prayer over you. I can only talk. We got to the top of the ridge and there were three of them waitin' for us. We got them —but they got you. Jim says there should be a star over your grave, but that'll have to wait. Meanwhile we've stuck up a cross, so we'll know where you're at when we come back. We lost the iron buggy, and we're hoofin' it back to the base, but we *will* come back. If it isn't me and Lem and Sam and Jim, it'll be others like us, so like us you won't be able to tell us apart 'cause—'cause like I said before, there's only one guy fightin' this war on our side. He's the guy who's found out, now that the chips are down, that we're all men together—fightin' for one reason. Yeah, all over the world—so that the Catholics and the Hindus and the Chinese and the Methodists and the Jews, and the Greeks and the English and every other kind of man can be free men together all over the world. But—a different kind of a free man! Not like I was—with a chip on my shoulder that my father had put there, and my father's father before him on account of the wrongs that had been done back in Ireland. Not like—like Lem here—thinkin' that anybody who didn't talk like he did, or have the same kind of skin over his bones was the scum of the earth! Or not like Jim —with a fence between himself and anybody who didn't come from his snooty neck of the woods. No! *(Tightly.)* Jake, maybe out of this war, just the way five guys like us who thought we were free Americans found out we weren't really free of all the dirty hates inside of ourselves until we started workin' together —maybe it'll be like that—at least the start of it—all over the world! We'll march into Germany—all of us together—all of us alike—and nobody will be askin' anybody else where they're from, or what they did, or what's their skin, or the shape of their head, or the crook of their nose! They'll be men together with one idea—to make this world a place of live and let live—no, live and *help* live! And nobody's goin' to gyp them and us out of that idea—nobody, *nobody! (Down, quietly.)* Well, Jake, I—I guess that's all. We'll be back for you. Lie there in peace. If I said anything wrong or—or not fittin' to the occasion, excuse me. I only said what I could say . . . I got no prayer. . . .

(Music up to curtain.)

ARCH OBOLER, from *Free World Theatre: Nineteen Radio Plays*

[2]

This selection can be done effectively over the radio, or with the performers scattered through the audience. Choral interpretation will help to build it to a climax.

LISTEN TO THE PEOPLE [4]

Independence Day, 1941

NARRATOR:
This is Independence Day,
Fourth of July, the day we mean to keep,
Whatever happens and whatever falls
Out of a sky grown strange;
This is firecracker day for sunburnt kids,
The day of the parade,
Slambanging down the street.
Listen to the parade!
There's J. K. Burney's float,
Red-white-and-blue crepe-paper on the wheels,
The Fire Department and the local Grange,
There are the pretty girls with their hair curled,
The Spirit of East Greenwich, Betsy Ross,
Democracy, or just some pretty girls.
There are the veterans and the Legion Post
(Their feet are going to hurt when they get home),
The band, the flag, the band, the usual crowd,
Good-humored, watching, hot,
Silent a second as the flag goes by,
Kidding the local cop and eating popsicles,
Jack Brown and Rosie Shapiro and Dan Shay,
Paul Bunchick and the Greek who runs the Greek's,
The black-eyed children out of Sicily,
The girls who giggle and the boys who push,
All of them there and all of them a nation.
And, afterwards,
There'll be ice cream and fireworks and a speech
By Somebody the Honorable Who,
The lovers will pair off in the kind dark
And Tessie Jones, our honor-graduate,
Will read the Declaration.
That's how it is. It's always been that way.

[4] From the *Selected Works* of Stephen Vincent Benét, published by Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. Copyright, 1941, by Stephen Vincent Benét.

That's our Fourth of July, through war and peace,
That's our Fourth of July.

And a lean farmer on a stony farm
Came home from mowing, buttoned up his shirt
And walked ten miles to town,
Musket in hand.
He didn't know the sky was falling down
And, it may be, he didn't know so much.
But people oughtn't to be pushed around
By kings or any such.
A workman in the city dropped his tools.
An ordinary, small-town kind of man
Found himself standing in the April sun,
One of a ragged line
Against the skilled professionals of war,
The matchless infantry who could not fail,
Not for the profit, not to conquer worlds,
Not for the pomp or the heroic tale
But first, and principally, since he was sore.
They could do things in quite a lot of places.
They shouldn't do them here, in Lexington.
He looked around and saw his neighbors' faces. . . .

An Angry Voice:
Disperse, ye villains! Damn you, why don't you disperse?

A Calm Voice:
Stand your ground, men. Don't fire unless fired upon.
But, if they mean to have a war, let it begin here!

Narrator, Resuming:
Well, that was that. And later, when he died
Of fever or a bullet in the guts,
Bad generalship, starvation, dirty wounds
Or any one of all the thousand things
That kill a man in wars,
He didn't die handsome but he did die free
And maybe that meant something. It could be.
Oh, it's not pretty! Say it all you like!
It isn't a bit pretty. Not one bit.
But that is how the liberty was won.
That paid for the firecrackers and the band.

A Young Voice, Radical:
Well, what do you mean, you dope?
Don't you know this is an imperialist, capitalist country, don't you?

Don't you know it's all done with mirrors and the bosses get the gravy, don't you?
Suppose some old guy with chin whiskers did get his pants shot off at a place called Lexington?
What does it mean to me?

AN OLDER VOICE, CONSERVATIVE:
My dear fellow, I myself am a son of a son of a son of the American Revolution,
But I can only view the present situation with the gravest alarm,
Because we are rapidly drifting into a dictatorship
And it isn't my kind of dictatorship, what's more.
The Constitution is dead and labor doesn't know its place,
And then there's all that gold buried at Fort Knox
And the taxes—oh, oh, oh!
Why, what's the use of a defense-contract if you can't make money out of your country?
Things are bad—things are very bad.
Already my Aunt Emeline has had to shoot her third footman.
(He broke his leg passing cocktails and it was really a kindness.)
And, if you let the working-classes buy coal, they'll only fill it with bathtubs.
Don't you realize the gravity of the situation, don't you?
Won't you hide your head in a bucket and telegraph your congressman, opposing everything possible, including peace and war?

A TOTALITARIAN VOICE, PERSUASIVE:
My worthy American listeners,
I am giving you one more chance.
Don't you know that we are completely invincible, don't you?
Won't you just admit that we are the wave of the future, won't you?
You are a very nice, mongrel, disgusting people—
But, naturally, you need new leadership.
We can supply it. We've sent the same brand to fourteen nations.
It comes in the shape of a bomb and it beats as it sweeps as it cleans.
For those of you who like order, we can supply order.
We give the order. You take it.
For those of you who like efficiency, we can supply efficiency.
Look what we did to Coventry and Rotterdam!
For those of you who like Benito Mussolini, we can supply Benito Mussolini.
(He's three doors down to the left, at the desk marked Second Vice President.)
Now be sensible—give up this corrupt and stupid nonsense of democracy.

And you can have the crumbs from our table and a trusty's job in our world-jail.

RADICAL VOICE:
Forget everything but the class struggle. Forget democracy.

CONSERVATIVE VOICE:
Hate and distrust your own government. Whisper, hate, and never look forward.
Look back wistfully to the good old, grand old days—the days when the boys said "The public be damned!" and got away with it.
Democracy's a nasty word, invented by the Reds.

TOTALITARIAN VOICE:
Just a little collaboration and you too can be part of the New Order.
You too can have fine new concentration camps and shoes made out of wood pulp. You too can be as peaceful as Poland, as happy and gay as France. Just a little collaboration. We have so many things to give you.
We can give you your own Hess, your own Himmler, your own Goering—all home-grown and wrapped in cellophane. We've done it elsewhere. If you'll help, we can do it here.

RADICAL VOICE:
Democracy's a fake—

CONSERVATIVE VOICE:
Democracy's a mistake—

TOTALITARIAN VOICE:
Democracy is finished. We are the future.

(Music up and ominous)

NARRATOR, RESUMING:
The sky is dark, now, over the parade,
The sky's an altered sky, a sky that might be.

There's J. K. Burney's float
With funny-colored paper on the wheels
Or no—excuse me—used to be J.K.'s.
But the store's under different management
Like quite a lot of stores.
You see, J.K. got up in church one day,
After it all had happened and walked out.
That day they instituted the new order.
They had a meeting. Held it in the church.
He just walked out. That's all.

That's all there is to say about J.K.,
Though I remember just the way he looked,
White-faced and chin stuck out.
I think they could have let the church alone.
It's kind of dreary, shutting up the church.
But don't you say I said so. Don't you say!
Listen to the parade!
There are the pretty girls with their hair curled,
Back from the labor camp.
They represent the League of Strength through Joy.
At least, I guess it's that.
No, they don't go to high school any more.
They get told where to go. We all get told.
And, now and then, it happens like Jack Brown,
Nice fellow, Jack. Ran the gas station here.
But he was married to a You-Know-Who.
Fond of her, too.
I don't know why we never used to mind.
Why, she walked round like anybody else,
Kept her kids clean and joined the Ladies' Social.
Just shows you, doesn't it? But that's all done.
And you won't see her in the crowd today,
Her or the kids or Jack,
Unless you look six feet under the ground,
The lime-washed ground, the bitter prison ground
That hides the martyrs and the innocent,
And you won't see Dan Shay.
Dan was a Union man
And now we don't have Unions any more.
They wouldn't even let him take his specs,
The day the troopers came around for him.
And yet he needed specs. He had gray hair.
Funny—you keep remembering things like that.
Maybe he's still alive. It's hard to say.
(Half hysterically)
Listen to the parade!
The marching, marching, marching feet,
All with the same hard stamp!
The bands, the bands, the bands, the flags, the flags,
The sharp, mechanical, inhuman cheer
Dragged from the straining throats of the stiff crowd!
It's Independence—sorry, my mistake!
It's National Day—the Day of the New Order!
We let it happen—we forgot the old,
Bleak words of common sense, "Unite or Die,"

We fiddled and we squabbled and we scrapped,
We led a filibuster in the Senate,
We were quite ready for a sacrifice
Sometime, next Tuesday—but not yet, not now!
And the clock struck—and the bad dream was here.

A Voice:
But you can't do this to me! I subscribed to Party funds!

A Voice:
You can't do this to me. We got laws, We got courts, We got unions.

A Voice:
You can't do this to me. Why, I believe in Karl Marx!

A Voice:
You can't do this to me. The Constitution forbids it.

A Voice:
I was always glad to co-operate.

A Voice:
It looked to me like good business.

A Voice:
It looked to me like the class struggle.

A Voice:
It looked to me like peace in our time.

Totalitarian Voice:
Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Democracy is finished. You are finished. We are the present!

(Music up and down)

Narrator:
That is one voice. You've heard it. Don't forget it.
And don't forget it can be slick or harsh,
Violent or crooning, but it's still the same,
And it means death.

Are there no other voices? None at all?
No voice at all out of the long parade
That marched so many years,
Out of the passion of the Puritans,
The creaking of the wagons going west,
The guns of Sharpsburg, the unnumbered dead,
Out of the baffled and bewildered hosts
Who came here for a freedom hardly known,

Rebel and exile, bondservant and outcast.
Out of the bowels of the immigrant ship,
The strange, sick voyage, the cheating and the scorn
And yet, at the end, Liberty.
Liberty with a torch in her right hand,
Whoever cheated and whoever lied,
Liberty for my children, Liberty
Slowly worked out, deceived a thousand times,
But never quite forgotten, always growing,
Growing like wheat and corn.
"I remember a man named Abe Lincoln.
I remember the words he used to say."
Oh, we can call on Lincoln and Tom Paine,
Adams and Jefferson.
Call on the great words spoken that remain
Like the great stars of evening, the fixed stars,
But that is not enough.
The dead are mighty and are part of us
And yet the dead are dead. This is our world,
Our time, our choice, our anguish, our decision.
This is our world. We have to make it now,
A hundred and thirty millions of us have to,
And make it well, or suffer the bad dream.
What have we got to say?

A Woman's Voice:
I don't know. I'm a woman with a house.
I do my work. I take care of my man.
I've got a right to say how things should be.
I've got a right to have my kids grow up
The way they ought to grow. Don't stop me there.
Don't tread on me, don't hinder me, don't cross me.
I made my kids myself. I haven't got
Big words to tell about them.
But, if you ask about democracy,
Democracy's the growing and the bearing,
Mouth at the breast and child still to be born.
Democracy is kids and the green grass.

Narrator:
What have we got to say,
People, you people?

A Man's Voice:
I guess I haven't thought about it much.
I been too busy. Way I figure it

It's this way. We've got something. If it's crummy
The bunch of us can change what we don't like
In our own way and mean it.
I got a cousin back in the old country.
He says it's swell there but he couldn't change
A button on his pants without an order
From somebody's pet horse. Maybe he likes it.
I'm sticking here. That's all. Well, sign me off.

NARRATOR:
People, you people, living everywhere,
Sioux Falls and Saugatuck and Texarkana,
Memphis and Goshen, Harrodsburg and Troy,
People who live at postmarks with queer names,
Blue Eye and Rawhide, Santa Claus and Troublesome,
People by rivers, people of the plains,
People whose contour-plows bring back the grass
To a dust-bitten and dishonored earth,
And those who farm the hillside acres still
And raise up fortitude between the stones,
Millions in cities, millions in the towns,
People who spit a mile from their front doors
And gangling kids, ballplaying in the street,
All races and all stocks, all creeds and cries,
And yet one people, one, and always striving. . . .

A MAN:
I'm on relief.
I know what they say about us on relief,
Those who were never there.
All the same, we made the park.
We made the road and the check-dam and the culvert.
Our names are not on the tablets. Forget our names.
But, when you drive on the road, remember us, also.
Remember Johnny Lombardo and his pick,
Remember us, when you build democracy,
For we, too, were part and are part.

NARRATOR:
One nation, one.
And the voices of young and old, of all who have faith,
Jostling and mingling, speaking from the ground,
Speaking from the old houses and the pride,
Speaking from the deep hollows of the heart.

A MAN'S VOICE:
I was born in '63.

There were many then who despised the Republic,
Many fine and solid citizens.
They had good and plausible reasons and were eloquent.
I grew up in the Age of Brass, the Age of Steel.
I have known and heard of three wars.
All through my life, whenever the skies were dark,
There came to me many fine and solid citizens,
Wringing their hands, despairing of the Republic,
Because of an income tax or a depression,
Because their party had lost the last election,
Because we couldn't do this and shouldn't do that.
And yet, each time, I saw the Republic grow
Like a great elm tree, through each fault and failure,
The stubborn rock, the parched soil,
And spread its branches over all the people.
Look at the morning sun. There is the Republic.
Not yesterday, but there, the breaking day.

TOTALITARIAN VOICE:
But, my worthy American listeners,
All this is degenerate talk.
The future rolls like a wave and you cannot fight it.

A VOICE:
Who says we can't?

A VOICE:
Who says so?

A VOICE:
What's his racket?

A VOICE:
How does he get that way?

A VOICE:
You mean to tell me
A little shrimp like that could run the world,
A guy with a trick mustache and a bum salute
Run us, run you and me?

TOTALITARIAN VOICE:
You mistake me.
Others have often made the same mistake
Often and often and in many countries.
I never play upon a people's strength.
I play upon their weaknesses and fears.
I make their doubts my allies and my spies.

I have a most convincing mask of peace
Painted by experts, for one kind of sucker,
And for another—I'm a business man,
Straight from the shoulder, talking trade and markets
And much misunderstood.
I touch this man upon his pocketbook,
That man upon his hatred for his boss,
That man upon his fear.
I offer everything, for offering's cheap.
I make no claims until I make the claims.
I'm always satisfied until I'm not,
Which happens rather rapidly to those
Who think I could be satisfied with less
Than a dismembered and digested world.
My secret weapon is no secret weapon.
It is to turn all men against all men
For my own purposes. It is to use
Good men to do my work without their knowledge,
Not only the secret traitor and the spy.
It is to raise a question and a doubt
Where there was faith. It is to subjugate
Men's minds before their bodies feel the steel.
It is to use
All envy, all despair, all prejudice
For my own work.
If you've an envy or prejudice
A nicely grown, well-rounded piece of hate,
I'll play on it and use it to your ruin.
My generals are General Distrust,
General Fear, General Half-A-Heart,
General It's-Too-Late,
General Greed and Major-General Hate,
And they go walking in civilian clothes
In your own streets and whisper in your ears.
I won't be beaten just by sitting tight.
They tried that out in France. I won't be beaten
By hiding in the dark and making faces,
And certainly I never will be beaten
By those who rather like my kind of world,
Or, if not like it, think that it must come,
Those who have wings and burrow in the ground.
For I'm not betting only on the tanks,
The guns, the planes, the bombers,
But on your own division and disunion.
On your own minds and hearts to let me in,

For, if that happens, all I wish for happens.
So what have you got to say?
What have you got to bet against my bet?
Where's your one voice?

AMERICAN VOICE:
Our voice is not one voice but many voices.
Not one man's, not the greatest, but the people's.
The blue sky and the forty-eight States of the people.
Many in easy times but one in the pinch
And that's what some folks forget.
Our voice is all the objectors and dissenters
And they sink and are lost in the groundswell of the people,
Once the people rouse, once the people wake and listen.
People, you people, growing everywhere,
What have you got to say?
There's a smart boy here with a question and he wants answers.
What have you got to say?

A VOICE:
We are the people. Listen to us now.

A VOICE:
Says you we're puny? We built Boulder Dam,
We built Grand Coulee and the T.V.A.
We built them out of freedom and our sweat.

A VOICE:
Says you we're faint of heart and little of mind?
We poured like wheat through the gaps of the Appalachians.
We made the seas of wheat, the seas of corn.
We made five States a sea of wheat and corn.

A VOICE, LAUGHING:
We built the cities and the skyscrapers,
All the proud steel. We built them up so high
The eagles lost their way.

A VOICE:
That's us. When did you do a job like that?

A VOICE:
Wasn't enough.

A VOICE:
No, and you bet it wasn't.
Not with the apple-sellers in the streets,
Not with the empty shops, the hungry men.

A Voice:
But we learned some things in that darkness and kept free.
We didn't fold up and yell for a dictator.
We built, even in the darkness. We learned our trade
By the licks we took and we're building different now.

A Voice:
We lost our way for a while but we've found our way.
We know it and we'll hold it and we'll keep it.
We'll tell it to the world. We're saying it.

A Voice:
Freedom to speak and pray.

A Voice:
Freedom from want and fear.

A Voice:
That's what we're building.

A Voice:
Now and here and now.

A Voice:
Forever and forever and forever.

Narrator:
People, you people, risen and awake. . . .

A Voice:
That's what we're building and we'll build it here.
That's what we're building and we'll build it now,
Build it and make it shine across the world,
A refuge and a fortress and a hope,
Breaking old chains and laughing in the sun.
This is the people's cause, the people's might.
We have set up a standard for the free
And it shall not go down.
That's why we drill the plate and turn the wheel,
Build the big planes.
That's why a million and a half of us
Learn here and now how free men stand in arms.
Don't tread on us, don't hinder us, don't cross us.
We won't have tyranny here.

A Voice:
We don't give one long low hoot for your master race.
We think your slick new order's a bowl of raspberries.
We'll pick the small and the free and the enduring,

Wherever we find them and wherever they are.
We won't have tyranny here.

A Voice:
We'll stick by Rosie Shapiro and Dan Shay,
Paul Bunchick and the Greek who runs the Greek's,
And all of 'em like that, wherever they are,
We'll stick by the worn old stones in Salem churchyard,
The Jamestown church and the bones of the Alamo.
We won't have tyranny here.

A Voice:
It's a long way out of the past and a long way forward.
It's a tough way, too, and there's plenty of trouble in it.
It's a black storm crowding the sky and a cold wind blowing,
Blowing upon us all.
See it and face it. That's the way it is.
That's the way it'll be for a time and a time.
Even the easy may have little ease.
Even the meek may suffer in their meekness.
But we've ridden out storms before and we'll ride out this one,
Ride it out and get through.
It won't be done by the greedy and the go-easies.
The stuffed shirts, the "yes but" men and the handsome phonies,
The men who want to live in their father's pockets,
The folks who barely believe and the bitter few.
It'll be done by the river of the people,
The mountain of the people, the great plain
Grown to the wheat of the people,
Plowed by their suffering, harrowed by their hope,
Tall with their endless future.
It'll be done by the proud walker, Democracy,
The walker in proud shoes.
Get on your feet, Americans, and say it!
Forget your grievances, wherever you are,
The little yesterday's hates and the last year's discord.
This is your land, this is your independence,
This is the people's cause, the people's might.
Say it and speak it loud, United, free . . .

Many Voices:
United, free.

A Voice:
Whatever happens and whatever falls.
We pledge ourselves to liberty and faith.

MANY VOICES:
To liberty and faith.

A VOICE:
We pledge ourselves to justice, law and hope
And a free government by our own men
For us, our children and our children's children.

MANY VOICES:
For us, our children and our children's children.

A VOICE:
Not for an old dead world but a new world rising.

A VOICE:
For the toil, the struggle, the hope and the great goal.

(Music up and down)

NARRATOR:
You've heard the long parade
And all the voices that cry out against it,
Some of our own, and one that's not our own
And never will be while we're still the people.
(Quietly)
What do the people say?
Well, you've just heard some questions and some answers,
Not all, of course. No man can say that's all.
A man's a humbug if he says that's all.
But look in your own minds and memories
And find out what you find and what you'd keep.
It's time we did that and it won't be earlier.
I don't know what each one of you will find,
What memory, what token, what tradition,
It may be only half a dozen words
Carved on a stone, carved deeper in the heart,
It might be all a life, but look and find it—
Sun on Key West, snow on New Hampshire hills,
Warm rain on Georgia and the Texas wind
Blowing across an empire and all part,
All one, all indivisible and one—
Find it and keep it and hold on to it,
For there's a buried thing in all of us,
Deeper than all the noise of the parade,
The thing the haters never understand
And never will, the habit of the free.

Out of the flesh, out of the minds and hearts
Of thousand upon thousand common men,

Cranks, martyrs, starry-eyed enthusiasts,
Slow-spoken neighbors, hard to push around,
Women whose hands were gentle with their kids,
And men with a cold passion for mere justice.
We made this thing, this dream.
This land unsatisfied by little ways,
Open to every man who brought good will,
This peaceless vision, groping for the stars,
Not as a huge devouring machine
Rolling and clanking with remorseless force
But as live earth where anything could grow,
Your crankiness, my notions and his dream,
Grow and be looked at, grow and live or die.
But get their chance of growing and the sun.
We made it and we make it and it's ours.
We shall maintain it. It shall be sustained.

ALL VOICES UP:

WE SHALL MAINTAIN IT. IT SHALL BE SUSTAINED.

(Music up to climax)

(Curtain)

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

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